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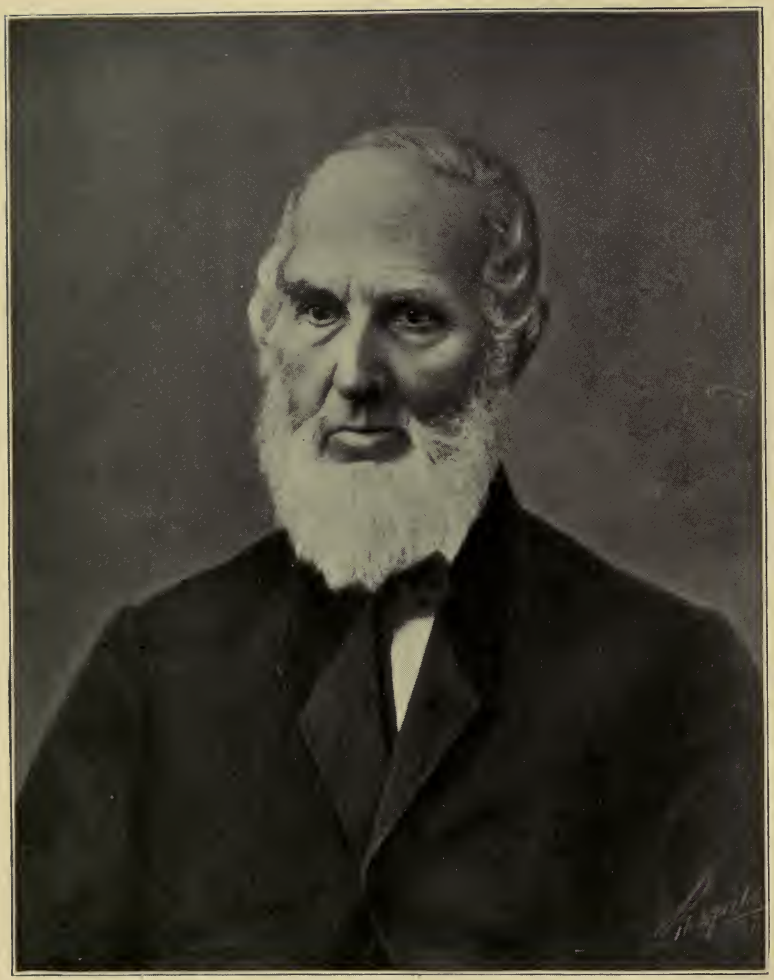

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XX

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VIRGIL.

Publius Vergilius Maro, greatest of Latin poets, and one of the first poets of the world. He was born on a farm on the banks of the Mincio, in the district of Andes, near Mantua, October 19, 70 B. C.; died at Brundusium, September 21, 19 B. C. He was sent to school at Cremona, and soon after his sixteenth year he went to Milan, where he continued his studies until he went to Rome two years later. At Rome he studied rhetoric and philosophy. In 37 B. C. the "Eclogues," ten pastorals modelled on those of Theocritus, were published and were at once received with favor. Soon after this he withdrew from Rome and went to Campania, residing at Naples or at his country-house near Nola. He spent the next seven years in the composition of the "Georgics, or Art of Husbandry," which appeared in 30 B. C. The rest of his life, eleven years, was spent on the "Æneid," a work undertaken at the urgent request of the Emperor.

The Fall of Troy.

(From the "Æneid.")

[Priam's palace is sacked, and the old king himself is slain, with his son, by Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, Achilles's youthful heir. The episode is part of the long story related by Æneas in Carthage to Dido the queen.]

Forward we fare,
Called to the palace of Priam by war-shouts rending the air.

Here of a truth raged battle, as though no combats beside
Reigned elsewhere, no thousands about all Ilion died.
Here we beheld in his fury the war-god; foemen the roof
Scaling, the threshold blocked with a penthouse, javelin-proof.
Ladders rest on the walls, armed warriors climb by the door
Stair upon stair, left hands, to the arrows round them that pour,
Holding a buckler, the battlement ridge in the right held fast.
Trojans in turn wrench loose from the palace turret and tower;
Ready with these, when the end seems visible, — death's dark hour
Closing around them now, — to defend their lives to the last.
Gilded rafters, the glory of Trojan kings of the past,

Roll on the enemy. Others, with javelins flashing fire,
Form at the inner doors, and around them close in a ring.
Hearts grow bolder within us to succor the palace, to bring
Aid to the soldier, and valor in vanquished hearts to inspire.

There was a gate with a secret door, that a passage adjoined
Thridding the inner palace — a postern planted behind.
Here Andromache, ill-starred queen, oft entered alone,
Visiting Hector's parents, when yet they sate on the throne;
Oft to his grandsire with her the boy Astyanax led.
Passing the covered way to the roof I mount overhead,
Where Troy's children were hurling an idle javelin shower.
From it a turret rose, on the topmost battlement height
Raised to the stars, whence Troy and the Danaan ships and the white
Dorian tents were wont to be seen in a happier hour.
With bright steel we assailed it, and were high flooring of tower
Offered a joint that yielded, we wrenched it loose, and below
Sent it a-drifting. It fell with a thunderous crash on the foe,
Carrying ruin afar. But the ranks close round us again,
Stones and the myriad weapons of war unceasingly rain.

Facing the porch, on the threshold itself, stands Pyrrhus in bright
Triumph, with glittering weapons, a flashing mirror of light.
As to the light some viper, on grasses poisonous fed,
Swollen and buried long by the winter's frost in his bed,
Shedding his weeds, uprises in shining beauty and strength,
Lifts, new-born, his bosom, and wreathes his slippery length,
High to the sunlight darting a three-forked flickering tongue, —
Periphas huge strides near, and the brave Automedon, long
Charioteer to Achilles, an armor-bearer to-day.
All of the flower of Scyros beside him, warriors young,
Crowd to the palace too, while flames on the battlement play.
Pyrrhus in front of the host, with a two-edged axe in his hand,
Breaches the stubborn doors, from the hinges rends with his brand
Brass-clamped timbers, a panel cleaves, to the heart of the oak
Strikes, and a yawning chasm for the sunlight gapes at his stroke.
Bare to the eye is the palace within: long vistas of hall
Open: the inmost dwelling of Priam is seen of them all:
Bare the inviolate chambers of kings of an earlier day,
And they destroy on the threshold the armed men standing at bay.

Groaning and wild uproar through the inner palace begin;
Women's wailings are heard from the vaulted cloisters within.
Shrieks to the golden stars are rolled. Scared mothers in fear
Over the vast courts wander, embracing the thresholds dear,

HECTOR

Antonio Canova's statue, Venice

Clasping and kissing the doors. On strides, as his father in might,
Pyrrhus: no gate can stay him, nor guard withstand him to-night;
Portals yield at the thunder of strokes plied ever and aye;
Down from the hinges the gates are flung on their faces to lie.
Entry is broken; the enemy's hosts stream inwards and kill
All in the van, each space with a countless soldiery fill.
Not so rages the river, that o'er its barriers flows
White with foam, overturning the earth-built mounds that oppose,
When on the fields as a mountain it rolls, by meadow and wold,
Sweeping to ruin the herd and the stall. These eyes did behold
Pyrrhus maddened with slaughter; and marked on the sill of the gate
Both the Atridæ brethren. I saw where Hecuba sate,
Round her a hundred brides of her sons, — saw Priam with blood
Staining the altar-fires he had hallowed himself to his god.
Fifty his bridal chambers within, — each seeming a sweet
Promise of children's children, — in dust all lie at his feet!
Doors emblazoned with spoils, and with proud barbarian gold,
Lie in the dust! Where flames yield passage, Danaans hold!

"What was the fate," thou askest, "befell King Priam withal?"
When he beholds Troy taken, his gates in confusion fall,
Foes in the heart of his palace, the old man feebly essays
Round his trembling shoulders the armor of bygone days;
Girds, now harmless forever, his sword once more to his side;
Makes for the midst of the foremen, to die as a chieftain had died.
Deep in the palace heart, and beneath heaven's canopy clear,
Lay a majestic altar; a veteran bay-tree near
Over it hung, and in shadow inclosed the Penates divine.
Hecuba here, and her daughters, in vain surrounding the shrine, —
Like doves swooping from heaven in a tempest's gloom to the ground,
Sate all huddled, and clinging the god's great images round!
When in the arms of his youth she beheld her Priam arrayed —
"What wild purpose of battle, my ill-starred husband," she said,
"Ails thee to don these weapons, and whither fondly away?
Not such succor as thine can avail us in this sad day:
No man's weapons, — if even our Hector came at the call.
Hither, I pray thee, turn. One shrine shall shelter us all,
Else one death overwhelm us." She spake, then reaching her hand,
Gently the old man placed by the hallowed gods of his land.

Lo! from the ravaging Pyrrhus, Polites flying for life,
One of the sons of the king! Through foes, through weapons of strife,
Under the long colonnades, down halls now empty, he broke,
Wounded to death. On his traces aflame with murderous stroke,

Pyrrhus — behind — the pursuer! Behold, each minute of flight,
Hand outstretching to hold him, and spear uplifted to smite!
When in his parents' view and before their faces he stood,
Fainting he fell; in a torrent his life poured forth with his blood!
Then — though about and around him already the death-shade hung —
Priam held not his peace, gave rein to his wrath and his tongue!
"Now may the gods, thou sinner, for this impiety bold —
If there still be an eye in the heaven these deeds to behold —
Pay thee," he cried, "all thanks that are owed thee, dues that are meet, —
Thou hast made me witness mine own son die at my feet,
Yea, in the father's presence the earth with slaughter hast stained.
Not this wise did Achilles, the sire thou falsely hast feigned,
Deal with his enemy Priam. His heart knew generous shame,
Felt for a suppliant's honor, a righteous suppliant's claim, —
Hector's lifeless body to lie in the tomb he restored;
Home to my kingdom sent me, to reign once more as its lord."
The old man spake, and his weapon, a harmless, impotent thing,
Hurled; on the brass of the buckler it smote with a hollow ring,
Hung from the eye of the boss all nerveless. Pyrrhus in ire —
"Take these tidings thou, and relate this news to my sire:
Seek Pelides and tell him the shameless deeds I have done;
Fail not to say his Pyrrhus appears a degenerate son!
Die meanwhiles." And the aged king to the altar he haled,
Trembling, and sliding to earth in his own son's blood as he trailed;
Twined in the old man's tresses his left, with his right hand drew
Swiftly the sword, to the hilt in his heart then sheathed it anew.
This was the story of Priam, — the end appointed that came,
Sent by the Fates, — to behold as he died Troy's city aflame,
Pergama falling around him, who once in his high command
Swayed full many a people, in pride ruled many a land,
Asia's lord. He is lying a giant trunk on the shore,
Head from his shoulders severed, a corpse with a name no more.

The Curse of Queen Dido.

(From the "Æneid.")

[Queen Dido, deserted by Æneas, curses him and his Roman posterity. She foreshadows the career of Hannibal.]

Now from the saffron bed of Tithonus, morning again
Rises, and sprinkles with new-born light earth's every plain.
Soon as the sleepless Queen, from her watch-towers set on the steep,
Saw day whiten, the vessels with squared sails plowing the deep,

Desolate shores and abandoned ports, — thrice beating her fair
Breasts with her hand, thrice rending her yellow tresses of hair —
"Father of earth and of heaven! and shall this stranger," she cries,
"Wend on his treacherous way, flout Dido's realm as he flies?
Leaps no sword from the scabbard? Is Tyre not yet on his trail?
None of ye warping the ships from the dock-yards, hoisting the sail?
Forth with the flame and the arrow! To sea, and belabor the main!
Ah, wild words! Is it Dido? Has madness troubled her brain?
Ah, too late, poor Dido? the sin comes home to thee now!
Then was the hour to consider, when thou wast crowning his brow.
Look ye! — The faith and the honor of him who still, as they say,
Carries on shipboard with him his Trojan gods on the way!
Bore on his shoulders his aged sire! Ah! had I not force
Limb from limb to have torn him, and piecemeal scattered his corse
Over the seas? his crews to have slain, and, banquet of joy,
Served on the father's table the flesh of Iulus the boy?
Even were chance in the battle unequal, — death was at hand.
Whom had Dido to fear? I had borne to the vessels the brand,
Filled with flames each deck, each hold, — child, people, and sire
Whelmed in the blazing ruin, and flung myself on the pyre!
Sun, whose flaming torches reveal earth's every deed;
Juno, witness of sad love's pains, who knowest my need;
Name on the midnight causeways howled, — thou, Hecate dire;
Sister avengers, Genius of Dido, soon to expire, —
Gently receive her and give to her crying misery heed;
Listen and hear these prayers! If the heavens' stern laws have
decreed
Yon base soul shall find him a harbor, and float to the land;
Thus Jove's destinies order, and so fate finally stand: —
Harassed in war by the spears of a daring people and wild,
Far from the land of his fathers and torn from the arms of his child,
May he in vain ask succor, and watch his Teucrian band
Dying a death untimely! and when this warrior proud
Under the hard conditions of peace his spirit has bowed,
Neither of monarch's throne nor of sunlight sweet let him taste;
Fall ere time overtakes him, and tombless bleach on the waste.
This last prayer as my life ebbs forth I pour with my blood;
Let not thy hatred sleep, my Tyre, to the Teucrian brood;
Lay on the tomb of Dido for funeral offering this! —
Neither be love nor league to unite my people and his!
Rise! thou Nameless Avenger from Dido's ashes to come,
Follow with fire and slaughter the false Dardanians home!
Smite them to-day, hereafter, through ages unexplored,
Long as thy strength sustains thee, and fingers cling to the sword!
Sea upon sea wage battle for ever! shore upon shore,
Spear upon spear! To the sires and the children strife evermore!"

The Underworld.

(From the "Æneid.")

Facing the porch itself, in the jaws of the gate of the dead,
Grief, and Remorse the Avenger, have built their terrible bed.
There dwells pale-cheeked Sickness, and Old Age sorrowful-eyed,
Fear, and the temptress Famine, and Hideous Want at her side,
Grim and temendous shapes. There Death with Labor is joined,
Sleep, half-brother of Death, and the Joys unclean of the mind.
Murderous Battle is camped on the threshold. Fronting the door
The iron cells of the Furies, and frenzied Strife, evermore
Wreathing her serpent tresses with garlands dabbled in gore.

Thick with gloom, an enormous elm in the midst of the way
Spreads its time-worn branches and limbs: false Dreams, we are told,
Make their abode thereunder, and nestle to every spray.
Many and various monsters, withal, wild things to behold,
Lie in the gateway stabled — the awful Centaurs of old;
Scyllas with forms half-human; and there with his hundred hands
Dwells Briareus; and the shapeless Hydra of Lerna's lands,
Horribly yelling; in flaming mail the Chimæra arrayed;
Gorgons and Harpies, and one three-bodied and terrible Shade.

Clasping his sword, Æneas in sudden panic of fear
Points its blade at the legion; and had not the Heaven-taught seer
Warned him the phantoms are thin apparitions, clothed in a vain
Semblance of form, but in substance a fluttering bodiless train,
Idly his weapon had slashed the advancing shadows in twain.

Here is the path to the river of Acheron, ever by mud
Clouded, forever seething with wild, insatiate flood
Downward, and into Cocytus disgorging its endless sands.
Sentinel over its waters an awful ferryman stands,
Charon, grisly and rugged; a growth of centuries lies
Hoary and rough on his chin; as a flaming furnace his eyes.
Hung in a loop from his shoulders a foul scarf round him he ties;
Now with his pole impelling the boat, now trimming the sail,
Urging his steel-gray bark with its burden of corpses pale,
Aged in years, but a god's old age is unwithered and hale.

Down to the bank of the river the streaming shadows repair,
Mothers, and men, and the lifeless bodies of those who were
Generous heroes, boys that are beardless, maidens unwed,
Youths to the death pile carried before their fathers were dead.

Many as forest leaves that in autumn's earliest frost
Flutter and fall, or as birds that in bevies flock to the coast
Over the sea's deep hollows, when winter, chilly and frore,
Drives them across far waters to land on a sunnier shore.
Yonder they stood, each praying for earliest passage, and each
Eagerly straining his hands in desire of the opposite beach.
Such as he lists to the vessel the boatman gloomy receives,
Far from the sands of the river the rest he chases and leaves.

Moved at the wild uproar, Æneas, with riveted eyes:
"Why thus crowd to the water the shadows, priestess?" he cries;
"What do the spirits desire? And why go some from the shore
Sadly away, while others are ferried the dark stream o'er?"

Briefly the aged priestess again made answer and spake:
"Son of Anchises, sprung most surely from gods upon high,
Yon is the deep Cocytus marsh, and the Stygian lake.
Even the Immortals fear to attest its presence and lie!
These are a multitude helpless, of spirits lacking a grave;
Charon the ferryman; yonder the buried, crossing the wave.
Over the awful banks and the hoarse-voiced torrents of doom
None may be taken before their bones find rest in a tomb.
Hundreds of years they wander, and flit round river and shore,
Then to the lake they long for are free to return once more."

. . . Feasting his eyes on the wand of the Fates,
Mighty oblation, unseen for unnumbered summers before,
Charon advances his dark-blue bows, and approaches the shore;
Summons the rest of the spirits in row on the benches who sate
Place to resign for the comers, his gangway clears, and on board
Takes Æneas. The cobbled boat groans under his weight.
Water in streams from the marshes through every fissure is poured.
Priestess and hero safely across Death's river are passed,
Land upon mud unsightly, and pale marsh sedges, at last.

Here huge Cerberus bays with his triple jaws through the land,
Crouched at enormous length in his cavern facing the strand.
Soon as the Sibyl noted his hair now bristling with snakes,
Morsels she flings him of meal, and of honeyed opiate cakes.
Maddened with fury of famine his three great throats unclose;
Fiercely he snatches the viand, his monstrous limbs in repose
Loosens, and, prostrate laid, sprawls measureless over his den.
While the custodian sleeps, Æneas the entrance takes,
Speeds from the bank of a stream no traveller crosses again.

Voices they heard, and an infinite wailing, as onward they bore,
Spirits of infants sobbing at Death's immediate door,
Whom, at a mother's bosom, and strangers to life's sweet breath,
Fate's dark day took from us, and drowned in untimeliest death.
Near them are those who, falsely accused, died guiltless, although
Not without trial, or verdict given, do they enter below;
Here, with his urn, sits Minos the judge, convenes from within
Silent ghosts to the council, and learns each life and its sin.
Near them inhabit the sorrowing souls, whose innocent hands
Wrought on themselves their ruin, and strewed their lives on the sands.
Hating the glorious sunlight. Alas! how willingly they
Now would endure keen want, hard toil, in the regions of day!
Fate forbids it; the loveless lake with its waters of woe
Holds them, and nine times round them entwined, Styx bars them below.

The Vision of the Future.

(From the "Æneid.")

[Æneas meets in the Elysian Fields his father, Anchises, who shows him their most illustrious descendants.]

Turning his eyes, Æneas sees broad battlements placed
Under the cliffs on his left, by a triple rampart incased;
Round them in torrents of ambient fire runs Phlegethon swift,
River of Hell, and the thundering rocks sends ever adrift.
One huge portal in front upon pillars of adamant stands;
Neither can mortal might, nor the heavens' own warrior bands,
Rend it asunder. An iron tower rears over the door,
Where Tisiphone seated in garments dripping with gore
Watches the porch, unsleeping, by day and by night evermore.
Hence come groans on the breezes, the sound of a pitiless flail,
Rattle of iron bands, and the clanking of fetters that trail.

Silent the hero stands, and in terror rivets his eyes.
"What dire shapes of impiety these? Speak, priestess!" he cries.
"What dread torment racks them, and what shrieks yonder arise?"
She in return: "Great chief of the Teucrian hosts, as is meet,
Over the threshold of sinners may pass no innocent feet.
Hecate's self, who set me to rule the Avernian glade,
Taught me of Heaven's great torments, and all their terror displayed.
Here reigns dread Rhadamanthus, a king no mercy that knows,
Chastens and judges the guilty, compels each soul to disclose

"Here . . . sits Minos the Judge"

From a Painting by Gustave Doré

Crimes of the upper air that he kept concealed from the eye,
Proud of his idle cunning, till Death brought punishment nigh.
Straightway then the Avenger Tisiphone over them stands,
Scourges the trembling sinners, her fierce lash arming her hands;
Holds in her left uplifted her serpents grim, and from far
Summons the awful troop of her sisters gathered for war!
Then at the last with a grating of hideous hinges unclose
Hell's infernal doors. Dost see what warders are those
Crouched in the porch? What presence is yonder keeping the gate?
Know that a Hydra beyond it, a foe still fiercer in hate,
Lurks with a thousand ravening throats. See! Tartarus great
Yawning to utter abysses, and deepening into the night,
Twice as profound as the space of the starry Olympian height.

"Here the enormous Titans, the Earth's old progeny, hurled
Low by the lightning, are under the bottomless waters whirled.
Here I beheld thy children, Aloeus, giant of might,
Brethren bold who endeavored to pluck down heaven from its height,
Fain to displace great Jove from his throne in the kingdom of light.
Saw Salmoneus too, overtaken with agony dire
While the Olympian thunder he mimicked and Jove's own fire.
Borne on his four-horse chariot, and waving torches that glowed,
Over the Danaan land, through the city of Elis, he rode,
Marching in triumph, and claiming the honors due to a god.
Madman, thinking with trumpets and tramp of the steeds that he drove
He might rival the storms, and the matchless thunders of Jove!
But the omnipotent Father a bolt from his cloudy abyss
Launched — no brand from the pine, no smoke of the torchlight this —
And with an awful whirlwind blast hurled Pride to its fall.
Tityos also, the nursling of Earth, great mother of all,
Here was to see, whose body a long league covers of plain;
One huge vulture with hooked beak evermore at his side
Shears his liver that dies not, his bowel fruitful of pain,
Searches his heart for a banquet, beneath his breast doth abide,
Grants no peace to the vitals that ever renew them again.

"Why of Pirithous tell, and Ixion, Lapithæ tall,
O'er whose brows is suspended a dark crag, ready to fall,
Ever in act to descend? Proud couches raised upon bright
Golden feet are shining, a festal table in sight
Laden with royal splendor. The Furies' Queen on her throne
Sits at the banquet by — forbids them to taste it — has flown
Now to prevent them with torch uplifted, and thundering tone.

"All who have hated a brother in lifetime, all who have laid
Violent hands on a parent, the faith of a client betrayed;
Those who finding a treasure have o'er it brooded alone,
Setting aside no portion for kinsmen, a numerous band;
Those in adultery slain; all those who have raised in the land
Treason's banner, or broken their oath to a master's hand,
Prisoned within are awaiting an awful doom of their own.

"Ask me not, what their doom, — what form of requital or ill
Whelms them below. Some roll huge stones to the crest of the hill,
Some on the spokes of a whirling wheel hang spread to the wind.
Theseus sits, the unblest, and will ever seated remain;
Phlegyas here in his torments a warning voice to mankind
Raises, loudly proclaiming throughout Hell's gloomy abodes:
'Learn hereby to be just, and to think no scorn of the Gods!'
This is the sinner his country who sold, forged tyranny's chain,
Made for a bribe her laws, for a bribe unmade them again.
Yon wretch dared on a daughter with eyes unholy to look.
All some infamy ventured, of infamy's gains partook.
Had I a thousand tongues, and a thousand lips, and a speech
Fashioned of steel, sin's varying types I hardly could teach,
Could not read thee the roll of the torments suffered of each!"

Soon as the aged seer of Apollo her story had done,
"Forward," she cries, "on the path, and complete thy mission begun.
Hasten the march! I behold in the distance battlements great,
Built by the Cyclops' forge, and the vaulted dome at the gate
Where the divine revelation ordains our gifts to be laid."
Side by side at her bidding they traverse the region of shade,
Over the distance hasten, and now draw nigh to the doors.
Fronting the gates Æneas stands, fresh water he pours
Over his limbs, and the branch on the portal hangs as she bade.

After the rite is completed, the gift to the goddess addressed,
  Now at the last they come to the realms where Joy has her throne:
Sweet green glades in the Fortunate Forests, abodes of the blest,
Fields in an ampler ether, a light more glorious dressed,
  Lit evermore with their own bright stars and a sun of their own.

Some are training their limbs on the wrestling-green, and compete
Gayly in sport on the yellow arenas; some with their feet
  Treading their choral measures, or singing the hymns of the god
While their Thracian priest, in a sacred robe that trails,
Chants them the air with the seven sweet notes of his musical
    scales,
  Now with his fingers striking, and now with his ivory rod.

Here are the ancient children of Teucer, fair to behold,
Generous heroes, born in the happier summers of old, —
Ilus, Assaracus by him, and Dardan, Founder of Troy.
Far in the distance yonder are visible armor and car
Unsubstantial; in earth their lances are planted; and far
Over the meadows are ranging the chargers freed from employ.
All the delight they took when alive in the chariot and sword,
All of the loving care that to shining coursers was paid,
Follows them now that in quiet below Earth's breast they are laid.
Banqueting here he beholds them to right and to left on the sward,
Chanting in chorus the Pæan, beneath sweet forests of bay;
Whence, amid wild wood covers, the river Eridanus, poured,
Rolls his majestic torrents to upper earth and the day.
Chiefs for the land of their sires in the battle wounded of yore,
Priests whose purity lasted until sweet life was no more,
Faithful prophets who spake as beseemed their god and his shrine,
All who by arts invented to life have added a grace,
All whose services earned the remembrance deep of the race,
Round their shadowy foreheads the snow-white garland entwine.

Then as about them the phantoms stream, breaks silence the seer,
Turning first to Musæus, — for round him the shadows appear
Thickest to crowd, as he towers with his shoulders over the throng, —
"Tell me, ye joyous spirits, and thou, bright master of song,
Where is the home and the haunt of the great Anchises, for whom
Hither we come, and have traversed the awful rivers of gloom?"
Briefly in turn makes answer the hero: "None has a home
In fixed haunts. We inhabit the dark thick glades, on the brink
Ever of moss-banked rivers, and water meadows that drink
Living streams. But if onward your heart thus wills ye to go,
Climb this ridge. I will set ye in pathways easy to know."
Forward he marches, leading the way; from the heights at the end
Shows them a shining plain, and the mountain slopes they descend.

There withdrawn to a valley of green in a fold of the plain
Stood Anchises the father, his eyes intent on a train, —
Prisoned spirits, soon to ascend to the sunlight again, —
Numbering over his children dear, their myriad bands,
All their destinies bright, their ways, and the work of their hands.
When he beheld Æneas across those flowery lands
Moving to meet him, fondly he strained both arms to his boy;
Tears on his cheek fell fast, and his voice found slowly employ.

"Here thou comest at last, and the love I counted upon
Over the rugged path has prevailed. Once more, O my son,

I may behold thee, and answer with mine thy voice as of yore.
Long I pondered the chances, believed this day was in store,
Reckoning the years and the seasons. Nor was my longing belied.
O'er how many a land, past what far waters and wide,
Hast thou come to mine arms! What dangers have tossed thee, my child!
Ah, how I feared lest harm should await thee in Libya wild!"

"Thine own shade, my sire, thine own disconsolate shade,
Visiting oft my chamber, has made me seek thee," he said.
"Safe upon Tuscan waters the fleet lies. Grant me to grasp
Thy right hand, sweet father; withdraw thee not from its clasp."

So he replied; and a river of tears flowed over his face.
Thrice with his arms he essayed the beloved one's neck to embrace;
Thrice clasped vainly: the phantom eluded his hands in flight,
Thin as the idle breezes, and like some dream of the night.

There Æneas beholds in a valley withdrawn from the rest
Far-off glades, and a forest of boughs that sing in the breeze;
Near them the Lethe river that glides by abodes of the blest.
Round it numberless races and peoples floating he sees.
So on the flowery meadows in calm, clear summer, the bees
Settle on bright-hued blossoms, or stream in companies round
Fair-white lilies, till every plain seems ringing with sound.

Strange to the scene, Æneas, with terror suddenly pale,
Asks of its meaning, and what be the streams in the distant vale,
Who those warrior crowds that about yon river await.
Answer returns Anchises: "The spirits promised by Fate
Life in the body again. Upon Lethe's watery brink
These of the fountain of rest and of long oblivion drink.
Ever I yearn to relate thee the tale, display to thine eyes,
Count thee over the children that from thy loins shall arise,
So that your joy may be deeper on finding Italy's skies."

"O my father! and are there, and must we believe it," he said,
"Spirits that fly once more to the sunlight back from the dead?
Souls that anew to the body return, and the fetters of clay?
Can there be any who long for the light thus blindly as they?"

"Listen, and I will resolve thee the doubt," Anchises replies.
Then unfolds him in order the tale of the earth and the skies.

"In the beginning, the earth, and the sky, and the spaces of night,
Also the shining moon, and the sun Titanic and bright,
Fed on an inward life, and with all things mingled, a mind
Moves universal matter, with Nature's frame is combined.

Thence man's race, and the beast, and the bird that on pinions flies,
All wild shapes that are hidden the gleaming waters beneath,
Each elemental seed, has a fiery force from the skies;
Each its heavenly being, that no dull clay can disguise,
Bodies of earth ne'er deaden, nor limbs long destined to death.
Hence their fears and desires; their sorrows and joys: for their sight,
Blinds with the gloom of a prison, discerns not the heavenly light.

"Now, when at last life leaves them, do all sad ills, that belong
Unto the sinful body, depart; still many survive
Lingering with them, alas! for it needs must be that the long
Growth should in wondrous fashion at full completion arrive.
So due vengeance racks them, for deeds of an earlier day
Suffering penance, and some to the winds hang viewless and thin,
Searched by the breezes; from others the deep infection of sin
Swirling water washes, or bright fire purges, away.
Each, in his own sad ghost, we endure; then pass to the wide
Realms of Elysium. Few in the fields of the happy abide,
Till great Time, when the cycles have run their courses on high,
Takes the inbred pollution, and leaves to us only the bright
Sense of heaven's own ether, and fire from the springs of the sky.
When for a thousand years they have rolled their wheels through the night,
God to the Lethe river recalls this myriad train,
That with remembrance lost once more they may visit the light,
And, at the last, have desire for a life in the body again."

. . . . . .

[The future heroes of Rome pass by: among the last, the Marcelli. The death of the young Marcellus, nephew and heir of Augustus, had recently occurred when this book was read by Virgil at court. The bereft mother was said to have fainted at this passage.]

"Lo where decked in a conqueror's spoils Marcellus, my son,
Strides from the war! How he towers o'er all of the warrior train!
When Rome reels with the shock of the wild invaders' alarm,
He shall sustain her state. From his war-steed's saddle his arm
Carthage and rebel Gaul shall destroy, and the arms of the slain
Victor a third time hang in his father Quirinus's fane."

Then Æneas, — for near him a youth seemed ever to pace,
Fair, of an aspect princely, with armor of glittering grace,
Yet was his forehead joyless, his eye cast down as in grief, —
"Who can it be, my father, that walks at the side of the chief?
Is it his son, or perchance some child of his glorious race
Born from remote generations? And hark, how ringing a cheer
Breaks from his comrades round! What a noble presence is here!
Though dark night with her shadow of woe floats over his face!"

Answer again Anchises began with a gathering tear: —
"Ask me not, O my son, of thy children's infinite pain!
Fate one glimpse of the boy to the world will grant, and again
Take him from life. Too puissant methinks to immortals on high
Rome's great children had seemed, if a gift like this from the sky
Longer had been vouchsafed! What wailing of warriors bold
Shall from the funeral plain to the War-god's city be rolled!
What sad pomp thine eyes will discern, what pageant of woe,
When by his new-made tomb thy waters, Tiber, shall flow!
Never again such hopes shall a youth of thy lineage, Troy,
Rouse in his great forefathers of Latium! Never a boy
Nobler pride shall inspire in the ancient Romulus-land!
Ah, for his filial love! for his old-world faith! for his hand
Matchless in battle! Unharmed what foemen had offered to stand
Forth in his path, when charging on foot for the enemy's ranks,
Or when plunging the spur in his foam-flecked courser's flanks!
Child of a nation's sorrow! if thou canst baffle the Fates'
Bitter decrees, and break for a while their barrier gates,
Thine to become Marcellus! I pray thee, bring me anon
Handfuls of lilies, that I bright flowers may strew on my son,
Heap on the shade of the boy unborn these gifts at the least,
Doing the dead, though vainly, the last sad service."

VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire, François Marie Arouet de, a celebrated French wit, historian, and general writer; born at Paris, November 21, 1694; died there, May 30, 1778. He was educated at the Jesuit College of Louis le Grand, and being introduced into the gay, witty, and licentious society of Paris, soon made himself famous by his biting satires. One of these, written at twenty-one, entitled "I Have Seen," excited the anger of the Regent, the Duke of Orléans. Two days later Voltaire was shut up in the Bastile, where he remained eleven months, and wrote the first part of his epic poem, "The Henriade." Soon after being released from the Bastile François Arouet took the name of Voltaire, from a small estate belonging to the family. The tragedy "Œdipe," which he had written in the Bastile, was produced, and was soon followed by the tragedies "Artémise" and "Marianne," the comedy "L'Indiscret," a continuation of "The Henriade," and numerous small poems. In 1726 he went to England, where he remained three years. Here he finished "The Henriade," which was published in London, under royal patronage, and in 1729 was permitted to return to France. Before three years had passed he published the commencement of his "History of Charles XII. of Sweden," produced the tragedies of "Brutus," "Eriphyle," "The Death of Cæsar," and "Zaire." But he soon fell into disfavor by the publication of his "Lettres Philosophiques sur les Anglais." The Sorbonne directed the book to be burned, and the Parlément of Paris ordered the arrest of the author. Voltaire took refuge in one place and another; sometimes in a French province, sometimes in Switzerland, Holland, or Lorraine. He wrote numerous works during these years, notable among which are the tragedies of "Alzire," "Mérope," and "Mahomet," and the series of essays on the "Philosophy of History"—the best of all his prose works. He made innumerable enemies in every quarter. In 1746 he barely succeeded in his candidature for membership in the French Academy; in 1750 he offered himself for the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Inscriptions, and was rejected by both. He went to Berlin in 1750—he being then approaching threescore, his residence there continuing nearly four years. Voltaire lived a quarter of a century after this Prussian episode, finally

taking up his residence at Ferney, on the lake of Geneva in Switzerland. He left Paris in 1750, and never saw it again until 1778. He arrived at Paris on February 10th. Never had a great writer received such an ovation as awaited him. He died on May 30th. His last appearance in public was at the representation of his own tragedy of "Irene." The standard Life of Voltaire is that by Gustave Desnoiresterres (1887).

The Irrepressible King.

(From the "History of Charles XII., King of Sweden.")

To complete the misfortunes of Sweden, her King persisted in remaining at Demotica, and still lived on the hope of aid from Turkey which he was never to receive.

Ibrahim-Molla, the haughty vizier who decreed the war against the Muscovites, against the wish of the Sultan's favorite, was suffocated between two doors. The place of vizier had become so dangerous that no one dared fill it; it remained vacant for six months: at last the favorite, Ali Coumourgi, took the title. Then all the hopes of the King of Sweden were dashed: he knew Coumourgi the better because that schemer had served him when their interests accorded with his own.

He had been eleven months at Demotica, buried in idleness and neglect; this extreme inertia, following the most violent exertions, had at last given him the malady that he feigned. All Europe believed him dead; the council of regency at Stockholm heard no news of him. The senate came in a body to entreat his sister, Princess Ulrica Eleonora, to assume the regency during his prolonged absence. She accepted it; but when she saw that the senate would constrain her to make peace with the Czar Peter the Great, and with the King of Denmark, who were attacking Sweden on all sides, she, rightly thinking that her brother would never consent, resigned her office, and sent to Turkey a detailed account of the affair.

The King received the packet from his sister at Demotica. His inborn spirit of despotism made him forget that formerly Sweden had been free, and that the senate had governed the realm conjointly with the kings. He regarded this body as a troop of servants who aspired to rule the house in their master's absence; and wrote them that if they pretended to govern, he would send them one of his boots to convey his orders!

To forestall therefore these supposed attempts to defy his

authority in Sweden, and to defend his country, — as he hoped nothing further from the Ottoman Porte, and could count only on himself, — he informed the grand vizier that he wished to depart, and to return home by way of Germany.

M. Désaleurs, the French ambassador, who had taken the affairs of Sweden in hand, made the request in his own person. "Very good," said the vizier to Count Désaleurs: "did I not rightly say that before the year was out, the King of Sweden would ask leave to depart? Tell him to go or stay, as he chooses; but let him come to a decision, and fix the day of his departure, lest he plunge us a second time into the embarrassment he caused us at Bender."

Count Désaleurs softened this harsh message to the King. The day was set; but Charles wished, before leaving Turkey, to display the pomp of a great king, although he lived in the squalor of a fugitive. He gave to Grothusen the title of ambassador extraordinary, and sent him to take leave in due form at Constantinople, followed by eighty persons all superbly attired.

The secret springs which he touched to obtain the money for this outlay were more humiliating than the embassy was magnificent. Count Désaleurs lent the King forty thousand pieces; Grothusen had agents in Constantinople, who borrowed of a Jew at fifty per cent interest a thousand pieces, a hundred thousand pieces of an English merchant, a thousand francs of a Turk.

Thus were brought together the means of playing before the divan the brilliant comedy of the Swedish embassy. Grothusen received all the honors that the Porte is wont to show ambassadors extraordinary on their day of audience. The purpose of all this performance was to obtain money from the grand vizier; but that minister was inexorable.

Grothusen proposed to borrow a million from the Porte: the vizier answered dryly that his master knew how to give when he pleased, and that it was beneath his dignity to lend; that the King would be abundantly furnished with whatever was necessary for his journey, in a manner worthy of the giver; perhaps the Porte would even make him some present in uncoined gold, but he must not count upon it.

At last, on the 1st of October, 1714, the King of Sweden started on his journey: a grand chamberlain with six Turkish officers came to escort him from the castle of Demirtash, where he had passed several days; he was presented in the name of the Sultan with a large tent of scarlet embroidered in gold, a

sabre with precious stones set in the hilt, and eight perfect Arab steeds, with superb saddles and spurs of massive silver. Let history condescend to observe that the Arab groom in charge related their genealogy to the King: this is a long-established custom with these people, who seem to pay far more attention to the high breeding of horses than of men; and perhaps not altogether without reason, since animals that receive care and are without mixture never degenerate.

Sixty chariots filled with all sorts of provisions, and three hundred horses, formed the procession. The Turks, to show greater regard for their guest, made him advance by brief stages; but this respectful rate of speed exasperated the King. He rose during the journey at three o'clock in the morning, according to his custom; as soon as he was dressed he himself awoke the chamberlain and the officers, and ordered the march resumed in complete darkness. Turkish conventionality was disturbed by this new way of travelling; but the King enjoyed the discomfort of the Turks, and said that he was avenging in a measure the affair of Bender.

Arrived on the borders of Germany, the King of Sweden learned that the Emperor had ordered him to be received with suitable magnificence in all lands under his authority; the towns and villages where the sergeants had marked out his route in advance made preparations to receive him. All these people looked forward with impatience to seeing the extraordinary man whose victories and misfortunes, whose least actions and very repose, had made such a stir in Europe and in Asia. But Charles had no wish to wade through all this pomp, nor to furnish a spectacle as the prisoner of Bender; he had even determined never to re-enter Stockholm without bringing better fortunes. "I have left," he remarked to his intimates, "my dressing-gown and slippers at Stockholm; I wish to buy no others till I return there."

When he reached Tergowitz on the Transylvanian frontier, after bidding farewell to his Turkish escort he assembled his suite in a barn; and told them all to take no trouble for his person, but to make their way to Stralsund in Pomerania, on the Baltic Sea, about three hundred leagues from the place where they were.

He took with him only Düring, and gayly left all his suite plunged in astonishment, terror, and sadness. He used a black perruque for a disguise, as he always wore his own hair, put on

a hat embroidered with gold, a rough gray coat and a blue cloak, took the name of a German officer, and made a rapid journey on horseback with his travelling companion.

He avoided in his route as far as possible the soil of his enemies, open and secret, going by way of Hungary, Moravia, Austria, Bavaria, Würtemberg, the Palatinate, Westphalia, and Mecklenburg; thus making almost the circuit of Germany, and prolonging his journey by half. At the end of the first day, having galloped without respite, young Düring, who, unlike the King of Sweden, was not inured to such excessive fatigue, fainted in dismounting. The King, unwilling to waste a moment on the road, asked Düring, when he came to his senses, how much money he had. Düring replying that he had about a thousand pieces in gold, the King said, "Give me half: I see clearly that you are in no state to follow me, and that I must finish the journey alone." Düring besought him to condescend to take at least three hours' rest, assuring him that he himself could then mount again and follow his Majesty. The faithful fellow entreated him to think of the risk he must run; but the King, inexorable, made him hand over the five hundred pieces, and demanded his horses. Then the terrified Düring devised an innocent stratagem: he drew aside the master of the stables, and indicating the King of Sweden, "That man," said he, "is my cousin; we are travelling together on the same business: he sees that I am ill, and will not wait for me three hours; give him, I pray you, the worst horse in your stable, and find me some chaise or post-carriage."

He put two ducats into the master's hand, and all his requests were fulfilled to the letter. A lame and balky horse was given to the King. Thus mounted, he set off alone, at ten o'clock at night, in utter darkness, with wind, snow, and rain beating on him. Düring, having slept several hours, began the journey in a carriage drawn by vigorous horses. At the end of a few miles he overtook the King travelling on foot to the next post, his steed having refused to move further.

He was forced to take a seat in Düring's carriage, where he slept on the straw. Afterwards they continued their journey, racing their horses by day, and sleeping on a cart at night, without stopping anywhere.

After sixteen days of rapid travel, not without danger of arrest more than once, they at last arrived at the gates of the town of Stralsund, an hour after midnight.

The King called to the sentinel that he was a courier despatched from Turkey by the King of Sweden; and that he must speak at once with General Düker, the governor of the place. The sentinel replied that it was late; the governor had retired, and he must wait till daybreak.

The King rejoined that he came on important business, and declared that if they did not wake Düker without delay, they would all be punished next morning. The sergeant finally woke the governor. Düker thought that one of the King's generals might have arrived: the gates were thrown open, the courier was brought to his room.

Düker, half asleep, asked him for news of the King. Charles, taking him by the arm, replied, "Well, well, Düker, have my most faithful subjects forgotten me?" The general recognized him: he could not believe his eyes; he threw himself from the bed, embracing the knees of his master, and shedding tears of joy. Instantly the news spread through the town: everybody got up; the governor's house was surrounded with soldiers, the streets filled with residents asking each other, "Is the King really here?" Windows were illuminated; wine ran in the streets by the light of a thousand torches; there was an incessant noise of artillery.

Meanwhile the King was conducted to his room. For sixteen days he had not slept in a bed; his legs were so badly swollen from extreme fatigue that his boots had to be cut off. He had neither underwear nor overgarments; a wardrobe was improvised from the most suitable materials the town afforded. After a few hours' sleep he rose, only to review his troops, and visit the fortifications. The same day he sent orders everywhere to renew more hotly than ever the war against all his enemies.

War.

(From the "Philosophical Dictionary.")

All animals wage perpetual war; every species is born to devour another. Not one, not even sheep or doves, that does not swallow a prodigious number of invisible creatures. Males make war for the females, like Menelaus and Paris. Air, earth, water, are fields of carnage. God having given reason to men, this reason might teach them not to emulate the brutes, particularly when nature has provided them neither with arms to kill their fellows nor with a desire for their blood.

Yet murderous war is so much the dreadful lot of man, that with two or three exceptions, all ancient histories represent them full-armed against one another. Among the Canadian Indians *man* and *warrior* are synonymous; and we have seen in our hemisphere, that thief and soldier are the same thing. Manichæans! behold your excuse! From the little that he may have seen in army hospitals, or in the few villages memorable for some glorious victory, its warmest apologist will admit that war always brings pestilence and famine in its train.

Truly, that is a noble art which desolates countries, destroys habitations, and causes the death of from forty to a hundred thousand men a year! In historic times this invention was first cultivated by nations who convened assemblies for their common good. For instance, the Diet of the Greeks declared to the Diet of Phrygia and neighboring nations their intention to depart on a thousand fishers' barks, for the extermination of these rivals. The assembled Roman people thought it to their interest to destroy the people of Veii or the Volscians. And afterwards, all the Romans, becoming exasperated against all the Carthaginians, fought them interminably on land and sea.

It is a little different at present. A genealogist proves to a prince that he descends in a right line from a count whose parents three or four hundred years ago made a family compact with a house the recollection of which, even, is lost. This house had distant pretensions to a province whose last ruler died suddenly. Both the prince and his council at once perceive his legal right. In vain does this province, hundreds of leagues distant, protest that it knows him not, and has no desire to know him; that to govern it he must at least have its consent; — these objections reach only as far as the ears of this ruler by divine right. He assembles a host of needy adventurers, dresses them in coarse blue cloth, borders their hats with a broad white binding, instructs them how to wheel to the right and to the left, and marches them to glory. Other princes hearing of this adventure come to take part in it, each according to his power, and cover the country with more mercenary murderers than Zenghis Khan, Tamerlane, or Bajazet employed in their train. People at a distance hear that fighting is going on, and that by joining the ranks they may earn five or six sous a day. They divide themselves into bands, like reapers, and offer their services to whoever will hire them. These hordes fall upon one another, not only without having the least interest in the affray, but with-

out knowing the reason of it. There appear, therefore, five or six belligerent powers, sometimes three against three, sometimes two against four, and sometimes one against five, — all equally detesting one another, — supporting and attacking by turns; all agreed in a single point only, that of doing as much harm as possible.

The most amazing part of this infernal enterprise is that each murderous chief causes his colors to be blessed, and solemnly invokes God, before he goes to exterminate his neighbors! If it is his luck to kill only two or three thousand men, he does not return thanks for it; but when he has destroyed say ten thousand by fire and sword, and to make a good job levelled some town with the ground, then they sing a hosanna in four parts, composed in a language unknown to the fighters, and full of barbarity. The same pæan serves for marriages and births, as well as for murders; which is unpardonable, particularly in a nation famous for song-writing. Natural religion has a thousand times prevented men from committing crime. A well-trained mind is not inclined to brutality; a tender mind is appalled by it, remembering that God is just. But conventional religion encourages whatever cruelties are practised in droves, — conspiracies, seditions, pillages, ambuscades, surprisals of towns, robberies, and murder. Men march gayly to crime, each under the banner of his saint.

A certain number of dishonest apologists is everywhere paid to celebrate these murderous deeds: some are dressed in a long black close coat, with a short cloak; others have a shirt above a gown; some wear two variegated streamers over their shirts. All of them talk a long time, and quote what was done of old in Palestine, as applicable to a combat in Veteravia. The rest of the year these people declaim against vice. They prove in three arguments and by antitheses that ladies who lay a little carmine on their cheeks will be the eternal objects of eternal vengeance; that "Polyeucte" and "Athalie" are works of the evil one; that a man who for two hundred crowns a day furnishes his table with fresh sea-fish during Lent, works out his salvation; and that a poor man who eats two and a half sous' worth of mutton will go to perdition. Miserable physicians of souls! You exclaim for five quarters of an hour on some prick of a pin, and say nothing on the malady which tears us into a thousand pieces! Philosophers, moralists! burn all your books, while the caprices of a few men force that part of mankind consecrated to heroism, to

murder without question millions of our brethren! Can there be anything more horrible in all nature? What becomes of, what signifies to me, humanity, beneficence, modesty, temperance, mildness, wisdom, and piety, whilst half a pound of lead, sent from the distance of a hundred steps, pierces my body, and I die at twenty years of age in inexpressible torments, in the midst of five or six thousand dying men.

Passages from the Pamphlets.

Love truth, but pardon error. The mortal who goes astray is still a man and thy brother. Be wise for thyself alone; compassionate for him. Achieve thine own welfare by blessing others.

Take revenge upon a rival by surpassing him.

To desire all is the mark of a fool. Excess is his portion. Moderation is the treasure of the wise: he knows how to control his tastes, his labors, his pleasures.

Work is often the father of pleasure. I pity the man overwhelmed with the weight of his own leisure. Happiness is a good that nature sells us.

One day some mice said to one another, "How charming is this world! What an empire is ours! This palace so superb was built for us; from all eternity God made for us these large holes. Do you see those fat hams under that dim ceiling? they were created there for us by Nature's hands; those mountains of lard, inexhaustible aliment, will be ours till the end of time. Yes, we are, great God, if our sages tell us the truth, the masterpiece, the end, the aim, of all thy works! Cats are dangerous and prompt to devour, but it is to instruct and correct us!"

Miracles are good; but to relieve a brother, to draw a friend from the depths of misery, to pardon the virtues of our enemies — these are greater miracles.

The secret of wearying your reader is to tell him everything.

The true virtue then is "beneficence;" a new word in the French language, but the whole universe ought to cherish the idea.

Souls communicate with souls, and can measure one another without need of an intermediate body. It is only the greatness or the worth of a soul that ought to frighten or intimidate us. To fear or to respect the body and its accessories — force, beauty, royalty, rank, office — is pure imbecility. Men are born equal and die equal. Let us respect the virtue, the merit of their souls, and pity the imperfections of these souls.

Doubtless we should by prudence avoid the evil which that physical force [of rulers] can do us, as we should guard ourselves against a crowned bull, an enthroned monkey, a savage dog, let loose upon us. Let us beware of such. Let us even endeavor, if possible, to moderate them, to soften them; but this sentiment is very different from the esteem and respect which we owe to souls.

Having it clearly in your heart that all men are equal, and in your head that the exterior distinguishes them, you can get on very well in the world.

Believe that in his eternal wisdom the Most High has, with his own hand, engraved at the bottom of thy heart natural religion. Believe that the native candor of thy soul will not be the object of God's eternal hate. Believe that before his throne, in all times and in all places, the heart of the just person is precious. Believe that a modest bonze, a charitable dervish, finds favor in his eyes sooner than a pitiless Jansenist or an ambitious pontiff. God judges us according to our virtues, not our sacrifices.

After all, it is right to give every possible form to our soul. It is a flame that God has intrusted to us: we are bound to feed it with all that we find most precious. We should introduce into our existence all imaginable modes, and open every door of the soul to all sorts of knowledge and all sorts of feelings: so long as it does not all go in pell-mell, there is plenty of room for everything.

One who has many witnesses of his death can die with courage.

I envy the beasts two things, — their ignorance of evil to come, and their ignorance of what is said about them.

Does not experience prove that influence over men's minds is gained only by offering them the difficult, nay, the impossible,

to perform or believe? Offer only things that are reasonable, and all the world will answer, "We knew as much as that." But enjoin things that are hard, impracticable; paint the Deity as ever armed with the thunder; make blood run before the altars; and you will win the multitude's ear, and everybody will say of you, "He must be right, or he would not so boldly proclaim things so marvellous."

A SURE means of not yielding to the desire to kill yourself is to have always something to do.

OPINION rules the world, and wise men rule opinion.

ALL nature is nothing but mathematics.

To make a good book, one must have a prodigious length of time and the patience of a saint.

THE human race would be too unhappy if it were as common to commit atrocious things as it is to believe them.

MOST men die without having lived.

WHO ought to be the king's favorite? The people.

I KNOW no great men except those who have rendered great services to the human race.

YES, without doubt, peace is of more value than truth; that is to say, we must not vex our neighbor by arguments: but it is necessary to seek the soul's peace in truth, and to tread under foot the monstrous errors which would perturb it, and render it the prey of knaves.

CONTROVERSY never convinced any man; men can be influenced by making them think for themselves, by seeming to doubt with them, by leading them as if by the hand, without their perceiving it. A good book lent to them, which they read at leisure, produces upon them surer effects, because they do not then blush to be subjugated by the superior reason of an antagonist.

WE are in this world only to do good in it.

THE more you know, the less sure you are.

To a Lady.

You wonder how time ne'er subdues
(Though eighty years have left their chill)
My superannuated Muse,
That hums a quavering measure still.

In wintry wolds a tuft of bloom
Will sometimes through the snowdrifts smile,
Consoling nature in her gloom,
But withering in a little while.

A bird will trill a chirping note,
Though summer's leaves and light be o'er,
But melody forsakes his throat —
He sings the song of love no more.

'T is thus I still my harp entune,
Whose strings no more my touch obey;
'T is thus I lift my voice, though soon
That voice will silent be for aye.

Tibullus to his mistress said,
"I would thus breathe my last adieu,
My eyes still with your glances fed,
My dying hand caressing you."

But when this world grows all remote,
When with the life the soul must go,
Can yet the eye on Delia dote?
The hand a lover's touch bestow?

Death changes, as we pass his gate,
What in our days of strength we knew:
Who would with joy anticipate
At his last gasp love's rendezvous?

And Delia, in her turn, no less
Must pass into eternal night,
Oblivious of her loveliness,
Oblivious of her youth's delight.

We enter life, we play our part,
We die — nor learn the reason here;
From out the unknown void we start,
And whither bound? — God knows, my dear.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

VONDEL, JOOST VAN DEN, a Dutch dramatic poet; born at Cologne, November 17, 1587; died at Amsterdam in 1679. He is the most celebrated Dutch poet and dramatist, and is often called the Dutch Shakespeare. His works include metrical translations of the Psalms, of Virgil, of Ovid, and satires and tragedies. The most celebrated plays are "Gijsbrecht van Aemstel," "Lucifer," and "Palamedes." The best edition of his works contains twenty-one volumes (Amsterdam, 1820). An English translation, by Charles Van Noppen, appeared in 1898.

FROM "LUCIFER."

[The scene of the drama is laid throughout in heaven. The actors are the angels. Lucifer has sent Apollyon to Eden to view the new-made man and woman, and to inquire into their state. Apollyon thus describes Eve :]

SEARCH all our angel bands, in beauty well arrayed,
They will but monsters seem, by the dawn-light of a maid.

BEELZEBUB. It seems you burn in love for this new womankind!

APOLLYON. My great wing-feather in that amorous flame, I find
I've singed! 'T was hard indeed to soar up from below,
To sweep, and reach the verge of Angel-borough so;
I parted, but with pain, and three times looked around:
There shines no seraph form in all the ethereal bound
Like hers, whose hanging hair, in golden glory, seems
To rush down from her head in a torrent of sunbeams,
And flow along her back. So clad in light and grace,
Stately she treads, and charms the daylight with her face:
Let pearls and mother o' pearl their claims before her furl,
Her brightness passes far the beauty of a pearl!

BEELZEBUB. But what can profit man this beauty that must fade,
And wither like a flower, and shortly be decayed?

[Lucifer's jealousy of the new race being aroused, he thus addresses his attendant angels :]

Swift spirits, let us stay the chariot of the dawn;
For high enough, in sooth, God's morning star is drawn, —

Yea, driven up high enough! 't is time for my great car
To yield before the advent of this double star,
That rises from below, and seeks, in sudden birth,
To tarnish heaven's gold with splendor from the earth!
Embroider no more crowns on Lucifer's attire,
And gild his forehead not with eminent dawn-fire
Of the morning star enrayed, that rapt archangels prize;
For see another blaze in the light of God arise!
The stars grow faint before the eyes of men below;
'T is night with angels, and the heavens forget to glow.

[The loyal angels, perceiving that a change has come over a number of their order, inquire into its cause.]

Why seem the courteous angel-faces
So red? Why streams the holy light
So red upon our sight,
Through clouds and mists from mournful places?
What vapor dares to blear
The pure, unspotted, clear
And luminous sapphire?
The flame, the blaze, the fire
Of the bright Omnipotence?
Why does the splendid light of God
Glow, deepened to the hue of blood,
That late, in flowing hence,
Gladdened all hearts?

[The chorus answers:]

When we, enkindled and uplifted
By Gabriel's trumpet, in new ways
Began to chant God's praise,
The perfume of rose-gardens drifted
Through paths of Paradise,
And such a dew and such a spice
Distilled, that all the flowery grass
Rejoiced, but Envy soon, alas!
From the underworld came sneaking.
A mighty crowd of spirits, pale
And dumb and wan, came, tale on tale,
Displeased, some new thing seeking;
With brows that crushed each scowling eye,
And happy foreheads bent and wrinkled:
The doves of heaven, here on high,
Whose innocent pinions sweetly twinkled,
Are struck with mourning, one and all,
As though the heavens were far too small

For them, now Adam 's been elected,
And such a crown for man selected.
This blemish blinds the light of grace,
And dulls the flaming of God's face.

[Beelzebub, feigning submission to Deity, thus addresses the rebel angels:]

Oh, cease from wailing; rend your badges and your robes
No longer without cause, but make your faces bright,
And let your foreheads flash, O children of the light!
The shrill sweet throats, that thank the Deity with song,
Behold, and be ashamed that ye have mixed so long
Discords and bastard tones with music so divine.

[They appeal from him to Lucifer.]

Forbid it, Lucifer, nor suffer that our ranks
Be mortified so low and sink without a crime,
While man, above us raised, may flash and beam sublime
In the very core of light, from which we seraphim
Pass quivering, full of pain, and fade like shadows dim. . . .
We swear, by force, beneath thy glorious flag combined,
To set *thee* on the throne for Adam late designed!
We swear, with one accord, to stay thine arm forever:
Lift high thy battle-axe! our wounded rights deliver!

[Gabriel relates to Michael the effect which the knowledge of the rebellion produced at the throne of God himself.]

I saw God's very gladness with a cloud of woe
O'ershadowed; and there burst a flame out of the gloom
That pierced the eye of light, and hung, a brand of doom,
Ready to fall in rage. I heard the mighty cause
Where Mercy pleaded long with God's all-righteous laws;
Grace, soothly wise and meek, with Justice arguing well.
I saw the cherubim, who on their faces fell,
And cried out, "Mercy, mercy! God, let Justice rest!"
But even as that shrill sound to his great footstool pressed,
And God seemed almost moved to pardon and to smile,
Up curled the odious smoke of incense harsh and vile,
Burned down below in praise of Lucifer, who rode
With censers and bassoons and many a choral ode:
The heaven withdrew its face from such impieties,
Cursèd of God and spirits and all the hierarchies.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

Wallace, Alfred Russel, a celebrated English naturalist and traveller; born at Usk, Monmouthshire, January 8, 1822. After education at the grammar school of Hertford, he became a land-surveyor and architect. In 1848 he travelled in the valley of the Amazon, and from 1854 to 1862, in the Malay Islands, where he independently originated the theory of natural selection. His paper "On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type" was read before the Linnæan Society, July 1, 1888, on which occasion was read Darwin's, to the same effect. Dr. Wallace, however, magnanimously yielded to Darwin the privilege of a first book on the subject. His books are "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro" (1852); "Palm Trees of the Amazon, and their Uses" (1853); "The Malay Archipelago" (1869); "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection" (1870); "On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism" (1875); "The Geographical Distribution of Animals" (1876); "Tropical Nature" (1878); "Australasia" (1879–94); "Island Life" (1880); "Land Nationalization" (1882); "Forty Years of Registration Statistics, Proving Vaccination to be Both Useless and Dangerous," and "Bad Times" (1885); "Darwinism" (1889); "The Wonderful Century" (1898).

Life in the Malay Archipelago.

(From the "Malay Archipelago.")

A visit to the chief (orang kaya) of a Borneo village.

In the evening the orang kaya came in full dress (a spangled velvet jacket, but no trousers), and invited me over to his house, where he gave me a seat of honor under a canopy of white calico and colored handkerchiefs. The great veranda was crowded with people; and large plates of rice, with cooked and fresh eggs, were placed on the ground as presents for me. A very old man then dressed himself in bright-colored clothes and many ornaments, and sitting at the door, murmured a long prayer of invocation, sprinkling rice from a basin he held in his hand,

while several large gongs were loudly beaten, and a salute of muskets fired off. A large jar of rice wine, very sour, but with an agreeable flavor, was then handed round, and I asked to see some of their dances. These were, like most savage performances, very dull and ungraceful affairs; the men dressing themselves absurdly like women, and the girls making themselves as stiff and ridiculous as possible. All the time six or eight large Chinese gongs were being beaten by the vigorous arms of as many young men; producing such a deafening discord that I was glad to escape to the round-house, where I slept very comfortably, with half a dozen smoke-dried human skulls suspended over my head.

THE DURION.

The banks of the Saráwak River are everywhere covered with fruit-trees, which supply the Dyaks with a great deal of their food. The mangosteen, lansat, rambutan, jack, jambou, and blimbing are all abundant; but most abundant and most esteemed is the durion, — a fruit about which very little is known in England, but which both by natives and Europeans in the Malay Archipelago is reckoned superior to all others. The old traveller Linschott, writing in 1599, says, "It is of such an excellent taste that it surpasses in flavor all the other fruits of the world, according to those who have tasted it." And Doctor Paludanus adds, "This fruit is of a hot and humid nature. To those not used to it, it seems at first to smell like rotten onions, but immediately they have tasted it they prefer it to all other food. The natives give it honorable titles, exalt it, and make verses on it." When brought into a house the smell is often so offensive that some persons can never bear to taste it. This was my own case when I first tried it in Malacca; but in Borneo I found a ripe fruit on the ground, and eating it out of doors, I at once became a confirmed durion eater.

The durion grows on a large and lofty forest-tree, somewhat resembling an elm in its general character, but with a more smooth and scaly bark. The fruit is round or slightly oval, about the size of a large cocoanut, of a green color, and covered all over with short stout spines, the bases of which touch each other, and are consequently somewhat hexagonal, while the points are very strong and sharp. It is so completely armed that if the stalk is broken off, it is a difficult matter to lift one from the

ground. The outer rind is so thick and tough that from whatever height it may fall, it is never broken. From the base to the apex five very faint lines may be traced, over which the spines arch a little; these are the sutures of the carpels, and show where the fruit may be divided with a heavy knife and a strong hand. The five cells are satiny-white within, and are each filled with an oval mass of cream-colored pulp, imbedded in which are two or three seeds about the size of chestnuts. This pulp is the eatable part, and its consistence and flavor are indescribable. A rich butter-like custard highly flavored with almonds gives the best general idea of it; but intermingled with it come wafts of flavor that call to mind cream cheese, onion sauce, brown sherry, and other incongruities. Then there is a rich glutinous smoothness in the pulp, which nothing else possesses, but which adds to its delicacy. It is neither acid, nor sweet, nor juicy, yet one feels the want of none of these qualities, for it is perfect as it is. It produces no nausea or other bad effect, and the more you eat of it the less you feel inclined to stop. In fact, to eat durions is a new sensation worth a voyage to the East to experience.

When the fruit is ripe it falls of itself; and the only way to eat durions in perfection is to get them as they fall, and the smell is then less overpowering. When unripe, it makes a very good vegetable if cooked, and it is also eaten by the Dyaks raw. In a good fruit season large quantities are preserved salted, in jars and bamboos, and kept the year round; when it acquires a most disgusting odor to Europeans, but the Dyaks appreciate it highly as a relish with their rice. There are in the forest two varieties of wild durions with much smaller fruits, one of them orange-colored inside; and these are probably the origin of the large and fine durions, which are never found wild. It would not, perhaps, be correct to say that the durion is the best of all fruits, because it cannot supply the place of the subacid juicy kinds, such as the orange, grape, mango, and mangosteen, whose refreshing and cooling qualities are so wholesome and grateful; but as producing a food of the most exquisite flavor it is unsurpassed. If I had to fix on two only as representing the perfection of the two classes, I should certainly choose the durion and the orange as the king and queen of fruits.

The durion is however sometimes dangerous. When the fruit begins to ripen, it falls daily and almost hourly, and accidents not unfrequently happen to persons walking or working under the trees. When the durion strikes a man in its fall, it produces

BANKS OF SARAWAK RIVER

(*Malay Archipelago*)

a dreadful wound, the strong spines tearing open the flesh, while the blow itself is very heavy; but from this very circumstance death rarely ensues, the copious effusion of blood preventing the inflammation which might otherwise take place. A Dyak chief informed me that he had been struck down by a durion falling on his head, which he thought would certainly have caused his death, yet he recovered in a very short time.

Poets and moralists, judging from our English trees and fruits, have thought that small fruits always grew on lofty trees, so that their fall should be harmless to man, while the large ones trailed on the ground. Two of the largest and heaviest fruits known, however, — the Brazil-nut fruit (Bertholletia) and durion, — grow on lofty forest-trees, from which they fall as soon as they are ripe, and often wound or kill the native inhabitants. From this we may learn two things: first, not to draw general conclusions from a very partial view of nature; and secondly, that trees and fruits, no less than the varied productions of the animal kingdom, do not appear to be organized with exclusive reference to the use and convenience of man.

CAT'S-CRADLE IN BORNEO.

I am inclined to rank the Dyaks above the Malays in mental capacity, while in moral character they are undoubtedly superior to them. They are simple and honest, and become the prey of the Malay and Chinese traders, who cheat and plunder them continually. They are more lively, more talkative, less secretive, and less suspicious than the Malays, and are therefore pleasanter companions. The Malay boys have little inclination for active sports and games, which form quite a feature in the life of the Dyak youths; who, besides outdoor games of skill and strength, possess a variety of indoor amusements. One wet day in a Dyak house, when a number of boys and young men were about me, I thought to amuse them with something new, and showed them how to make "cat's-cradle" with a piece of string. Greatly to my surprise, they knew all about it, and more than I did; for after Charles and I had gone through all the changes we could make, one of the boys took it off my hand, and made several new figures which quite puzzled me. They then showed me a number of other tricks with pieces of string, which seemed a favorite amusement with them.

THE TRIAL OF A THIEF IN JAVA.

One morning as I was preparing and arranging my specimens, I was told there was to be a trial; and presently four or five men came in and sqatted down on a mat under the audience-shed in the court. The chief then came in with his clerk, and sat down opposite them. Each spoke in turn, telling his own tale; and then I found out that those who first entered were the prisoner, accuser, policemen, and witness, and that the prisoner was indicated solely by having a loose piece of cord twined round the wrists, but not tied. It was a case of robbery; and after the evidence was given and a few questions had been asked by the chief, the accused said a few words, and then sentence was pronounced, which was a fine. The parties then got up and walked away together, seeming quite friendly; and throughout there was nothing in the manner of any one present indicating passion or ill-feeling, — a very good illustration of the Malayan type of character.

ARCHITECTURE IN THE CELEBES.

My house, like all bamboo structures in this country, was a leaning one, the strong westerly winds of the wet season having set all its posts out of the perpendicular to such a degree as to make me think it might some day possibly go over altogether. It is a remarkable things that the natives of Celebes have not discovered the use of diagonal struts in strengthening buildings. I doubt if there is a native house in the country, two years old, and at all exposed to the wind, which stands upright; and no wonder, as they merely consist of posts and joists all placed upright or horizontal, and fastened rudely together with rattans. They may be seen in every stage of the process of tumbling down, from the first slight inclination to such a dangerous slope that it becomes a notice to quit to the occupiers.

The mechanical geniuses of the country have only discovered two ways of remedying the evil. One is, after it has commenced, to tie the house to a post in the ground on the windward side by a rattan or bamboo cable. The other is a preventive; but how they ever found it out and did not discover the true way is a mystery. This plan is to build the house in the usual way, but instead of having all the principal supports of straight posts, to

have two or three of them chosen as crooked as possible. I had often noticed these crooked posts in houses, but imputed it to the scarcity of good straight timber; till one day I met some men carrying home a post shaped something like a dog's hind leg, and inquired of my native boy what they were going to do with such a piece of wood. "To make a post for a house," said he. "But why don't they get a straight one? there are plenty here," said I. "Oh," replied he, "they prefer some like that in a house, because then it won't fall;" evidently imputing the effect to some occult property of crooked timber. A little consideration and a diagram will, however, show that the effect imputed to the crooked post may be really produced by it. A true square changes its figure readily into a rhomboid or oblique figure; but when one or two of the uprights are bent or sloping, and placed so as to oppose each other, the effect of a strut is produced, hough in a rude and clumsy manner.

LEWIS WALLACE.

Wallace, Lewis, an American lawyer, soldier, diplomatist and novelist; born at Brookville, Indiana, April 10, 1827. After receiving a common-school education, he began the study of law; but on the breaking out of the Mexican war he volunteered in the army as lieutenant in an Indiana company. In 1848 he took up his profession. At the beginning of the civil war he became colonel of a volunteer regiment; was made a brigadier-general and a major-general. He was mustered out of service in 1865; resumed the practice of law at Crawfordsville, Ind.; was made Governor of New Mexico in 1878; Minister to Turkey in 1881; and in 1885 resumed the practice of law at Crawfordsville. The works of General Wallace are "The Fair God," a story of the conquest of Mexico (1873); "Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ" (1880); "The Boyhood of Christ" (1888); "Life of General Benjamin Harrison" (1888), and "The Prince of India" (1893).

Racing with a Storm.[1]

(From "The Prince of India.")

One who has seen the boats in which fishermen now work the eddies and still waters of the Bosphorus will not require a description of the vessel the Prince and Lael stepped into when they arrived at the Grand Gate of Blacherne. He need only be told that instead of being pitch-black outside and in, it was white, except the gunwale, which was freshly gilt. The untravelled reader, however, must imagine a long narrow craft, upturned at both ends, graceful in every line, and constructed for speed and beauty. Well aft there was a box without cover, luxuriously cushioned, lined with chocolate velvet, and wide enough to seat two persons comfortably; behind it, a decked space for a servant, pilot, or guard. This arrangement left all forward for the rowers, each handling two oars.

[1] Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

Ten rowers, trained, stout, and clad in white headkerchiefs, shirts and trousers of the same hue, and Greek jackets of brilliant scarlet, profusely figured over with yellow braid, sat stolidly, blades in hand and ready dipped, when the passengers took their places, the Prince and Lael in the box, and Nilo behind them as guard. The vessel was too light to permit a ceremonious reception.

In front of the party, on the northern shore of the famous harbor, were the heights of Pera. The ravines and grass-green benches into which they were broken, with here and there a garden hut enclosed in a patch of filbert bushes — for Pera was not then the city it now is — were of no interest to the Prince; dropping his eyes to the water, they took in a medley of shipping, then involuntarily turned to the cold gray face of the wall he was leaving. And while seeing in vivid recollection the benignant countenance of Constantine bent upon him from the chair in the street, he thought of the horoscope he had spent the night in taking and the forenoon in calculating. With a darkened brow, he gave the word, and the boat was pushed off and presently seeking the broader channel of the Bosphorus.

The day was delightful. A breeze danced merrily over the surface of the water. Soft white summer clouds hung so sleepily in the southwest they scarce suggested motion. Seeing the color deepen in Lael's cheeks, and listening to her questions, he surrendered himself to the pleasures of the situation, not the least being the admiration she attracted.

By ships at anchor, and through lesser craft of every variety, they sped, followed by exclamations frequently outspoken: —

"Who is she? Who can she be?"

Thus pursued, they flew past the gate of St. Peter, turned the point of Galata, and left the Fish Market port behind; proceeding then in parallelism with the north shore, they glided under the great round tower so tall and up so far overhead it seemed a part of the sky. Off Tophané, they were in the Bosphorus, with Scutari at their right, and Point Serail at their backs.

Viewed from the harbor on the sea, the old historic Point leaves upon the well informed an impression that in a day long gone, yielding to a spasm of justice, Asia cast it off into the waves. Its beauty is Circean. Almost from the beginning it has been the chosen place in which men ran rounds gay and grave, virtuous and wanton, foolish and philosophic, brave

and cowardly — where love, hate, jealousy, avarice, ambition and envy have delighted to burn their lights before Heaven — where, possibly with one exception, Providence has more frequently come nearer lifting its veil than in any other spot of earth.

Again and again, the Prince, loth to quit the view, turned and refilled his eyes with Sancta Sophia, of which, from his position, the wall at the water's edge, the lesser churches of the Virgin Hodegetria and St. Irenè, and the topmost sections far extending of the palaces of Bucoleon seemed but foundations. The edifice, as he saw it then, depended on itself for effect, the Turk having not yet, in sign of Mohammedan conversion, broken the line of its marvellous dome with minarets. At length he set about telling stories of the Point.

Off the site of the present palace of Dolma-Batchi he told of Euphrosyne, the daughter of the Empress Irenè; and seeing how the sorrowful fortune of the beautiful child engaged Lael's sympathies, he became interested as a narrator, and failed to notice the unusual warmth tempering the air about Tchiragan. Neither did he observe that the northern sky, before so clear and blue, was whitening with haze.

To avoid the current running past Arnoot-Kouy, the rowers crossed to the Asiatic side under the promontory of Candilli.

Other boats thronged the charming expanse; but as most of them were of a humbler class sporting one rower, the Prince's, with its liveried ten, was a surpassing attraction. Sometimes the strangers, to gratify their curiosity, drew quite near, but always without affronting him; knowing the homage was to Lael, he was happy when it was effusively rendered.

His progress was most satisfactory until he rounded Candilli. Then a flock of small boats came down upon him pell-mell, the rowers pulling their uttermost, the passengers in panic.

The urgency impelling them was equally recognized by the ships and larger vessels out in the channel. Anchors were going down, sails furling, and oars drawing in. Above them, moreover, much beyond their usual levels of flight, troops of gulls were circling on rapid wings, screaming excitedly.

The Prince had reached the part of greatest interest in the story he was telling — how the cruel and remorseless Emperor Michel, determined to wed the innocent and helpless Euphrosyne, shamelessly cheated the Church and cajoled the Senate — when Nilo touched his shoulder, and awoke him to the situation. A

glance over the water — another at the sky — and he comprehended danger of some kind was impending. At the same moment Lael commenced shivering and complaining of cold. The air had undergone a sudden change. Presently Nilo's red cloak was sheltering her.

The boat was in position to bring everything into view, and he spoke to the rowers : —

" A storm is rising."

They ceased work, and looked over their shoulders, each for himself.

" A blow from the sea, and it comes fast. What we shall do is for my Lord to say," one of them returned.

The Prince grew anxious for Lael. What was done must be for her — he had no thought else.

A cloud was forming over the whole northeastern quarter of the sky, along the horizon black, overhead a vast gray wave, in its heart copper-hued, seething, interworking, now a distended sail, now a sail bursted ; and the wind could be heard whipping the shreds into fleece, and whirling them a confusion of vaporous banners. Yet glassy, the water reflected the tint of the cloud. The hush holding it was like the drawn breath of a victim waiting the first turn of the torturous wheel.

The Asiatic shore offered the Prince a long stretch, and he persisted in coasting it until the donjon of the White Castle — that terror to Christians — arrested his eye. There were houses much nearer, some of them actually overhanging the water ; but the donjon seemed specially inviting ; at all events, he coolly reflected, if the Governor of the Castle denied him refuge, the little river near by, known as the Sweet Waters of Asia, would receive him, and getting under its bank, he might hope to escape the fury of the wind and waves. He shouted resolutely : —

" To the White Castle ! Make it before the wind strikes, my men, and I will double your hire."

" We may make it," the rower answered, somewhat sullenly, " but " —

" What ? " asked the Prince.

" The devil has his lodgings there. Many men have gone into its accursed gates on errands of peace, and never been heard of again."

The Prince laughed.

" We lose time — forward ! If there be a fiend in the Castle, I promise you he is not waiting for us."

The twenty oars fell as one, and the boat jumped like a steed under a stab of the spur.

Thus boldly the race with the storm was begun. The judgment of the challenger, assuming the Prince to be such, may be questioned. The river was the goal. Could he reach it before the wind descended in dangerous force? — That was the very point of contest.

The chances, it is to be remembered next, were not of a kind to admit weighing with any approach to certainty; it was difficult even to marshal them for consideration. The distance was somewhat less than three-quarters of a mile; on the other part, the competing cloud was wrestling with the mountain height of Alem Daghy, about four miles away. The dead calm was an advantage; unfortunately it was more than offset by the velocity of the current, which, though not so strong by the littoral of Candilli as under the opposite bluffs of Roumeli-Hissar, was still a serious opposing force. The boatmen were skilful, and could be relied upon to pull loyally; for, passing the reward offered in the event of their winning, the dangers of failure were to them alike. Treating the contest as a race, with the storm and the boat as competitors, the Prince was not without chances of success.

But whatever the outcome of the venture, Lael would be put to discomfort. His care of her was so habitually marked by tender solicitude one cannot avoid wondering at him now.

After all he may have judged the affair more closely than at first appears. The sides of the boat were low, but danger from that cause might be obviated by the skill of the rowers; and then Alem Daghy was not a trifling obstacle in the path of the gale. It might be trusted to hold the cloud awhile; after which a time would be required by the wind to travel the miles intervening.

Certainly it had been more prudent to make the shore, and seek refuge in one of the houses there. But the retort of the spirited Jew of that day, as in this, was a contemptuous refusal of assistance; and the degree to which this son of Israel was governed by the eternal resentment can be best appreciated by recalling the number of his days on earth.

At the first response to the vigorous pull of the oarsmen, Lael drew the red cloak over her face, and laid her head against the Prince. He put his arm around her, and seeing nothing and saying nothing, she trusted in him.

The rowers, pulling with strength from the start, gradually quickened the stroke, and were presently in perfect harmony of action. A short sough accompanied each dip of the blades; an expiration, like that of the woodman striking a blow with his axe, announced the movement completed. The cords of their brawny necks played fast and free; the perspiration ran down their faces like rain upon glass. Their teeth clinched. They turned neither right nor left; but with their straining eyes fixed upon him, by his looks they judged both their own well-doing and the progress of their competitor.

Seeing the boat pointed directly toward the Castle, the Prince watched the cloud. Occasionally he commended the rowers.

"Well done, my men! — Hold to that, and we will win!"

The unusual brightness of his eyes alone betrayed excitement. Once he looked over the yet quiet upper field of water. His was the only vessel in motion. Even the great ships were lying to. No — there was another small boat like his own coming down along the Asiatic shore as if to meet him. Its position appeared about as far above the mouth of the river as his was below it; and its three or five rowers were plainly doing their best.

With grim pleasure, he accepted the stranger as another competitor in the race.

The friendly heights of Alem, seen from the Bosphorus, are one great forest always beautifully green. Even as the Prince looked at them, they lost color, as if a hand out of the cloud had suddenly dropped a curtain of white gauze over them. He glanced back over the course, then forward. The donjon was showing the loopholes that pitted its southern face. Excellent as the speed had been, more was required. Half the distance remained to be overcome — and the enemy not four miles away.

"Faster, men!" he called out. "The gust has broken from the mountain. I hear its roaring."

They turned involuntarily, and with a look measured the space yet to be covered, the distance of the foe, and the rate at which he was coming. Nor less did they measure the danger. They too heard its warning, the muffled roar as of rocks and trees snatched up and grinding to atoms in the inner coils of the cloud.

"It is not a blow," one said, speaking quick, "but a" —

"Storm."

The word was the Prince's.

"Yes, my Lord."

Just then the water by the boat was rippled by a breath, purring, timorous, but icy.

The effect on the oarsmen was stronger than any word from the master could have been. They finished a pull long and united; then while the oars swung forward taking reach for another, they all arose to their feet, paused a moment, dipped the blades deeper, gave vent to a cry so continuous it sounded like a wail, and at the same time sunk back into their seats, pulling as they fell. This was their ultimate exertion. A jet of water spurted from the foot of the sharp bow, and the bubbles and oar eddies flew behind indistinguishably.

"Well done!" said the Prince, his eyes glowing.

Thenceforward the men continued to rise at the end of a stroke, and fall as they commenced delivery of another. Their action was quick, steady, machine-like; they gripped the water deep, and made no slips; with a thought of the exhilaration an eagle must feel when swooping from his eyrie, the Prince looked at the cloud defiantly as a challenger might. Each moment the donjon loomed up more plainly. He saw now, not merely the windows and loopholes, but the joinery of the stones. Suddenly he beheld another wonder — an army of men mounted and galloping along the river bank toward the Castle.

The array stretched back into the woods. In its van were two flags borne side by side, one green, the other red. Both were surrounded by a troop in bright armor. No need for him to ask to whom they belonged. They told him of Mecca and Mahomet — on the red, he doubted not seeing the old Ottomanic symbols, in their meaning poetic, in their simplicity beautiful as any ever appropriated for martial purposes. The riders were Turks. But why the green flag? Where it went somebody more than the chief of a sanjak, more than the governor of a castle, or even a province, led the way.

The number trailing after the flags was scarcely less mysterious. There were too many to be of the garrison; and then the battlements of the Castle were lined with men also under arms. Not daring to speak of this new apparition lest his oarsmen might take alarm, the Prince smiled, thinking of another party to the race — a fourth competitor.

He sought the opposing boat next. It had made good time. There were five oarsmen in it; and, like his own, they were ris-

ing and falling with each stroke. In the passengers' place, he could make out two persons whom he took to be women.

A roll of thunder from the cloud startled the crew. Clear, angry, majestic, it filled the mighty gorge of the Bosphorus. Under the sound the water seemed to shrink away. Lael looked out from her hiding, but as quickly drew back, crowding closer to the Prince. To calm her he said, lightly: —

"Fear nothing, O my Gul-Bahar! A pretty race we are having with the cloud yonder; we are winning, and it is not pleased. There is no danger."

She answered by doubling the folds of the gown about her head.

Steadily, lithely, and with never an error the rowers drove through the waves — steadily, and in exact time, their cry arose cadencing each stroke. They did their part truly. Well might the master cry them, "Good, good." But all the while the wind was tugging mightily at its cloudy car; every instant the rattle of its wheels sounded nearer. The trees on the hills behind the Castle were bending and bowing; and not merely around the boat, but far as could be seen, the surface of the ancient channel was a-shirr and a-shatter under beating of advance gusts.

And now the mouth of the Sweet Waters, shallowed by a wide extended osier bank, came into view; and the Castle was visible from base to upper merlon, the donjon, in relief against the blackened sky, rising more ghostly than ever. And right at hand were the flags, and the riders galloping with them. And there, coming bravely in, was the competing boat.

Over toward Roumeli-Hissar the sea birds congregated in noisy flocks, alarmed at the long line of foam the wind was whisking down the current. Behind the foam, the world seemed dissolving into spray.

Then the boats were seen from the Castle, and a company of soldiers ran out and down the bank. A noise like the rushing of a river sounded directly overhead. The wind struck the Castle, and in the thick of the mists and flying leaves hurled at it, the donjon disappeared.

"We win, we win, my men!" the Prince shouted. "Courage — good spirit — brave work — treble wages! Wine and wassail to morrow!"

The boat, with the last word, shot into the little river, and up to the landing of the Castle just as the baffled wind burst over the refuge. And simultaneously the van of the army galloped under the walls and the competing boat arrived.

In the White Castle.

(From "The Prince of India.")

The landing was in possession of dark-faced, heavily bearded men, with white turbans, baggy trousers, gray and gathered at the ankles, and arms of every kind, bows, javelins, and cimeters.

The Prince, stepping from his boat, recognized them as Turkish soldiers. He had hardly time to make the inspection, brief as it was, before an officer, distinguished by a turban kettle-shaped and elaborately infolded, approached him.

"You will go with me to the Castle," he said.

The official's tone and manner were imperative. Suppressing his displeasure, the Prince replied, with dignity: —

"The Governor is courteous. Return to him with my thanks, and say that when I decided to come on in the face of the storm, I made no doubt of his giving me shelter until it would be safe to resume my journey. I fear, however, his accommodations will be overtaxed; and since the river is protected from the wind, it would be more agreeable if he would permit me to remain here."

The response betrayed no improvement in manner: —

"My order is to bring you to the Castle."

Some of the boatmen at this raised their eyes and hands toward heaven; others crossed themselves, and, like men taking leave of hope, cried out, "O Holy Mother of God!"

Yet the Prince restrained himself. He saw contention would be useless, and said, to quiet the rowers: "I will go with you. The Governor will be reasonable. We are unfortunates blown to his hands by a tempest, and to make us prisoners under such circumstances would be an abuse of one of the first and most sacred laws of the Prophet. The order did not comprehend my men; they may remain here."

Lael heard all this, her face white with fear.

The conversation was in the Greek tongue. At mention of the law, the Turk cast a contemptuous look at the Prince, much as to say, Dog of an unbeliever, what dost thou with a saying of the Prophet? Then dropping his eyes to Lael and the boatmen, he answered in disdain of argument or explanation: —

"You — they — all must go."

With that, he turned to the occupants of the other boat, and raising his voice the better to be heard, for the howling of the wind was very great, he called to them: —

"Come out."

They were a woman in rich attire, but closely veiled, and a companion at whom he gazed with astonishment. The costume of the latter perplexed him; indeed, not until that person, in obedience to the order, erected himself to his full stature upon the landing, was he assured of his sex.

They were the Princess Irenè and Sergius the monk.

The conversation between them in the Homeric palace has only to be recalled to account for their presence. Departing from Therapia at noon, according to the custom of boatmen wishing to pass from the upper Bosphorus, they had been carried obliquely across toward the Asiatic shore where the current, because of its greater regularity, is supposed to facilitate descent. When the storm began to fill the space above Alem Daghy, they were in the usual course; and then the question that had been put to the Prince of India was presented to the Princess Irenè. Would she land in Asia or recross to Europe?

The general Greek distrust of the Turks belonged to her. From infancy she had been horrified with stories of women prisoners in their hands. She preferred making Roumeli-Hissar; but the boatmen protested it was too late; they said the little river by the White Castle was open, and they could reach it before the storm; and trusting in their better judgment, she submitted to them.

Sergius, on the landing, pushed the cowl back, and was about to speak, but the wind caught his hair, tossing the long locks into tangle. Seeing him thus in a manner blinded, the Princess took up the speech. Drawing the veil aside, she addressed the officer: —

"Art thou the Governor of the Castle?"

"No."

"Are we to be held guests or prisoners?"

"That is not for me to say."

"Carry thou then a message to him who may be the Governor. Tell him I am the Princess Irenè, by birth near akin to Constantine, Emperor of the Greeks and Romans; that, admitting this soil is lawfully the property of his master the Sultan, I have not invaded it, but am here in search of temporary refuge. Tell him if I go to his Castle a prisoner, he must answer for the trespass to my royal kinsman, who will not fail to demand reparation; on the other hand, if I become his guest, it must be upon condition that I shall be free to depart as I

came, with my friend and my people, the instant the wind and waves subside. Yes, and the further condition, that he wait upon me as becomes my station, and personally offer such hospitality as his Castle affords. I shall receive his reply here."

The officer, uncouth though he was, listened with astonishment not in the least disguised; and it was not merely the speech which impressed him, nor yet the spirit with which it was given; the spell was in the unveiled face. Never in his best dream of the perfected Moslem Paradise had he ever seen loveliness to compare with it. He stood staring at her.

"Go," she repeated. "There will be rain presently."

"Whom am I to say thou art?" he asked.

"The Princess Irenê, kinswoman of the Emperor Constantine."

The officer made a low salaam to her, and walked hurriedly off to the Castle.

His soldiers stood in respectful remove from the prisoners — such the refugees must for the present be considered — leaving them grouped in close vicinity, the prince and the monk ashore, the Princess and Lael seated in their boats.

Calamity is a rough master of ceremonies; it does not take its victims by the hand, and name them in words, but bids them look to each other for help. And that was precisely what the two parties now did.

Unsophisticated, and backward through inexperience, Sergius was nevertheless conscious of the embarrassing plight of the Princess. He had also a man's quick sense of the uselessness of resistance, except in the way of protest. To measure the stranger's probable influence with the Turks, he looked first at the Prince, and was not, it must be said, rewarded with a return on which to found hope or encouragement. The small, stoop-shouldered old man, with a great white beard, appeared respectable and well-to-do in his black velvet cap and pelisse; his eyes were very bright, and his cheeks hectic with resentment at the annoyance he was undergoing; but that he could help out of the difficulty appeared absurd.

Having by this time rescued his hair from the wind, and secured it under his cowl, he looked next at Lael. His first thought was of the unfitness of her costume for an outing in a boat under the quietest of skies. A glance at the princess, however, allayed the criticism; while the display of jewelry was less

conspicuous, her habit was quite as rich and unsubstantial. It dawned upon him then that custom had something to do with the attire of Greek women thus upon the water. That moment Lael glanced up at him, and he saw how childlike her face was, and lovely despite the anxiety and fear with which it was overcast. He became interested in her at once.

The monk's judgment of the little old man was unjust. That master of subtlety had in mind run forward of the situation, and was already providing for its consequences.

He shared the surprise of the Turk when the Princess raised her veil. Overhearing then her message to the Governor, delivered in a manner calm, self-possessed, courageous, dignified, and withal adroit, he resolved to place Lael under her protection.

"Princess," he said, doffing his cap unmindful of the wind, and advancing to the side of her boat, "I crave audience of you, and in excuse for my unceremoniousness, plead community in misfortune, and a desire to make my daughter here safe as can be."

She surveyed him from head to foot; then turned her eyes toward Lael, sight of whom speedily exorcised the suspicion which for the instant held her hesitant.

"I acknowledge the obligation imposed by the situation," she replied; "and being a Christian as well as a woman, I cannot without reason justifiable in sight of Heaven deny the help you ask. But, good sir, first tell me your name and country."

"I am a Prince of India exercising a traveller's privilege of sojourning in the imperial city."

"The answer is well given; and if hereafter you return to this interview, O Prince, I beg you will not lay my inquiry to common curiosity."

"Fear not," the Prince answered; "for I learned long ago that in the laws prescribed for right-doing prudence is a primary virtue; and making present application of the principle, I suggest, if it please you to continue a discourse which must be necessarily brief, that we do so in some other tongue than Greek."

"Be it in Latin then," she said, with a quick glance at the soldiers, and observing his bow of acquiescence, continued, "Thy reverend beard, O Prince, and respectable appearance, are warranties of a wisdom greater than I can ever attain; wherefore pray tell me how I, a feeble woman, who may not be able to release herself from these robbers, remorseless from religious

prejudice, can be of assistance to thy daughter, now my younger sister in affliction."

She accompanied the speech with a look at Lael so kind and tender it could not be misinterpreted.

"Most fair and gentle Princess, I will straight to the matter. Out on the water, midway this and the point yonder, when too late for me to change direction or stay my rowers, I saw a body of horsemen, whom I judged to be soldiers, moving hurriedly down the river bank toward the Castle. A band richly caparisoned, carrying two flags, one green, the other red, moved at their head. The former, you may know, has a religious signification, and is seldom seen in the field except a person of high rank be present. It is my opinion, therefore, that our arrest has some reference to the arrival of such a personage. In confirmation you may yet hear the musical flourish in his honor."

"I hear drums and trumpets," she replied, "and admit the surmise an ingenious accounting for an act otherwise unaccountable."

"Nay, Princess, with respect to thyself at least, call it a deed intolerable, and loud with provocation."

"From your speech, O Prince, I infer familiarity with these faithless barbarians. Perhaps you can make your knowledge of them so far serviceable as to tell me the great man's name."

"Yes, I have had somewhat to do with Turks; yet I cannot venture the name, rank, or purpose of the newcomer. Pursuing the argument, however, if my conjecture be true, then the message borne the Governor, though spirited, and most happily accordant with your high degree, will not accomplish your release, simply because the reason of the capture in the first place must remain a reason for detaining you in the next. In brief, you may anticipate rejection of the protest."

"What, think you they will hold me prisoner?"

"They are crafty."

"They dare not!" and the Princess' cheek reddened with indignation. "My kinsman is not powerless — and even the great Amurath —"

"Forgive me, I pray; but there was never mantle to cover so many crimes as the conveniences kings call 'reasons of state.'"

She looked vaguely up the river which the tempest was covering with promiscuous air-blown drifting; but recovering, she said: "It is for me to pray pardon, Prince. I detain you."

"Not at all," he answered. "I have to remark next, if my conjecture prove correct, a lady of imperial rank might find herself ill at ease and solitary in a hold like this Castle, which, speaking by report, is now kept to serve some design of war to come more particularly than domestic or social life."

The imagination of the Princess caught the idea eagerly, and, becoming active, presented a picture of a Moslem lair without women or apartments for women. Her mind filled with alarm.

"Oh, that I could recall the message!" she exclaimed. "I should not have tempted the Governor by offering to become his guest upon any condition."

"Nay, do not accuse yourself. The decision was brave and excellent in every view," he said, perceiving his purpose in such fair way. "For see — the storm increases in strength; yonder" — he pointed toward Alem Daghy — "the rain comes. Not by thy choice, O Princess, but the will of God, thou art here!"

He spoke impressively, and she bent her head, and crossed herself twice.

"A sad plight truly," he continued. "Fortunately it may be in a measure relieved. Here is my daughter, Lael by name. The years have scarcely outrun her childhood. More at mercy than thyself, because without rank to make the oppressor careful, or an imperial kinsman to revenge a wrong done her, she is subject to whatever threatens you — a cell in this infidel stronghold, ruffians for attendants, discomforts to cast her into fever, separation from me to keep her afraid. Why not suffer her to go with you? She can serve as tirewoman or companion. In villainy the boldest often hesitate when two are to be overcome."

The speech was effective.

"O Prince, I have not words to express my gratitude. I am thy debtor. Heaven may have brought this crisis, but it has not altogether deserted me — And in good time! See — my messenger, with a following! Let thy daughter come, and sit with me now — and do thou stand by to lend me of thy wisdom in case appeal to it become necessary. Quick! Nay, Prince, Sergius is young and strong. Permit him to bring the child to me."

The monk made haste. Drawing the boat close to the shore, he gave Lael his strong hand. Directly she was delivered to the Princess, and seated beside her.

"Now they may come!"

Thus the Princess acknowledged the strength derivable from companionship. The result was perceptible in her voice once more clear, and her face actually sparkling with confidence and courage.

Then, drawn together in one group, the refugees awaited the officer.

"The Governor is coming," that worthy said, saluting the Princess.

Looking toward the Castle, the expectants beheld a score or more men issuing from the gate on foot. They were all in armor, and each complemented the buckler on his arm with a lance from which a colored pennon blew out straight and stiff as a panel. One walked in front singly, and immediately the Prince and Princess fixed upon him as the Governor, and kept him in eye curiously and anxiously.

That instant rain in large drops began to fall. The Governor appeared to notice the premonition, for looking at the angry sky he halted, and beckoned to his followers, several of whom ran to him, received an order, and then hastily returned to the Castle. He came on in quickened gait.

Here the Prince, with his greater experience, noticed a point which escaped his associates; and that was the extraordinary homage paid the stranger.

At the landing the officer and soldiers would have prostrated themselves, but with an imperious gesture, he declined the salutation.

The observers, it may be well believed, viewed the man afar with interest; when near, they scanned him as persons under arraignment study the judge, that from his appearance they may glean something of his disposition. He was above the average height of men, slender, and in armor — the armor of the East, adapted in every point to climate and light service. A cope or hood, intricately woven of delicate steel wire, and close enough to refuse an arrow or the point of a dagger, defended head, throat, neck, and shoulders, while open at the face; a coat, of the same artistic mail, beginning under the hood, followed closely the contour of the body, terminating just above the knees as a skirt. Amongst Teutonic and English knights, on account of its comparative lightness, it would have been distinguished from an old-fashioned hauberk, and called *haubergeon*. A sleeveless *surcoat* of velvet, plain green in color, overlaid the mail without a crease or wrinkle, except at the edge of the skirt.

Chausses, or leggins, also of steel, clothed the nether limbs, ending in shoes of thin lateral scales sharply pointed at the toes. A slight convexity on top, and the bright gold-gilt band by which, with regular interlacement, the cope was attached, gave the cap surmounting the head a likeness to a crown.

In style this armor was common. The preference Eastern cavaliers showed it may have been due in part at least to the fact that when turned out by a master armorer, after years of painstaking, it left the wearer his natural graces of person. Such certainly was the case here.

The further equipment of the man admits easy imagining. There were the gauntlets of steel, articulated for the fingers and thumbs; a broad flexible belt of burnished gold scales, intended for the cimeter, fell from the waist diagonally to the left hip; light spurs graced the heels; a dagger, sparkling with jewels, was his sole weapon, and it served principally to denote the peacefulness of his errand. As there was nothing about him to rattle or clank, his steps were noiseless, and his movements agile and easy.

These martial points were naturally of chief attraction to the Prince of India, whose vast acquaintanceship with heroes and famous warriors made comparison a habit. On her side, the Princess, to whom accoutrement and manner were mere accessories, pleasing or otherwise, and subordinate, sought the stranger's face. She saw brown eyes, not very large, but exceedingly bright, quick, sharp, flying from object to object with flashes of bold inquiry, and quitting them as instantly; a round forehead on brows high-arched; a nose with the curvature of a Roman's; mouth deep-cornered, full-lipped, and somewhat imperfectly mustached and bearded; clear, though sunburned complexion — in brief, a countenance haughty, handsome, refined, imperious, telling in every line of exceptional birth, royal usages, ambition, courage, passion, and confidence. Most amazing, however, the stranger appeared yet a youth. Surprised, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or alarmed, yet attracted, she kept the face in steady gaze.

Halting when a few steps from the group, the stranger looked at them as if seeking one in especial.

"Have a care, O Princess! This is not the Governor, but he of whom I spoke — the great man."

The warning was from the Prince of India and in Latin. As if to thank him for a service done — possibly for identifying

the person he sought — the subject of the warning slightly bowed to him, then dropped his eyes to the Princess. A light blown out does not vanish more instantly than his expression changed. Wonder — incredulity — astonishment — admiration chased each other over his face in succession. Calling them emotions, each declared itself with absolute distinctness, and the one last to come was most decided and enduring. Thus he met her gaze, and so ardent, intense, and continuous was his, that she reddened cheek and forehead, and drew down the veil; but not, it should understood, resentfully.

The disappearance of the countenance, in effect like the sudden extinguishment of a splendor, aroused him. Advancing a step, he said to her, with lowered head and perceptible embarrassment: —

"I come to offer hospitality to the kinswoman of the Emperor Constantine. The storm shows no sign of abatement, and until it does, my Castle yonder is at her order. While not sumptuous in appointment as her own palace, fortunately there are comfortable apartments in it where she can rest securely and with reserve. The invitation I presume to make in the name of my most exalted master Sultan Amurath, who takes delight in the amity existing between him and the Lord of Byzantium. To lay all fear, to dispel hesitation, in his name again, together with such earnest of good faith as lies in an appeal to the most holy Prophet of God, I swear the Princess Irenè shall be safe from interruption while in the Castle, and free to depart from it at her pleasure. If she chooses, this tender of courtesy may, by agreement, here in the presence of these witnesses, be taken as an affair of state. I await her answer."

The Prince of India heard the speech more astonished by the unexceptional Latin in which it was couched than the propriety of the matter or the grace of its delivery, though, he was constrained to admit, both were very great. He also understood the meaning of the look the stranger had given him at the conclusion of his warning to the Princess, and to conceal his vexation, he turned to her.

That moment two covered chairs, brought from the Castle, were set down near by, and the rain began to fall in earnest.

"See," said the Governor, "the evidence of my care for the comfort of the kinswoman of the most noble Emperor Constantine. I feared it would rain before I could present myself to her; nor that alone, fair Princess — the chair must convict me

of a wholesome dread of accusation in Constantinople; for what worse could be said than that I, a faithful Moslem, to whom hospitality is an ordination of religion, refused to open my gates to women in distress because they were Christians. Most noble and fair lady, behold how much I should esteem acceptance of my invitation!"

Irenè looked at the Prince of India, and seeing assent in his face, answered: —

"I will ask leave to report this courtesy as an affair of state that my royal kinsman may acknowledge it becomingly."

The Governor bowed very low while saying: —

"I myself should have suggested the course."

"Also that my friends" — she pointed to the Prince of India, and the monk — "and all the boatmen, be included in the safeguard."

This was also agreed to; whereupon she arose, and for assistance offered her hand to Sergius. Lael was next helped from the boat. Then, taking to the chairs, the two were carried into the Castle, followed by the Prince and the monk afoot.

EDMUND WALLER.

Waller, Edmund, an English poet; born at Coleshill, Buckinghamshire, March 3, 1605; died at Beaconsfield, October 21, 1687. He inherited wealth, and was related to the patriot Hampden and to Cromwell. At eighteen years of age he entered Parliament. At eighty he was still in Parliament, under James II. His poems, published in 1645 and 1664, are some of them sweet and simple, but are chiefly remarkable for their polish.

On a Girdle.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

Go, Lovely Rose.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee! —
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

From "A Panegyric to My Lord Protector."

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe;
Make us unite, and make us conquer too.

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves, as Neptune showed his face,
To chide the winds and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious State;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

HORACE WALPOLE.

Walpole, Horace, fourth Earl of Orford, an English literary critic and wit; born at Houghton, in Norfolk, October 5, 1717; died at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, March 2, 1797. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, entered Parliament, and continued to be a member of it twenty-seven years. His fame rests on his letters, descriptive of people and events of his time, and numbering nearly three thousand. Besides these, he was author of "Catalogue of Noble and Royal Authors" (1758); "Anecdotes of Painting" (1761–71); "Catalogue of Engravers" (1763); "The Castle of Otranto" (1764); "The Mysterious Mother," a tragedy (1768); "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III." (1768); "Ædes Walpolianæ" (1774); "Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and George II.," and memoirs and journals relating to the reigns of the second and the third Georges.

Cock-Lane Ghost and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

(From Letter to Sir Horace Mann.)

I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost, — a ghost that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does nôt pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg, who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I left my name for him. But I will tell you who is come too, — Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honor (and you who know her would credit it me without it), the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots

Lady Mary Wortley Montague

1720.

and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a pet-en-l'air, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with colored and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, gray stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined: I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery; but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at the first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men-servants, — and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful, — she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice.

A Year of Fashion in Walpole's Day.

(From Letter to the Earl of Hertford.)

You are sensible, my dear lord, that any amusement from my letters must depend upon times and seasons. We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they themselves are now a very weak one); but then that absurdity depends upon the almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that everybody will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The

Parliament opens: everybody is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives: everybody goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again, taxes are warmly opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription. The Opposition languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two. Ranelagh opens, and Vauxhall: one produces scandal, and t' other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October.

Funeral of George II.

(From Letter to George Montagu, Esq.)

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t' other night, — I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it is, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute-guns, — all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day, — the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof all appearing distinctly and with the happiest chiaroscuro. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with

some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying for help, oppressed by the great weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter "Man that is born of a woman" was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark-brown Adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it nearly two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes; and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend: think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

The English Climate.

(From Letter to George Montagu, Esq.)

Strawberry Hill, June 15th, 1768.

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation. You are so apt to take root, that it re-

quires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and down, I wish you were still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I will come and see you; but tell me first, when do your Duke and Duchess (the Argylls) travel to the North? I know that he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a *laddess*, but I had rather see their house comfortably when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a northeast wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, *This is a bad summer!* as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and making our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which, as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer; I mean the hot-house in St. Stephen's chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there is very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mansfield. I see the country going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the

undoing it? I seldom suffer myself to think on this subject: *my* patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry you are likely to lose your poor cousin Lady Hinchinbrook; I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to Madame Roland shall be taken care of; but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer; therefore, good-night!

P. S. — I was in town last week and found Mr. Chute still confined. He had a return in his shoulder, but I think it more rheumatism than gout.

The American War.

(From Various Letters.)

The Cabinet have determined on a civil war. . . . There is food for meditation! Will the French you converse with be civil and keep their countenances? Pray remember it is not decent to be dancing at Paris, when there is civil war in your own country. You would be like the country squire, who passed by with his hounds when the battle of Edgehill began. (1775, January 22.)

I forgot to tell you that the town of Birmingham has petitioned the Parliament to enforce the American Acts, that is, make war; for they have a manufacture of swords and muskets. (1775, January 27.)

The war with our Colonies, which is now declared, is a proof how much influence jargon has on human affairs. A war on our own trade is *popular!* Both Houses are as eager for it as they were for conquering the Indies — which acquits them a little of rapine, when they are as glad of what will impoverish them as of what they fancied was to enrich them. (1775, February.)

You will not be surprised that I am what I always was, a zealot for liberty in every part of the globe, and consequently that I most heartily wish success to the Americans. They have hitherto not made *one* blunder; and the Administration have made a thousand, besides two capital ones, of first provoking, and then uniting the Colonies. The latter seem to have as good heads as hearts, as we want both. (1775, September 7.)

IZAAK WALTON.

WALTON, IZAAK, an English biographer and miscellaneous writer, known as the "father of angling;" born at Stafford, August 9, 1593; died at Winchester, December 15, 1683. He went to London at an early age, where he entered into the business of "sempster," or linen-draper, and at fifty retired with a competency, and passed the remaining forty years of his life in easy quiet. His principal works are "Life of Dr. Donne" (1640); "Life of Sir Henry Wotton" (1651); "The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" (1653), one of the great English classics; "Life of Richard Hooker" (1662); "Life of George Herbert" (1670); "Life of Bishop Sanderson" (1678), and two letters on "The Distempers of the Times" (1680).

IN PRAISE OF FISHING.

(From "The Complete Angler.")

PISCATOR. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him or pray to him: if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a "watery discourse," so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the Water, the element that I trade in. The Water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, Gen. i. 2, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief

philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation; this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation: many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only; they endeavor to demonstrate it thus: —

Take a willow, or any like speedy-growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the trees begin to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting to weigh an hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element. And they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm, also, the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of Water.

The Water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs and flowers and fruits are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run underground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness; for 't is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent and other fish days, — which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, — hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish; of which it is

observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses, Lev. xi. 9, Deut. xiv. 9, appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, — as namely, the Whale, three times as big as the mighty Elephant, that is so fierce in battle, — but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans in the height of their glory have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their Sturgeons, Lampreys, and Mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius, or Varro, may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

But, Gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and, I hope, happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, Dr. Wharton, a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of Angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper in these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffic, without which we could not now subsist? How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration; and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard St. Paul preach, makes his third wish to have seen Rome in her glory; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay-trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil! These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian to see there the humble house in which St.

Paul was content to dwell, and to view the many rich statues that are there made in honor of his memory! Nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter and he lie buried together! These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian, to see that place on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men, — to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself I will stop here, and remember you, that, but for my element of Water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a Whale a ship to carry and set his prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see Theobald's house. I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

. . . . . .

O Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial fly? — a Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any Hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not, therefore, Sir, but that Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning: the question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good Angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but Angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself.

. . . . . .

Then first, for the antiquity of Angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this: some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor

of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of Angling; and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity; others say, that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts which by God's appointment or allowance and his noble industry were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavored to make Angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you, that Angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet Amos mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the Book of Job, which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to be writ by Moses, mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply Anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors, — and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent and such merits meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person: — so if this antiquity of Angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honor or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it; of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action.

Concerning which, some have endeavored to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying, that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say, that God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own Infiniteness, Eternity, Power, and Goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning

and devotion prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha, Luke x. 41, 42.

And, on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent: as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons: and they say also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of humane society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of Angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an Angler to it; and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter Du Moulin, who, in his discourse of the Fulfilling of Prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of Israel, Psal. 137, who, having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard says, that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers and then of fish; concerning

which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first concerning Rivers; there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As namely of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drank cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone; and our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion color. And one of no less credit than Aristotle tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day; and he tells us of a river in Surrey, it is called Mole, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabouts boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judæa that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their Sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea the fish called the Balæna, or Whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground, and of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that in the river Ganges, there be Eels of thirty foot long. He says there, that these monsters appear in that sea only when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of waters falling from

the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says, that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish-bones. He there tells us, that there are sometimes a thousand of these great Eels found wrapped or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that Dolphins love music, and will come, when called for, by some men or boys, that know and use to feed them, and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the Dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in learned Dr. Casaubon's discourse "Of Credulity and Incredulity," printed by him about the year 1670.

I know we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant, and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth near London, as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the Hog-fish, the Dog-fish, the Dolphin, the Coney-fish, the Parrot-fish, the Shark, the Poison-fish, Sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the Salamander, several sorts of Barnacles, of Solan geese, the Bird of Paradise, such sorts of Snakes, and such birds'-nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder: and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of the less incredible; for you may note, that the waters are Nature's storehouse, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, Sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet, Mr. George Herbert, his divine "Contemplation on God's Providence."

"Lord! who hath praise enough? Nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many
And so complete, but only he that owes them!

"We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

"Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me."

. . . . . .

Fishing with a dead-rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice; as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed Angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of Angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did:" and so, if I might be judge, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than Angling."

I 'll tell you, Scholar, when I sat last on this primrose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, — "that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy-days:" as I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 't was a Wish, which I 'll repeat to you.

The Angler's Wish.

I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice:
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers:
Here, hear my Kenna sing[1] a song;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

[1] Like Hermit poor.

IZAAK WALTON AND HIS PUPIL

From a Painting by W. Denby Sadler

Or a leverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
  Thus free from lawsuits, and the noise
  Of princes' courts, I would rejoice:

Or, with my Bryan, and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford Brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away:
  And angle on, and beg to have
  A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

. . . . . .

When I had ended this composure, I left this place, and saw a Brother of the Angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance.

ELIZABETH STUART (PHELPS) WARD.

Ward, Elizabeth Stuart (Phelps), an American novelist and poet; born at Andover, Mass., August 13, 1844. She commenced writing at an early age. Her works, some of which had already appeared in periodicals, are: "Ellen's Idol" (1864); "Up Hill" (1865); "Mercy Gliddon's Work" (1866); "Tiny Stories" (4 vols., 1866–69); "Gipsy Stories" (4 vols., 1866–69); "The Gates Ajar" (1868); "Men, Women, and Ghosts" (1869); "The Silent Partner" (1870); "Trotty's Wedding Tour" (1873); "The Good-Aim Series" (1874); "Poetic Studies" (1875); "The Story of Avis" (1877); "My Cousin and I" (1879); "Old Maid's Paradise" (1879); "Sealed Orders" (1879); "Friends, a Duet" (1881); "Beyond the Gates" (1883); "Songs of the Silent World" (1884); "Dr. Zay" (1884); "Burglars in Paradise" (1886); "The Gates Between" (1887); "Jack the Fisherman" (1887); "The Struggle for Immortality" (1889); "Memoirs of Austin Phelps" (her father) (1891); "Fourteen to One" (1891); "Donald Marcy" (1893); "Hedged In;" "The Supply at Saint Agatha's;" "A Singular Life" (1896); and "The Life of Christ" (1897). In 1888 Miss Phelps married Mr. Herbert D. Ward, with whom she published "The Master of the Magicians" (1890); "Come Forth" (1891).

What is Heaven?[1]

(From "The Gates Ajar.")

30th.

Aunt Winifred was weeding her day-lilies this morning, when the gate creaked timidly, and then swung noisily, and in walked Abinadab Quirk, with a bouquet of China pinks in the button-hole of his green-gray linen coat. He had taken evident pains to smarten himself up a little, for his hair was combed into two horizontal *dabs* over his ears, and the green-gray coat and blue-checked shirt-sleeves were quite clean; but he certainly is the most uncouth specimen of six feet five that it has ever been my privilege to behold. I feel sorry for him, though. I heard Meta

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Tripp laughing at him in Sunday school the other day, — "Quadrangular Quirk," she called him, a little too loud, and the poor fellow heard her. He half turned, blushing fiercely; then slunk down in his corner with as pitiable a look as is often seen upon a man's face.

He came up to Auntie awkwardly, — a part of the scene I saw from the window, and the rest she told me, — head hanging, and the tiny bouquet held out.

"Clo sent these to you," he stammered out, — "my cousin Clo. I was coming 'long, and she thought, you know, — she 'd get me, you see, to — to — that is, to — bring them. She sent her — that is — let me see. She sent her respect — ful — respectful — no, her love; that was it. She sent her love 'long with 'em."

Mrs. Forceythe dropped her weeds, and held out her white, shapely hands, wet with the heavy dew, to take the flowers.

"O, thank you! Clo knows my fancy for pinks. How kind in you to bring them! Won't you sit down a few moments? I was just going to rest a little. Do you like flowers?"

Abinadab eyed the white hands, as his huge fingers just touched them, with a sort of awe; and, sighing, sat down on the very edge of the garden bench beside her. After a singular variety of efforts to take the most uncomfortable position of which he was capable, he succeeded to his satisfaction, and, growing then somewhat more at his ease, answered her question.

"Flowers are such *gassy* things. They just blow out and that 's the end of 'em. *I* like machine-shops best."

"Ah! well, that is a very useful liking. Do you ever invent machinery yourself?"

"Sometimes," said Abinadab, with a bashful smile. "There 's a little improvement of mine for carpet-sweepers up before the patent-office now. Don't know whether they 'll run it through. Some of the chaps I saw in Boston told me they thought they would do 't in time; it takes an awful sight of time. I 'm alwers fussing over something of the kind; alwers did, sence I was a baby; had my little wind-mills and carts and things; used to sell 'em to the other young uns. Father don't like it. He wants me to stick to the farm. I don't like farming. I feel like a fish out of water. — Mrs. Forceythe, marm!"

He turned on her with an abrupt change of tone, so funny that she could with difficulty retain her gravity.

"I heard you saying a sight of queer things the other day about heaven. Clo, she 's been telling me a sight more. Now, *I* never believed in heaven!"

"Why?"

"Because I don't believe," said the poor fellow, with sullen decision, "that a benevolent God ever would ha' made sech a derned awkward chap as I am!"

Aunt Winifred replied by stepping into the house, and bringing out a fine photograph of one of the best of the St. Georges, — a rapt, yet very manly face, in which the saint and the hero are wonderfully blended. "I suppose," she said, putting it into his hands, "that if you should go to heaven, you would be as much fairer than that picture as that picture is fairer than you are now."

"No! Why, would I, though? Jim-miny! Why, it would be worth going for, would n't it?"

The words were no less reverently spoken than the vague rhapsodies of his father; for the sullenness left his face, and his eyes — which are pleasant, and not unmanly, when one fairly sees them — sparkled softly, like a child's.

"Make it all up there, maybe?" musing, — "the girls laughing at you all your life, and all? That would be the bigger heft of the two then, would n't it? for they say there ain't any end of things up there. Why, so it might be fair in Him after all; more 'n fair, perhaps. See here, Mrs. Forceythe, I'm not a church-member, you know, and father, he 's dreadful troubled about me; prays over me like a span of ministers, the old gentleman does, every Sunday night. Now, I don't want to go to the other place any more than the next man, and I 've had my times, too, of thinking I 'd keep steady and say my prayers reg'lar, — it makes a chap feel on a sight better terms with himself, — but I don't see how *I* 'm going to wear white frocks and stand up in a choir, — never could sing no more 'n a frog with a cold in his head, — it tires me more now, honest, to think of it, than it does to do a week's mowing. Look at me! Do you s'pose I 'm fit for it? Father, he 's always talking about the thrones, and the wings, and the praises, and the palms, and having new names in your foreheads (should n't object to that, though, by any means), till he drives me into the tool-house, or off on a spree. I tell him if God ain't got a place where chaps like me can do something He 's fitted 'em to do in this world, there 's no use thinking about it anyhow."

So Auntie took the honest fellow into her most earnest thought for half an hour, and argued, and suggested, and reproved, and helped him, as only she could do; and at the end of it seemed to have worked into his mind some distinct and not unwelcome ideas of what a Christ-like life must mean to him, and of the coming heaven which is so much more real to her than any life outside of it.

"And then," she told him, "I imagine that your fancy for machinery will be employed in some way. Perhaps you will do a great deal more successful inventing there than you ever will here."

"You don't say so!" said radiant Abinadab.

"God will give you something to do, certainly, and something that you will like."

"I might turn it to some religious purpose, you know!" said Abinadab, looking bright. "Perhaps I could help 'em build a church, or hist some of their pearl gates, or something like!"

Upon that he said that it was time to be at home and see to the oxen, and shambled awkwardly away.

Clo told us this afternoon that he begged the errand and the flowers from her. She says: "'Bin thinks there never was anybody like you, Mrs. Forceythe, and 'Bin is n't the only one, either." At which Mrs. Forceythe smiles absently, thinking — I wonder of what.

Monday night.

I saw as funny and as pretty a bit of a drama this afternoon as I have seen for a long time.

Faith had been rolling out in the hot hay ever since three o'clock, with one of the little Blands, and when the shadows grew long they came in with flushed cheeks and tumbled hair, to rest and cool upon the door-steps. I was sitting in the parlor, sewing energetically on some sun-bonnets for some of Aunt Winifred's people down town, — I found the heat to be more bearable if I kept busy, — and could see, unseen, all the little *tableaux* into which the two children grouped themselves; a new one every instant; in the shadow now, — now in a quiver of golden glow; the wind tossing their hair about, and their chatter chiming down the hall like bells.

"O, what a funny little sunset there 's going to be behind the maple-tree," said the blond-haired Bland, in a pause.

"Funny enough," observed Faith, with her superior smile,

"but it's going to be a great deal funnier up in heaven, I tell you, Molly Bland."

"Funny in heaven? Why, Faith!" Molly drew herself up with a religious air, and looked the image of her father.

"Yes, to be sure. I'm going to have some little pink blocks made out of it when I go; pink and yellow and green and purple and — O, so many blocks! I'm going to have a little red cloud to sail round in, like that one up over the house, too, I should n't wonder."

Molly opened her eyes. "O, I don't believe it."

"*You* don't know much!" said Miss Faith, superbly. "I should n't s'pose you would believe it. P'r'aps I'll have some strawberries too, and some ginger-snaps, — I'm not going to have any old bread and butter up there, — O, and some little gold apples, and a lot of playthings; nicer playthings — why, nicer than they have in the shops in Boston, Molly Bland! God's keeping 'em up there a purpose."

"Dear me!" said incredulous Molly, "I should just like to know who told you that much. My mother never told it at me. Did your mother tell it at you?"

"O, she told me some of it, and the rest I thinked out myself."

"Let's go and play One Old Cat," said Molly, with an uncomfortable jump; "I wish I had n't got to go to heaven!"

"Why, Molly Bland! why, I think heaven's splendid! I've got my papa up there, you know. 'Here's my little girl!' That's what he's going to say. Mamma, she'll be there, too, and we're all going to live in the prettiest house. I have dreadful hurries to go this afternoon sometimes when Phœbe's cross and won't give me sugar. They don't let you in, though, 'nless you're a good girl."

"Who gets it all up?" asked puzzled Molly.

"Jesus Christ will give me all these beautiful fings," said Faith, evidently repeating her mother's words, — the only catechism that she has been taught.

"And what will He do when He sees you?" asked her mother, coming down the stairs and stepping up behind her.

"Take me up in His arms and kiss me."

"And what will Faith say?"

"*Fank — you!*" said the child, softly.

In another minute she was absorbed, body and soul, in the mysteries of One Old Cat.

"But I don't think she will feel much like being naughty for half an hour to come," her mother said; "hear how pleasantly her words drop! Such a talk quiets her, like a hand laid on her head. Mary, sometimes I think it is His very hand, as much as when He touched those other little children. I wish Faith to feel at home with Him and His home. Little thing! I really do not think that she is conscious of any fear of dying; I do not think it means anything to her but Christ, and her father, and pink blocks, and a nice time, and never disobeying me or being cross. Many a time she wakes me up in the morning talking away to herself, and when I turn and look at her, she says: 'O mamma, won't we go to heaven to-day, you fink? *When* will we go, mamma?'"

"If there had been any pink blocks and ginger-snaps for me when I was at her age, I should not have prayed every night to 'die out.' I think the horrors of death that children live through, unguessed and unrelieved, are awful. Faith may thank you all her life that she has escaped them."

"I should feel answerable to God for the child's soul, if I had not prevented that. I always wanted to know what sort of mother that poor little thing had, who asked, if she were *very* good up in heaven, whether they would n't let her go down to hell Saturday afternoons, and play a little while!"

"I know. But think of it, — blocks and ginger-snaps!"

"I treat Faith just as the Bible treats us, by dealing in *pictures* of truth that she can understand. I can make Clo and Abinadab Quirk comprehend that their pianos and machinery may not be made of literal rosewood and steel, but will be some synonyme of the thing, which will answer just such wants of their changed natures as rosewood and steel must answer now. There will be machinery and pianos in the same sense in which there will be pearl gates and harps. Whatever enjoyment any or all of them represent now, something will represent then.

"But Faith, if I told her that her heavenly ginger-snaps would not be made of molasses and flour, would have a cry, for fear that she was not going to have any ginger-snaps at all; so, until she is older, I give her unqualified ginger-snaps. The principal joy of a child's life consists in eating. Faith begins, as soon as the light wanes, to dream of that gum-drop which she is to have at bedtime. I don't suppose she can outgrow that at once by passing out of her little round body. She must begin where she left off, — nothing but a baby, though it will

be as holy and happy a baby as Christ can make it. When she says: 'Mamma, I shall be hungery and want my dinner, up there,' I never hesitate to tell her that she shall have her dinner. She would never, in her secret heart, though she might not have the honesty to say so, expect to be otherwise than miserable in a dinnerless eternity."

"You are not afraid of misleading the child's fancy?"

"Not so long as I can keep the two ideas — that Christ is her best friend, and that heaven is not meant for naughty girls — pre-eminent in her mind. And I sincerely believe that He would give her the very pink blocks which she anticipates, no less than He would give back a poet his lost dreams, or you your brother. He has been a child; perhaps, incidentally to the unsolved mysteries of atonement, for this very reason, — that He may know how to 'prepare their places' for them, whose angels do always behold His Father. Ah, you may be sure that, if of such is the happy Kingdom, He will not scorn to stoop and fit it to their little needs.

"There was that poor little fellow whose guinea-pig died, — do you remember?"

"Only half; what was it?"

"'O mamma,' he sobbed out, behind his handkerchief, 'don't great big elephants have souls?"

"'No, my son.'

"'Nor camels, mamma?'

"'No.'

"'Nor bears, nor alligators, nor chickens?'

"'O no, dear.'

"'O mamma, mamma! Don't little CLEAN — *white* — *guinea-pigs* have souls?'

"I never should have had the heart to say no to that; especially as we have no positive proof to the contrary.

"Then that scrap of a boy who lost his little red balloon the morning he bought it, and, broken-hearted, wanted to know whether it had gone to heaven. Don't I suppose if he had been taken there himself that very minute, that he would have found a little balloon in waiting for him? How can I help it?"

"It has a pretty sound. If people would not think it so material and shocking —"

"Let people read Martin Luther's letter to his little boy. There is the testimony of a pillar in good and regular standing! I don't think you need be afraid of my balloon after that."

I remembered that there was a letter of his on heaven, but, not recalling it distinctly, I hunted for it to-night, and read it over. I shall copy it, the better to retain it in mind.

"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well, and prayed diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

"I know a pretty, merry garden wherein are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums, and wheat-plums; — they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs, whose children they were. And he said: 'They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are good.' Then said I: 'Dear man, I have a son, too; his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses?' Then the man said: 'If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost too; and when they all come together, they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.'

"And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man: 'Ah, dear sir! I will immediately go and write all this to my little son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he also may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Lehne, he must bring her with him.' Then the man said: 'It shall be so; go, and write him so.'

"Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away! and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss for my sake.

"Thy dear Father,

"MARTINUS LUTHER.

"ANNO 1530."

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Ward, Mrs. Humphry, a celebrated English novelist; born at Hobart Town, Tasmania, June 11, 1851. Her maiden name was Mary Augusta Arnold. Mrs. Ward is the author of "Milly and Olly, or a Holiday among the Mountains" (1880); "Miss Bretherton" (1884); a translation of "Amiel's Journal" (1885); a critical estimate of Mrs. Browning; "Robert Elsmere" (1888); "The History of David Grieve" (1892); "Marcella" (1894); "Sir George Tressady" (1896); "The Story of Bessie Costrell" (1895); and "Helbeck of Bannisdale" (1898).

A Crisis.

(From "Robert Elsmere.")

The Rector felt himself alone on a wide earth. It was almost with a start of pleasure that he caught at last the barking of dogs on a few distant farms, or the dim thunderous rush of a train through the wide wooded landscape beyond the heath. Behind that frowning mass of wood lay the rectory. The lights must be lit in the little drawing-room; Catherine must be sitting by the lamp, her fine head bent over book or work, grieving for him perhaps, her anxious expectant heart going out to him through the dark. He thinks of the village lying wrapped in the peace of the August night, the lamp rays from shop-front or casement streaming out on to the green; he thinks of his child, of his dead mother, feeling heavy and bitter within him all the time the message of separation and exile.

But his mood was no longer one of mere dread, of helpless pain, of miserable self-scorn. Contact with Henry Grey had brought him that rekindling of the flame of conscience, that medicinal stirring of the soul's waters, which is the most precious boon that man can give to man. In that sense which attaches to every successive resurrection of our best life from the shades of despair or selfishness, he had that day, almost

that hour, been born again. He was no longer filled mainly with the sense of personal failure, with scorn for his own blundering, impetuous temper, so lacking in prescience and in balance; or, in respect to his wife, with such an anguished impotent remorse. He was nerved and braced; whatever oscillations the mind might go through in its search for another equilibrium, to-night there was a moment of calm. The earth to him was once more full of God, existence full of value.

"The things I have always loved, I love still!" he had said to Mr. Grey. And in this healing darkness it was as if the old loves, the old familiar images of thought, returned to him new-clad, re-entering the desolate heart in a white-winged procession of consolation. On the heath beside him Christ stood once more, and as the disciple felt the sacred presence, he could bear for the first time to let the chafing, pent-up current of love flow into the new channels, so painfully prepared for it by the toil of thought. "*Either God or an impostor.*" What scorn the heart, the intellect, threw on the alternative! Not in the dress of speculations which represent the product of long past, long superseded looms of human thought, but in the guise of common manhood, laden like his fellows with the pathetic weight of human weakness and human ignorance, the Master moves toward him —

"*Like you, my son, I struggled and I prayed. Like you, I had my days of doubt and nights of wrestling. I had my dreams, my delusions, with my fellows. I was weak; I suffered; I died. But God was in me, and the courage, the patience, the love He gave to me; the scenes of the poor human life He inspired; have become by His will the world's eternal lesson — man's primer of Divine things, hung high in the eyes of all, simple and wise, that all may see and all may learn. Take it to your heart again — that life, that pain, of mine! Use it to new ends; apprehend it in new ways; but knowledge shall not take it from you; and love, instead of weakening or forgetting, if it be but faithful, shall find ever fresh power of realizing and renewing itself.*"

So said the vision; and carrying the passion of it deep in his heart the Rector went his way, down the long stony hill, past the solitary farm amid the trees at the foot of it across the grassy common beyond, with its sentinel clumps of beeches, past an ethereal string of tiny lakes just touched by the moonrise, beside some of the first cottages of Murewell, up the hill,

with pulse beating and step quickening, and round into the stretch of road leading to his own gate.

As soon as he had passed the screen made by the shrubs on the lawn, he saw it all as he had seen it in his waking dream on the common — the lamp-light, the open windows, the white muslin curtains swaying a little in the soft evening air, and Catherine's figure seen dimly through them.

The noise of the gate, however — of the steps on the drive — had startled her. He saw her rise quickly from her low chair, put some work down beside her, and move in haste to the window.

"Robert!" she cried in amazement.

"Yes," he answered, still some yards from her, his voice coming strangely to her out of the moonlit darkness. "I did my errand early; I found I could get back; and here I am."

She flew to the door, opened it, and felt herself caught in his arms.

"Robert, you are quite damp!" she said, fluttering and shrinking, for all her sweet habitual gravity of manner — was it the passion of that yearning embrace? "Have you walked?"

"Yes. It is the dew on the common I suppose. The grass was drenched."

"Will you have some food? They can bring back the supper directly."

"I don't want any food now," he said, hanging up his hat; "I got some lunch in town, and a cup of soup at Reading coming back. Perhaps you will give me some tea soon — not yet."

He came up to her, pushing back the thick disordered locks of hair from his eyes with one hand, the other held out to her. As he came under the light of the hall lamp she was so startled by the gray pallor of the face that she caught hold of his outstretched hand with both hers. What she said he never knew — her look was enough. He put his arm round her, and as he opened the drawing-room door holding her pressed against him, she felt the desperate agitation in him penetrating, beating against an almost iron self-control of manner. He shut the door behind them.

"Robert! dear Robert," she said, clinging to him — "there is bad news, — tell me — there is something to tell me! Oh! what is it — what is it?"

It was almost like a child's wail. His brow contracted still more painfully.

"My darling," he said; "my darling — my dear, dear wife!" and he bent his head down to her as she lay against his breast, kissing her hair with a passion of pity, of remorse, of tenderness, which seemed to rend his whole nature.

"Tell me — tell me — Robert!"

He guided her gently across the room, past the sofa over which her work lay scattered, past the flower-table, now a many-colored mass of roses, which was her especial pride, past the remains of a brick castle which had delighted Mary's wondering eyes and mischievous fingers an hour or two before, to a low chair by the open window looking on the wide moonlit expanse of cornfield. He put her into it, walked to the window on the other side of the room, shut it, and drew down the blind. Then he went back to her, and sank down beside her, kneeling, her hands in his —

"My dear wife — you have loved me — you do love me?"

She could not answer, she could only press his hands with her cold fingers, with a look and gesture that implored him to speak.

"Catherine" — he said, still kneeling before her — "you remember that night you came down to me in the study, the night I told you I was in trouble and you could not help me. Did you guess from what I said what the trouble was?"

"Yes," she answered, trembling, "yes, I did, Robert; I thought you were depressed — troubled — about religion."

"And I know," — he said with an outburst of feeling, kissing her hands as they lay in his — "I know very well that you went upstairs and prayed for me, my white-souled angel! But, Catherine, the trouble grew — it got blacker and blacker. You were there beside me, and you could not help me. I dared not tell you about it; I could only struggle on alone, so terribly alone, sometimes; and now I am beaten, beaten. And I come to you to ask you to help me in the only thing that remains to me. Help me, Catherine, to be an honest man — to follow conscience — to say and do the truth!"

"Robert," she said piteously, deadly pale; "I don't understand."

"Oh, my poor darling!" he cried, with a kind of moan of pity and misery. Then still holding her, he said, with strong deliberate emphasis, looking into the gray-blue eyes — the quivering face so full of austerity and delicacy, —

"For six or seven months, Catherine — really for much

longer, though I never knew it — I have been fighting with *doubt* — doubt of orthodox Christianity — doubt of what the Church teaches — of what I have to say and preach every Sunday. First it crept on me I knew not how. Then the weight grew heavier, and I began to struggle with it. I felt I must struggle with it. Many men, I suppose, in my position would have trampled on their doubts — would have regarded them as sin in themselves, would have felt it their duty to ignore them as much as possible, trusting to time and God's help. I *could* not ignore them. The thought of questioning the most sacred beliefs that you and I — " and his voice faltered a moment — "held in common, was misery to me. On the other hand, I knew myself. I knew that I could no more go on living to any purpose, with a whole region of the mind shut up, as it were, barred away from the rest of me, than I could go on living with a secret between myself and you. I could not hold my faith by a mere tenure of tyranny and fear. Faith that is not free — that is not the faith of the whole creature, body, soul, and intellect — seemed to me a faith worthless both to God and man!"

Catherine looked at him stupefied. The world seemed to be turning round her. Infinitely more terrible than his actual words was the accent running through words and tone and gesture — the accent of irreparableness, as of something dismally *done* and *finished.* What did it all mean? For what had he brought her there? She sat stunned, realizing with awful force the feebleness, the inadequacy, of her own fears.

He, meanwhile, had paused a moment, meeting her gaze with those yearning, sunken eyes. Then he went on, his voice changing a little.

"But if I had wished it ever so much, I could not have helped myself. The process, so to speak, had gone too far by the time I knew where I was. I think the change must have begun before the Mile End time. Looking back, I see the foundations were laid in — in — the work of last winter."

She shivered. He stooped and kissed her hands again, passionately. "Am I poisoning even the memory of our past for you?" he cried. Then, restraining himself at once, he hurried on again — "After Mile End you remember I began to see much of the Squire. Oh, my wife, don't look at me so! It was not his doing in any true sense. I am not such a weak shuttlecock as that! But being where I was before our inti-

macy began, his influence hastened everything. I don't wish to minimize it. I was not made to stand alone!"

And again that bitter, perplexed, half-scornful sense of his own pliancy at the hands of circumstance as compared with the rigidity of other men, descended upon him. Catherine made a faint movement as though to draw her hands away.

"Was it well," she said, in a voice which sounded like a harsh echo of her own, "was it right for a clergyman to discuss sacred things — with such a man?"

He let her hands go, guided for the moment by a delicate imperious instinct which bade him appeal to something else than love. Rising, he sat down opposite to her on the low window seat, while she sank back into her chair, her fingers clinging to the arm of it, the lamp-light far behind deepening all the shadows of the face, the hollows in the cheeks, the line of experience and will about the mouth. The stupor in which she had just listened to him was beginning to break up. Wild forces of condemnation and resistance were rising in her; and he knew it. He knew, too, that as yet she only half realized the situation, and that blow after blow still remained to him to deal.

"Was it right that I should discuss religious matters with the Squire?" he repeated, his face resting on his hands. "What are religious matters, Catherine, and what are not?"

Then still controlling himself rigidly, his eyes fixed on the shadowy face of his wife, his ear catching her quick uneven breath, he went once more through the dismal history of the last few months, dwelling on his state of thought before the intimacy with Mr. Wendover began, on his first attempts to escape the Squire's influence, on his gradual pitiful surrender.

Then he told the story of the last memorable walk before the Squire's journey, of the moment in the study afterward, and of the months of feverish reading and wrestling which had followed. Half-way through it a new despair seized him. What was the good of all he was saying? He was speaking a language she did not really understand. What were all these critical and literary considerations to her?

The rigidity of her silence showed him that her sympathy was not with him, that in comparison with the vibrating protest of her own passionate faith which must be now ringing through her, whatever he could urge, must seem to her the merest culpable trifling with the soul's awful destinies. In

an instant of tumultuous speech he could not convey to her the temper and results of his own complex training, and on that training, as he very well knew, depended the piercing, convincing force of all that he was saying. There were gulfs between them — gulfs which as it seemed to him, in a miserable insight, could never be bridged again. Oh! the frightful separateness of experience!

Still he struggled on. He brought the story down to the conversation at the Hall, described — in broken words of fire and pain — the moment of spiritual wreck which had come upon him in the August lane, his night of struggle, his resolve to go to Mr. Grey. And all through he was not so much narrating as pleading a cause, and that not his own, but Love's. Love was at the bar, and it was for love that the eloquent voice, the pale varying face, were really pleading, through all the long story of intellecual change.

At the mention of Mr. Grey, Catherine grew restless, she sat up suddenly, with a cry of bitterness.

"Robert, why did you go away from me? It was cruel. I should have known first. He had no right — no right!"

She clasped her hands round her knees, her beautiful mouth set and stern. The moon had been sailing westward all this time, and as Catherine bent forward the yellow light caught her face, and brought out the haggard change in it. He held out his hands to her with a low groan, helpless against her reproach, her jealousy. He dared not speak of what Mr. Grey had done for him, of the tenderness of his counsel toward her specially. He felt that everything he could say would but torture the wounded heart still more.

But she did not notice the outstretched hands. She covered her face in silence a moment as though trying to see her way more clearly through the mazes of disaster; and he waited. At last she looked up.

"I cannot follow all you have been saying," she said, almost harshly. "I know so little of books, I cannot give them the place you do. You say you have convinced yourself the Gospels are like other books, full of mistakes, and credulous, like the people of the time; and therefore you can't take what they say as you used to take it. But what does it all quite mean? Oh, I am not clever — I cannot see my way clear from thing to thing as you do. If there are mistakes, does it matter so — so — terribly to you?" and she faltered. "Do you think *nothing*

is true because something may be false? Did not — did not — Jesus still live, and die, and rise again? — *can* you doubt — *do* you doubt — that He rose — that He is God — that He is in heaven — that we shall see Him?"

She threw an intensity into every word, which made the short, breathless questions thrill through him, through the nature saturated and steeped as hers was in Christian association, with a bitter accusing force. But he did not flinch from them.

"I can believe no longer in an incarnation and resurrection," he said slowly, but with a resolute plainness. "Christ is risen in our hearts, in the Christian life of charity. Miracle is a natural product of human feeling and imagination; and God was in Jesus — pre-eminently, as He is in all great souls, but not otherwise — not otherwise in kind than He is in me or you."

His voice dropped to a whisper. She grew paler and paler.

"So to you," she said presently in the same strange altered voice, "my father — when I saw that light on his face before he died, when I heard him cry, 'Master, *I come!*' was dying — deceived — deluded. Perhaps even," and she trembled, "you think it ends here — our life — our love?"

It was agony to him to see her driving herself through this piteous catechism. The lantern of memory flashed a moment on to the immortal picture of Faust and Margaret. Was it not only that winter they had read the scene together?

Forcibly he possessed himself once more of those closely locked hands, pressing their coldness on his own burning eyes and forehead in hopeless silence.

"*Do* you, Robert?" she repeated insistently.

"I know nothing," he said, his eyes still hidden. "I know nothing! But I trust God with all that is dearest to me, with our love, with the soul that is His breath, His work in us!"

The pressure of her despair seemed to be wringing his own faith out of him, forcing into definiteness things and thoughts that had been lying in an accepted, even a welcomed, obscurity.

She tried again to draw her hands away, but he would not let them go. "And the end of it all, Robert?" she said — "the end of it?"

Never did he forget the note of that question, the desolation

of it, the indefinable change of accent. It drove him into a harsh abruptness of reply —

"The end of it — so far — must be, if I remain an honest man, that I must give up my living, that I must cease to be a minister of the Church of England. What the course of our life after that shall be, is in your hands — absolutely."

She caught her breath painfully. His heart was breaking for her, and yet there was something in her manner now which kept down caresses and repressed all words.

Suddenly, however, as he sat there mutely watching her, he found her at his knees, her dear arms around him, her face against his breast.

"Robert, my husband, my darling, it *cannot* be! It is a madness — a delusion. God is trying you, and me! You cannot be planning so to desert Him, so to deny Christ — you cannot, my husband. Come away with me, away from books and work, into some quiet place where He can make Himself heard. You are overdone, overdriven. Do nothing now — say nothing — except to me. Be patient a little, and He will give you back Himself! What can books and arguments matter to you or me? Have we not *known* and *felt* Him as He is — have we not, Robert? Come!"

She pushed herself backward, smiling at him with an exquisite tenderness. The tears were streaming down her cheeks. They were wet on his own. Another moment and Robert would have lost the only clew which remained to him through the mists of this bewildering world. He would have yielded again as he had many times yielded before, for infinitely less reason, to the urgent pressure of another's individuality, and having jeopardized love for truth, he would now have murdered — or tried to murder — in himself, the sense of truth, for love.

But he did neither.

Holding her close pressed against him, he said in breaks of intense speech: "If you wish, Catherine, I will wait — I will wait till you bid me speak — but I warn you — there is something dead in me — something gone and broken. It can never live again — except in forms which now it would only pain you more to think of. It is not that I think differently of this point or that point — but of life and religion altogether. — I see God's purposes in quite other proportions, as it were. — Christianity seems to me something small and local. — Behind

it, around it — including it — I see the great drama of the world, sweeping on — led by God — from change to change, from act to act. It is not that Christianity is false, but that it is only an imperfect human reflection of a part of truth. Truth has never been, can never be, contained in any one creed or system!"

She heard, but through her exhaustion, through the bitter sinking of hope, she only half understood. Only she realized that she and he were alike helpless — both struggling in the grip of some force outside themselves, inexorable, ineluctable.

Robert felt her arms relaxing, felt the dead weight of her form against him. He raised her to her feet, he half carried her to the door, and on to the stairs. She was nearly fainting, but her will held her at bay. He threw open the door of their room, led her in, lifted her — unresisting — on to the bed. Then her head fell to one side, and her lips grew ashen. In an instant or two he had done for her all that his medical knowledge could suggest with rapid, decided hands. She was not quite unconscious; she drew up round her, as though with a strong vague sense of chill, the shawl he laid over her, and gradually the slightest shade of color came back to her lips. But as soon as she opened her eyes and met those of Robert fixed upon her, the heavy lids dropped again.

"Would you rather be alone?" he said to her, kneeling beside her.

She made a faint affirmative movement of the head, and the cold hand he had been chafing tried feebly to withdraw itself. He rose at once, and stood a moment beside her, looking down at her. Then he went.

He shut the door softly, and went downstairs again. It was between ten and eleven. The lights in the lower passage were just extinguished; every one else in the house had gone to bed. Mechanically he stooped and put away the child's bricks, he pushed the chairs back into their places, and then he paused awhile before the open window. But there was not a tremor on the set face. He felt himself capable of no more emotion. The fount of feeling, of pain, was for the moment dried up. What he was mainly noticing was the effect of some occasional gusts of night-wind on the moonlit cornfield; the silver ripples they sent through it; the shadows thrown by some great trees in the western corners of the field; the glory of the moon itself in the pale immensity of the sky.

Presently he turned away, leaving one lamp still burning in the room, softly unlocked the hall door, took his hat, and went out. He walked up and down the wood-path or sat on the bench there for some time, thinking indeed, but thinking with a certain stern practical dryness. Whenever he felt the thrill of feeling stealing over him again, he would make a sharp effort at repression. Physically he could not bear much more, and he knew it. A part remained for him to play, which must be played with tact, with prudence, and with firmness. Strength and nerves had been sufficiently weakened already. For his wife's sake, his people's sake, his honorable reputation's sake, he must guard himself from a collapse which might mean far more than physical failure.

So in the most patient, methodical way he began to plan out the immediate future. As to waiting, the matter was still in Catherine's hands; but he knew that finely tempered soul, he knew that when she had mastered her poor woman's self, as she had always mastered it from her childhood, she would not bid him wait. He hardly took the possibility into consideration. The proposal had had some reality in his eyes when he went to see Mr. Grey; now it had none, though he could hardly have explained why.

He had already made arrangements with an old Oxford friend to take his duty during his absence on the Continent. It had been originally suggested that this Mr. Armitstead should come to Murewell on the Monday following the Sunday they were now approaching, spend a few days with them before their departure, and be left to his own devices in the house and parish, about the Thursday or Friday. An intense desire now seized Robert to get hold of the man at once, before the next Sunday. It was strange how the interview with his wife seemed to have crystallized, precipitated everything. How infinitely more real the whole matter looked to him since the afternoon! It had passed — at any rate for the time — out of the region of thought, into the hurrying evolution of action, and as soon as action began it was characteristic of Robert's rapid energetic nature to feel this thirst to make it as prompt, as complete, as possible. The fiery soul yearned for a fresh consistency, though it were a consistency of loss and renunciation.

To-morrow he must write to the Bishop. The Bishop's residence was only eight or ten miles from Murewell; he supposed his interview with him would take place about Monday

or Tuesday. He could see the tall stooping figure of the kindly old man rising to meet him — he knew exactly the sort of arguments that would be brought to bear upon him. Oh, that it were done with — this wearisome dialectical necessity! His life for months had been one long argument. If he were but left free to feel, and live again.

The practical matter which weighed most heavily upon him was the function connected with the opening of the new Institute, which had been fixed for the Saturday — the next day but one. How was he — but much more how was Catherine — to get through it? His lips would be sealed as to any possible withdrawal from the living, for he could not by then have seen the Bishop. He looked forward to the gathering, the crowds, the local enthusiasm, the signs of his own popularity, with a sickening distaste. The one thing real to him through it all would be Catherine's white face, and their bitter joint consciousness.

And then he said to himself, sharply, that his own feelings counted for nothing. Catherine should be tenderly shielded from all avoidable pain, but for himself there must be no flinching, no self-indulgent weakness. Did he not owe every last hour he had to give to the people among whom he had planned to spend the best energies of life, and from whom his own act was about to part him in this lame, impotent fashion.

Midnight! The sounds rolled silverly out, effacing the soft murmurs of the night. So the long interminable day was over, and a new morning had begun. He rose, listening to the echoes of the bell, and — as the tide of feeling surged back upon him — passionately commending the new-born day to God.

Then he turned toward the house, put the light out in the drawing-room, and went upstairs, stepping cautiously. He opened the door of Catherine's room. The moonlight was streaming in through the white blinds. Catherine, who had undressed, was lying now with her face hidden in the pillow, and one white-sleeved arm flung across little Mary's cot. The night was hot, and the child would evidently have thrown off all its coverings had it not been for the mother's hand, which lay lightly on the tiny shoulder, keeping one thin blanket in its place.

"Catherine," he whispered, standing beside her.

She turned, and by the light of the candle he held shaded

from her, he saw the austere remoteness of her look, as of one who had been going through deep waters of misery, alone with God. His heart sank. For the first time that look seemed to exclude him from her inmost life.

He sank down beside her, took the hand lying on the child, and laid down his head upon it, mutely kissing it. But he said nothing. Of what further avail could words be just then to either of them? Only he felt through every fibre the coldness, the irresponsiveness of those fingers lying in his.

"Would it prevent your sleeping," he asked her presently, "if I came to read here, as I used to when you were ill? I could shade the light from you, of course."

She raised her head suddenly.

"But you — you ought to sleep."

Her tone was anxious, but strangely quiet and aloof.

"Impossible!" he said, pressing his hand over his eyes as he rose. "At any rate I will read first."

His sleeplessness at any time of excitement or strain was so inveterate, and so familiar to them both by now, that she could say nothing. She turned away with a long sobbing breath, which seemed to go through her from head to foot. He stood a moment beside her, fighting strong impulses of remorse and passion, and ultimately maintaining silence and self-control.

In another minute or two he was sitting beside her feet, in a low chair drawn to the edge of the bed, the light arranged so as to reach his book without touching either mother or child. He had run over the book-shelf in his own room, shrinking painfully from any of his common religious favorites as one shrinks from touching a still sore and throbbing nerve, and had at last carried off a volume of Spenser.

And so the night began to wear away. For the first hour or two, every now and then, a stifled sob would make itself just faintly heard. It was a sound to wring the heart, for what it meant was that not even Catherine Elsmere's extraordinary powers of self-suppression could avail to check the outward expression of an inward torture. Each time it came and went, it seemed to Elsmere that a fraction of his youth went with it.

At last exhaustion brought her a restless sleep. As soon as Elsmere caught the light breathing which told him she was not conscious of her grief, or of him, his book slipped on to his knee.

"Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behoove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence,
She cometh in before the Almighty's view."

The leaves fell over as the book dropped, and these lines, which had been to him, as to other lovers, the utterance of his own bridal joy, emerged. They brought about him a host of images — a little gray church penetrated everywhere by the roar of a swollen river; outside, a road filled with empty farmers' carts, and shouting children carrying branches of mountain-ash — winding on and up into the heart of wild hills dyed with reddening fern, the sun-gleams stealing from crag to crag, and shoulder to shoulder; inside, row after row of intent faces, all turned toward the central passage, and, moving toward him, a figure "clad all in white, that seems a virgin best," whose every step brings nearer to him the heaven of his heart's desire. Everything is plain to him — Mrs. Thornburgh's round cheeks and marvellous curls and jubilant airs, — Mrs. Leyburn's mild and tearful pleasure, the Vicar's solid satisfaction. With what confiding joy had those who loved her given her to him! And he knows well that out of all griefs, the grief he has brought upon her in two short years is the one which will seem to her hardest to bear. Very few women of the present day could feel this particular calamity as Catherine Elsmere must feel it.

"Was it a crime to love and win you, my darling?" he cried to her in his heart. "Ought I to have had more self-knowledge, could I have guessed where I was taking you? Oh how could I know — how could I know!"

But it was impossible to him to sink himself wholly in the past. Inevitably such a nature as Elsmere's turns very quickly from despair to hope; from the sense of failure to the passionate planning of new effort. In time will he not be able to comfort her, and, after a miserable moment of transition, to repair her trust in him and make their common life once more rich toward God and man? There must be painful readjustment and friction no doubt. He tries to see the facts as they truly are, fighting against his own optimist tendencies, and

realizing as best he can all the changes which his great change must introduce into their most intimate relations. But after all can love, and honesty, and a clear conscience do nothing to bridge over, nay, to efface, such differences as theirs will be?

Oh to bring her to understand him! At this moment he shrinks painfully from the thought of touching her faith — his own sense of loss is too heavy, too terrible. But if she will only be still open with him — still give him her deepest heart, any lasting difference between them will surely be impossible. Each will complete the other, and love knit up the ravelled strands again into a stronger unity.

Gradually he lost himself in half-articulate prayer, in the solemn girding of the will to this future task of a re-creating love. And by the time the morning light had well established itself sleep had fallen on him. When he became sensible of the longed-for drowsiness, he merely stretched out a tired hand and drew over him a shawl hanging at the foot of the bed. He was too utterly worn out to think of moving.

When he woke the sun was streaming into the room, and behind him sat the tiny Mary on the edge of the bed, the rounded apple cheeks and wild-bird eyes aglow with mischief and delight. She had climbed out of her cot, and, finding no check to her progress, had crept on, till now she sat triumphantly, with one diminutive leg and rosy foot doubled under her, and her father's thick hair at the mercy of her invading fingers, which, however, were as yet touching him half timidly, as though something in his sleep had awed the baby sense.

But Catherine was gone.

He sprang up with a start. Mary was frightened by the abrupt movement, perhaps disappointed by the escape of her prey, and raised a sudden wail.

He carried her to her nurse, even forgetting to kiss the little wet cheek, ascertained that Catherine was not in the house, and then came back, miserable, with the bewilderment of sleep still upon him. A sense of wrong rose high within him. How *could* she have left him thus without a word?

It had been her way sometimes, during the summer, to go out early to one or other of the sick folk who were under her especial charge. Possibly she had gone to a woman just confined, on the further side of the village, who yesterday had been in danger.

But, whatever explanation he could make for himself, he

was none the less irrationally wretched. He bathed, dressed, and sat down to his solitary meal in a state of tension and agitation indescribable. All the exaltation, the courage of the night, was gone.

Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and no sign of Catherine.

"Your mistress must have been detained somewhere," he said as quietly and carelessly as he could to Susan, the parlor-maid, who had been with them since their marriage. "Leave breakfast things for one."

"Mistress took a cup of milk when she went out, cook says," observed the little maid with a consoling intention, wondering the while at the Rector's haggard mien and restless movements.

"Nursing other people, indeed!" she observed severely, downstairs, glad, as we all are at times, to pick holes in excellence, which is inconveniently high. "Missis had a deal better stay at home and nurse *him!*"

The day was excessively hot. Not a leaf moved in the garden; over the cornfield the air danced in long vibrations of heat; the woods and hills beyond were indistinct and colorless. Their dog Dandy lay sleeping in the sun, waking up every now and then to avenge himself on the flies. On the far edge of the cornfield reaping was beginning. Robert stood on the edge of the sunk fence, his blind eyes resting on the line of men, his ear catching the shouts of the farmer directing operations from his gray horse. He could do nothing. The night before, in the wood-path, he had clearly mapped out the day's work. A mass of business was waiting, clamoring to be done. He tried to begin on this or that, and gave up everything with a groan, wandering out again to the gate on the wood-path to sweep the distances of road or field with hungry, straining eyes.

The wildest fears had taken possession of him. Running in his head was a passage from "The Confessions," describing Monica's horror of her son's heretical opinions. "Shrinkng from and detesting the blasphemies of his error, she began to doubt whether it was right in her to allow her son to live in her house and to eat at the same table with her;" and the mother's heart, he remembered, could only be convinced of the lawfulness of its own yearning by a prophetic vision of the youth's conversion. He recalled, with a shiver, how, in the life of Madame Guyon, after describing the painful and agoniz-

ing death of a kind but comparatively irreligious husband, she quietly adds, "As soon as I heard that my husband had just expired, I said to Thee, O my God, Thou hast broken my bonds, and I will offer to Thee a sacrifice of praise!" He thought of John Henry Newman, disowning all the ties of kinship with his younger brother because of divergent views on the question of baptismal regeneration; of the long tragedy of Blanco White's life, caused by the slow dropping-off of friend after friend, on the ground of heretical belief. What right had he, or any one in such a strait as his, to assume that the faith of the present is no longer capable of the same stern self-destructive consistency as the faith of the past? He knew that to such Christian purity, such Christian inwardness as Catherine's, the ultimate sanction and legitimacy of marriage rest, both in theory and practice, on a common acceptance of the definite commands and promises of a miraculous revelation. He had had a proof of it in Catherine's passionate repugnance to the idea of Rose's marriage with Edward Langham.

Eleven o'clock striking from the distant tower. He walked desperately along the wood-path, meaning to go through the copse at the end of it toward the park, and look there. He had just passed into the copse, a thick interwoven mass of young trees, when he heard the sound of the gate which on the further side of it led on to the road. He hurried on; the trees closed behind him; the grassy path broadened; and there, under an arch of young oak and hazel, stood Catherine, arrested by the sound of his step. He, too, stopped at the sight of her; he could not go on. Husband and wife looked at each other one long, quivering moment. Then Catherine sprang forward with a sob and threw herself on his breast.

They clung to each other, she in a passion of tears — tears of such self-abandonment as neither Robert nor any other living soul had ever seen Catherine Elsmere shed before. As for him he was trembling from head to foot, his arms scarcely strong enough to hold her, his young worn face bent down over her.

"Oh, Robert!" she sobbed at last, putting up her hand and touching his hair, "you look so pale, so sad."

"I have you again!" he said, simply.

A thrill of remorse ran through her.

"I went away," she murmured, her face still hidden — "I went away because when I woke up it all seemed to me, sud-

denly, too ghastly to be believed; I could not stay still and bear it. But, Robert, Robert, I kissed you as I passed! I was so thankful you could sleep a little and forget. 'I hardly know where I have been most of the time — I think I have been sitting in a corner of the park, where no one ever comes. I began to think of all you said to me last night — to put it together — to try and understand it, and it seemed to me more and more horrible! I thought of what it would be like to have to hide my prayers from you — my faith in Christ — my hope of heaven. I thought of bringing up the child — how all that was vital to me would be a superstition to you, which you would bear with for my sake. I thought of death," and she shuddered — "your death, or my death, and how this change in you would cleave a gulf of misery between us. And then I thought of losing my own faith, of denying Christ. It was a nightmare — I saw myself on a long road, escaping with Mary in my arms, escaping from you! Oh, Robert! it was n't only for myself," — and she clung to him as though she were a child, confessing, explaining away, some grievous fault, hardly to be forgiven. "I was agonized by the thought that I was not my own — I and my child were *Christ's*. Could I risk what was His? Other men and women had died, had given up all for His sake. Is there no one now strong enough to suffer torment, to kill even love itself rather than deny Him — rather than crucify Him afresh?"

She paused, struggling for breath. The terrible excitement of that bygone moment had seized upon her again and communicated itself to him.

"And then — and then," she said, sobbing, "I don't know how it was. One moment I was sitting up looking straight before me, without a tear, thinking of what was the least I must do, even — even — if you and I stayed together — of all the hard compacts and conditions I must make — judging you all the while from a long, long distance, and feeling as though I had buried the old self — sacrificed the old heart — forever! And the next I was lying on the ground crying for you, Robert, crying for you! Your face had come back to me as you lay there in the early morning light. I thought how I had kissed you — how pale and gray and thin you looked. Oh, how I loathed myself! That I should think it could be God's will that I should leave you, or torture you, my poor husband! I had not only been wicked toward you — I had offended Christ.

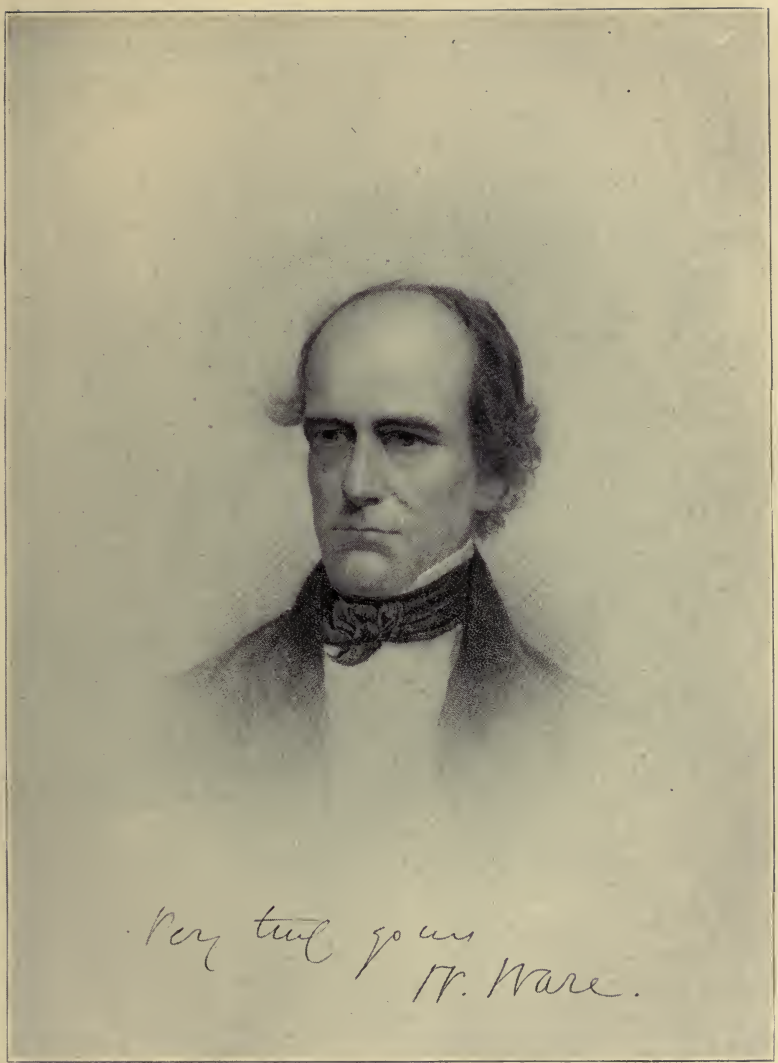
WILLIAM WARE.

Ware, William, an American clergyman and historical novelist; born at Hingham, Mass., August 3, 1797; died at Cambridge, February 19, 1852. Graduating at Harvard in 1816, and from the Divinity School in 1819, he was pastor of Unitarian churches in Northboro, Waltham, and West Cambridge, Mass., and from 1821–36 in New York City. His "Letters from Palmyra" (1837) were published in 1868, as "Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra." "Probus" (1838), was afterward entitled "Aurelian." "Julian, or Scenes in Judea," appeared in 1841. His other works are "American Unitarian Biography" (1850–51); "Sketches of European Capitals" (1851); "Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston" (1852); "Memoir of Nathaniel Bacon," in Sparks's American Biography (1841). From 1839 to 1844 he edited the "Christian Examiner."

The Games of Palmyra.

(From "Zenobia.")

If the gods, dear Marcus and Lucilia, came down to dwell upon earth, they could not but choose Palmyra for their seat, both on account of the general beauty of the city and its surrounding plains, and the exceeding sweetness and serenity of its climate. It is a joy here only to sit still and live. The air, always loaded with perfume, seems to convey essential nutriment to those who breathe it; and its hue, especially when a morning or evening sun shines through it, is of that golden cast, which, as poets feign, bathes the tops of Olympus. Never do we tremble here before blasts like those which from the Apennines sweep along the plains and cities of the Italian coast. No extremes of either heat or cold are experienced in this happy spot. In winter, airs, which in other places equally far to the north would come bearing with them an icy coldness, are here tempered by the vast deserts of sand which stretch away in every direction, and which it is said never


Very truly yours
W. Ware.

wholly lose the heat treasured up during the fierce reign of the summer sun. And in summer, the winds which as they pass over the deserts are indeed like the breath of a furnace, long before they reach the city change to a cool and refreshing breeze by traversing as they do the vast tracts of cultivated ground, which, as I have already told you, surround the capital to a very great extent on every side. Palmyra is the very heaven of the body. Every sense is fed to the full with that which it chiefly covets.

But when I add to this, that its unrivalled position, in respect to a great inland traffic, has poured into the lap of its inhabitants a sudden and boundless flood of wealth, making every merchant a prince, you will truly suppose, that however heartily I extol it for its outward beauties, and all the appliances of luxury, I do not conceive it very favorable in its influences upon the character of its population. Palmyrenes, charming as they are, are not Romans. They are enervated by riches, and the luxurious sensual indulgences which they bring along by necessity in their train — all their evil power being here increased by the voluptuous softness of the climate. I do not say that all are so. All Rome cannot furnish a woman more truly Roman than Fausta, nor a man more worthy that name than Gracchus. It is of the younger portion of the inhabitants I now speak. These are without exception effeminate. They love their country, and their great queen, but they are not a defence upon which in time of need to rely. Neither do I deny them courage. They want something more vital still — bodily strength and martial training. Were it not for this, I should almost fear for the issue of any encounter between Rome and Palmyra. But as it is, notwithstanding the great achievements of Odenatus and Zenobia, I cannot but deem the glory of this state to have risen to its highest point, and even to have passed it. You may think me to be hasty in forming this opinion, but I am persuaded you will agree with me when you shall have seen more at length the grounds upon which I rest it, as they are laid down in my last letter to Portia.

But I did not mean to say these things when I sat down to my tablets, but rather to tell you of myself, and what I have seen and done since I last wrote. I have experienced and enjoyed much. How indeed could it be otherwise, in the house of Gracchus, and with Gracchus and Fausta for my compan-

ions? Many are the excursions we have together taken into the country, to the neighboring hills whence the city derives its ample supply of water, and even to the very borders of the desert. I have thus seen much of this people, of their pursuits, and modes of life, and I have found that whether they have been of the original Palmyrene population — Persian or Parthian emigrants — Jews, Arabians, or even Romans — they agree in one thing, love of their queen, and in a determination to defend her and her capital to the last extremity, whether against the encroachments of Persia or Rome. Independence is their watchword. They have already shown, in a manner the most unequivocal, and to themselves eternally honorable, that they will not be the slaves of Sapor, nor dependents upon his power. And in that they have given at the same time the clearest proof of their kindly feeling toward us, and of their earnest desire to live at peace with us. I truly hope that no extravagances on the part of the Queen, or her too-ambitious advisers, will endanger the existing tranquillity; yet from a late occurrence of which I was myself a witness among other excited thousands, I am filled with apprehensions.

That to which I allude happened at the great amphitheatre, during an exhibition of games given by Zenobia on the occasion of her return, in which the Palmyrenes, especially those of Roman descent, take great delight. I care, as you know, nothing for them, nor only that, abhor them for their power to imbrute the people accustomed to their spectacles more and more. In this instance I was persuaded by Fausta and Gracchus to attend, as I should see both the Queen and her subjects under favorable circumstances to obtain new knowledge of their characters; and I am not sorry to have been there.

The show could boast all the magnificence of Rome. Nothing could exceed the excitement and tumult of the city. Its whole population was abroad to partake of the general joy. Early in the day the streets began to be thronged with the multitudes who were either pouring along toward the theatre, to secure in season the best seats, or with eager curiosity pressing after the cages of wild animals drawn by elephants or camels toward the place of combat and slaughter. As a part of this throng, I found myself, seated between Gracchus and Fausta, in their most sumptuous chariot, themselves arrayed in their most sumptuous attire. Our horses could scarcely do more than walk, and were frequently obliged to stand still,

owing to the crowds of men on horse, on foot, and in vehicles of every sort, which filled the streets. The roaring of the imprisoned animals, the loud voices of their keepers, and of the drivers of the cumbrous wagons which held them, the neighing, or screaming I might say, of the affrighted horses every now and then brought into immediate contact with the wild beasts of the forests, lions, tigers, or leopards, made a scene of confusion, the very counterpart of what we have so often witnessed in Rome, which always pains more than it pleases me, and which I now describe at all, only that you may believe what Romans are so slow to believe, that there are other cities in the world where great actions are done as well as in their own. The inhabitants of Palmyra are as quick as you could desire them to be, in catching the vices and fashions of the great metropolis.

"Scipio, Scipio," cried Gracchus suddenly to his charioteer, "be not in too great haste. It is in vain to attempt to pass that wagon; nay, unless you shall be a little more reserved in your approaches, the paw of that tawny Numidian will find its way to the neck of our favorite Arab. The bars of his cage are over far apart."

"I almost wish they were yet farther apart," said I, "and that he might fairly find his way into the thickest of this foolish crowd, and take a short revenge upon his civilized tormentors. What a spectacle is this — more strange and savage, I think, looked upon aright, than that which we are going to enjoy — of you, Gracchus, a pillar of a great kingdom; of me, a pillar — a lesser one, indeed, but still a pillar — of a greater kingdom; and of you, Fausta, a woman, all on our way to see wild beasts let loose to lacerate and destroy each other, and what is worse, gladiators, that is, educated murderers, set upon one another, to die for our entertainment. The best thing I have heard of the Christian superstition is, that it utterly denounces and prohibits to its disciples the frequenting of these shows. Nothing to me is plainer than that we may trace the cruelties of Marius, Sylla, and their worthy imitators through the long line of our Emperors, to these schools where they had their early training. Why were Domitian and his fly worse than Gracchus, or Piso, or Fausta, and their gored elephant, or dying gladiator?"

"You take this custom too seriously," replied Gracchus. "I see in it, so far as the beasts are concerned, but a lawful

source of pleasure. If they tore not one another in pieces for our entertainment, they would still do it for their own, in their native forests; and if it must be done, it were a pity none enjoyed it. Then for the effects upon the beholding crowd, I am inclined to think they are rather necessary and wholesome than otherwise. They help to render men insensible to danger, suffering, and death; and as we are so often called upon to fight each other, and die in defence of our liberties, or of our tyrants and oppressors, whichever it may be, it seems to me we are in need of some such initiatory process in the art of seeing blood shed unmoved, and of some lessons which shall diminish our love and regard for life. As for the gladiators, they are wretches who are better dead than alive; and to die in the excitement of a combat is not worse, perhaps, than to expire through the slow and lingering assaults of a painful disease. Besides, with us there is never, as with you, cool and deliberate murder perpetrated on the part of the assembly. There is here no turning up of the thumb. It is all honorable fighting, and honorable killing. What, moreover, shall be done to entertain the people? We must feed them with some such spectacles, or I verily think they would turn upon each other for amusement, in civil broil and slaughter."

"Your Epicurean philosophy teaches you, I am aware," said I in reply, "to draw happiness as you best can from all the various institutions of Providence and of man — not to contend but to receive, and submit, and be thankful. It is a philosophy well enough for man's enjoyment of the passing hour, but it fatally obstructs, it appears to me, the way of improvement. For my own part, though I am no philosopher, yet I hold to this, that whatever our reason proves to be wrong or defective, it at the same time enforces the duty of change and reform — that no palpable evil, either in life or government, is to be passively submitted to as incurable. In these spectacles I behold an enormous wrong, a terrific evil; and though I see not how the wrong is to be redressed, nor the evil to be removed, I none the less, but so much the more, conceive it to be my part, as a man and a citizen, to think and converse, as now, upon the subject, in the hope that some new light may dawn upon its darkness. What think you, Fausta? I hope you agree with me — nay, as to that, I think Gracchus, from his tone, was but half in earnest."

"It has struck me chiefly," said Fausta, "as a foolish cus-

tom; not so much in itself very wrong, as childish. It is to me indeed attended with pain, but that I suppose is a weakness of my own — it seems not to be so in the case of others. I have thought it a poor, barren entertainment, fit but for children, and those grown children whose minds, uninstructed in higher things, must seek their happiness in some spring of mere sensual joy. Women frequent the amphitheatre, I am sure, rather to make a show of their beauty, their dress, and equipage, than for anything else; and they would, I believe, easily give in to any change, so it should leave them an equally fair occasion of display. But so far as attending the spectacles tends to make better soldiers, and stouter defenders of our Queen, I confess, Lucius, I look upon them with some favor. But come, our talk is getting to be a little too grave. Look, Lucius, if this be not a brave sight? See what a mass of life encompasses the circus! And its vast walls, from the lowest entrances to its very summit, swarm as it were with the whole population of Palmyra. It is not so large a building as your Flavian, but it is not wholly unworthy to be compared with it."

"It is not, indeed," said I; "although not so large, its architecture is equally in accordance with the best principles, both of science and taste, and the stone is of a purer white, and more finely worked."

We now descended from our carriage, and made our way through the narrow passages and up the narrow stairways to the interior of the theatre, which was already much more than half filled. The seats to which we were conducted were not far from those which were to be occupied by the Queen and her train. I need not tell you how the time was passed which intervened between taking our seats, the filling of the theatre, and the commencement of the games — how we all were amused by the fierce strugglings of those who most wished to exhibit themselves, for the best places; by the efforts of many to cause themselves to be recognized by those who were of higher rank than themselves, and to avoid the neighborhood and escape the notice of others whose acquaintance would bring them no credit; how we laughed at the awkward movements and labors of the servants of the circus, who were busying themselves in giving its final smoothness to the saw-dust and hurrying through the last little offices of so vast a preparation, urged on continually by the voices or lashes of the managers of the games; nor how our ears were deafened by the fearful yellings

of the maddened beasts confined in the vivaria, the grated doors of which opened, as in the Roman buildings of the same kind, immediately on the arena. Neither will I inflict weariness upon myself or you, by a detailed account of the kind and order of the games at this time exhibited for the entertainment of the people. The whole show was an exact copy from the usages of Rome. I could hardly believe myself in the heart of Asia. Touching only on these things so familiar to you, I will relate what I was able to observe of the Queen and her demeanor, about which I know you will feel chiefly desirous of information.

It was not till after the games had been some time in progress, and the wrestlers and mock-fighters having finished their foolish feats, the combats of wild animals with each other had commenced, that a herald announced by sound of trumpet the approach of the Queen. The moment that sound, and the loud clang of martial music which followed it, was heard, every eye of the vast multitude was turned to the part of the circus where we were sitting, and near which was the passage by which Zenobia would enter the theatre. The animals now tore each other piecemeal, unnoticed by the impatient throng. A greater care possessed them. And no sooner did the object of this universal expectation reveal herself to their sight, led to her seat by the dark Zabdas, followed by the Princess Julia and Longinus, and accompanied by a crowd of the rank and beauty of Palmyra, than one enthusiastic cry of loyalty and affection rent the air, drowning all other sounds, and causing the silken canopy of the amphitheatre to sway to and fro as if shaken by a tempest. The very foundations of the huge structure seemed to tremble in their places. With what queenly dignity, yet with what enchanting sweetness, did the great Zenobia acknowledge the greetings of her people! The color of her cheek mounted and fell again, even as it would have done in a young girl, and glances full of sensibility and love went from her to every part of the boundless interior, and seemed to seek out every individual and to each make a separate return for the hearty welcome with which she had been received. These mutual courtesies being quickly ended, the games again went on, and every eye was soon riveted on the arena where animals were contending with each other or with men.

The multitude being thus intently engaged, those who chose to employ their time differently were left at full liberty

to amuse themselves with conversation or otherwise, as it pleased them. Many a fat and unwieldy citizen we saw soundly sleeping in spite of the roarings of the beasts and the shouts of the spectators. Others, gathering together in little societies of their own, passed all the intervals between the games, as well as the time taken up by games which gave them no pleasure, in discussing with one another the fashions, the news, or the politics of the day. Of these parties we were one; for neither Gracchus, nor Fausta, nor I, cared much for the sports of the day, and there were few foolish or wise things that were not uttered by one of us during the continuance of those tedious never-ending games.

"Well, Lucius," said Fausta, "and what think you now of our great Queen? For the last half-hour your eyes having scarcely wandered from her, you must by this time be prepared with an opinion."

"There can be little interest," said I, "in hearing an opinion on a subject about which all the world is agreed. I can only say, what all say. I confess I have never before seen a woman. I am already prepared to love and worship her with you, for I am sure that such pre-eminent beauty exists in company with a goodness that corresponds to it. Her intellect too we know is not surpassed in strength by that of any philosopher of the East. These things being so, where in the world can we believe there is a woman to be compared with her? As for Cleopatra, she is not worthy to be named."

As I uttered these things with animation and vehemence, showing I suppose in my manner how deeply I felt all that I said, I perceived Fausta's fine countenance glowing with emotion, and tears of gratified affection standing in her eyes.

Gracchus spoke. "Piso," said he, "I do not wonder at the enthusiastic warmth of your language. Chilled as my blood is by the approaches of age, I feel even as you do: nay, I suppose I feel much more; for to all your admiration, as a mere philosophical observer, there is added in my case the fervid attachment which springs from long and intimate knowledge, and from an intercourse, which not the coolness of a single hour has ever interrupted. It would be strange indeed if there were not one single flaw in so bright an emanation from the very soul of the divinity, wearing as it does the form of humanity. I allude to her ambition. It is boundless, almost insane. Cæsar himself was not more ambitious. But in her even this

is partly a virtue, even in its wildest extravagance; for it is never for herself alone that she reaches so far and so high, but as much or more for her people. She never separates herself from them, even in thought, and all her aspirings are, that she herself may be great indeed, but that her country may with and through her be great also, and her people happy. When I see her as now surrounded by her subjects, and lodged in their very heart of hearts, I wish — and fervently would I pray, were there gods to implore — that her restless spirit may be at peace, and that she may seek no higher good either for herself or her people than that which we now enjoy. But I confess myself to be full of apprehension. I tremble for my country. ' And yet here is my little rebel, Fausta, who will not hearken to this, but adds the fuel of her own fiery spirit to feed that of her great mistress. It were beyond a doubt a good law which should exclude women from any part in public affairs."

"Dear father, how do you remind me of the elder Cato, in the matter of the Oppian Law: while women interfered in public affairs, only to promote the interests of their worthy husbands, the lords of the world, the great Cato had never thought but to commend them; but no sooner did they seek to secure some privileges very dear to them as women, and clamor a little in order to obtain them, than straightway they were nuisances in the body politic, and ought to be restrained by enactments from having any voice in the business of the state. Truly I think this is far from generous treatment. And happy am I, for one, that at length the gods in their good providence have permitted that one woman should arise to vindicate her sex against the tyranny of their ancient oppressors and traducers. If I might appoint to the spirits of the departed their offices, I could wish nothing merrier than that that same Cato should be made the news-carrier from the kingdom of Zenobia to the council of the gods. How he would enjoy his occupation! But seriously, dear father, I see not that our Queen has any more of this same ambition than men are in a similar position permitted to have, and accounted all the greater for it. Is that a vice in Zenobia which is a glory in Aurelian? Longinus would not decide so. Observe how intent the Queen is upon the games."

"I would rather," said I, "that she should not gaze upon so cruel a sight. But see! the Princess Julia has hidden her head in the folds of her veil."

"Julia's heart," said Fausta, "is even tenderer than a woman's. Besides, if I mistake not, she has on this point at least adopted some of the notions of the Christians. Paul of Antioch has not been without his power over her. And truly his genius is wellnigh irresistible. A stronger intellect than hers might without shame yield to his. Look, look! — the elephant will surely conquer after all. The gods grant he may! He is a noble creature; but how cruelly beset! Three such foes are too much for a fair battle. How he has wreathed his trunk round that tiger, and now whirls him in the air! But the rhinoceros sees his advantage; quick — quick!"

Fausta, too, could not endure the savage sight, but turned her head away; for the huge rhinoceros, as the elephant lifted the tiger from the ground, in the act to dash him again to the earth, seized the moment, and before the noble animal could recover himself, buried his enormous tusk deep in his vitals. It was fatal to both, for the assailant, unable to extricate his horn, was crushed through every bone in his body, by the weight of the falling elephant. A single tiger remained master of the field, who now testified his joy by coursing round and round the arena.

"Well, well," said Gracchus, "they would have died in the forest; what signifies it? But why is this blast of trumpets? It is the royal flourish! Ah! I see how it is; the sons of Zenobia, whom none miss not being present, are about to enter the theatre. They make amends by the noise of their approach for their temporary absence. Yet these distant shouts are more than usual. The gods grant that none of my fears may turn true!"

No sooner had Gracchus ended these words, while his face grew pale with anxious expectation, than suddenly the three sons of the Queen made their appearance, and — how shall I say it? — arrayed in imperial purple, and habited in all respects as Cæsars. It seemed to me as if at that very moment the pillars of this flourishing empire crumbled to their foundation. And now while I write, and the heat of that moment is passed, I cannot but predict disaster and ruin, at least fierce and desolating wars, as the consequence of the rash act. I know the soul of Aurelian, and that it will never brook what it shall so much as dream to be an indignity — never endure so much as the thought of rivalry in another, whether Roman or foreigner, man or woman. To think it is treason with him — a crime for which blood only can atone.

Having entered thus the amphitheatre, assuming a high and haughty bearing, as if they were already masters of the world, they advanced to the front railing, and there received the tumultuous acclamations of the people. A thousand different cries filled the air. Each uttered the sentiment which possessed him, regardless of all but testifying loyalty and devotion to the reigning house. Much of the language was directed against Rome, which, since the circulation of the rumors of which I have already spoken, has become the object of their most jealous regard. Aurelian's name was coupled with every term of reproach. "Is Aurelian to possess the whole earth?" cried one. "Who are Romans?" cried another; "the story of Valerian shows that they are not invincible." "We will put Zabdas and Zenobia against the world!" shouted others. "The conqueror of Egypt forever! — long live the great Zabdas!" rose from every quarter. It were in vain to attempt to remember or write down half the violent things which in this hour of madness were uttered. The games were for a long time necessarily suspended, and the whole amphitheatre was converted into an arena of political discussion, from which arose the confused din of unnumbered voices, like the roar of the angry ocean. I looked at Zenobia; she was calm — satisfied. Pride was upon her lip and brow. So like a god was the expression of her whole form, that for a moment I almost wished her mistress of the world. She seemed worthy to reign. Julia was evidently sad, and almost distressed; Longinus, impenetrable as marble; Zabdas, black and lowering as night.

Quiet was at length restored, and the games went on. . . .

A more gorgeous show than this vast assembly presented, I think I never before beheld — no, not even in the Flavian. Although in Rome we seem to draw together people of all regions and all climes, yet after all the North and West preponderate, and we lack the gayer costumes which a larger proportion of these Orientals would add to our spectacles. Not to say too, that here in the East the beauty of woman is more transcendent, and the forms of the men cast in a finer mould. Every variety of complexion is here also to be seen, from the jet black of the slender Ethiopian, to the more than white of the women of the Danube.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Warner, Charles Dudley, an eminent American journalist and miscellaneous writer; born at Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829. He studied at the Oneida Conference Seminary at Cazenovia, New York, and graduated at Hamilton College in 1851. Subsequently he studied law at Philadelphia in 1856, and practised his profession at Chicago until 1860. Just before the breaking out of the civil war he became assistant editor of the "Evening Post," at Hartford, Conn. This journal was in 1867 united with the Hartford "Courant," of which he became editor and part proprietor. Still retaining this position, he became in 1884 editorially connected with "Harper's Magazine." His principal works are: "My Summer in a Garden" (1870); "Saunterings," reminiscences of a European trip (1872); "Backlog Studies" (1872); "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing" (1874); "My Winter on the Nile" (1876); "In the Levant" (1877); "Being a Boy" (1877); "Life of Captain John Smith" (1877); "In the Wilderness" (1878); "Life of Washington Irving" (1880); "Roundabout Journey" (1883); "Their Pilgrimage" (1886); "Book of Eloquence" (1886); "On Horseback" (1888); "A Little Journey in the World" (1890); "Studies in the South and West" (1889); "As We Were Saying" (1891); "As We Go" (1893); "The Work of Washington Irving" (1893); "The Golden House" (1895); "The Relation of Literature to Life" (1896). In 1873 he wrote "The Gilded Age," in conjunction with "Mark Twain."

Third Study.[1]

(From "Backlog Studies.")

Nothing is more beautiful than the belief of the faithful wife that her husband has all the talents, and could, if he would, be distinguished in any walk in life; and nothing will be more beautiful — unless this is a dry time for signs — than the husband's belief that his wife is capable of taking charge of any of the affairs of this confused planet. There is no woman but

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thinks that her husband, the green-grocer, could write poetry if he had given his mind to it, or else she thinks small beer of poetry in comparison with an occupation or accomplishment purely vegetable. It is touching to see the look of pride with which the wife turns to her husband from any more brilliant personal presence or display of wit than his, in the perfect confidence that if the world knew what she knows there would be one more popular idol. How she magnifies his small wit, and dotes upon the self-satisfied look in his face as if it were a sign of wisdom! What a councillor that man would make! What a warrior he would be! There are a great many corporals in their retired homes who did more for the safety and success of our armies in critical moments, in the late war, than any of the "high-cock-a-lorum" commanders. Mrs. Corporal does not envy the reputation of General Sheridan; she knows very well who really won Five Forks, for she has heard the story a hundred times, and will hear it a hundred times more with apparently unabated interest. What a general her husband would have made; and how his talking talent would shine in Congress!

HERBERT. Nonsense. There is n't a wife in the world who has not taken the exact measure of her husband, weighed him and settled him in her own mind, and knows him as well as if she had ordered him after designs and specifications of her own. That knowledge, however, she ordinarily keeps to herself, and she enters into a league with her husband, which he was never admitted to the secret of, to impose upon the world. In nine out of ten cases he more than half believes that he is what his wife tells him he is. At any rate, she manages him as easily as the keeper does the elephant, with only a bamboo wand and a sharp spike in the end. Usually she flatters him, but she has the means of pricking clear through his hide on occasion. It is the great secret of her power to have him think that she thoroughly believes in him.

THE YOUNG LADY STAYING WITH US. And you call this hypocrisy? I have heard authors, who thought themselves sly observers of women, call it so.

HERBERT. Nothing of the sort. It is the basis on which society rests, the conventional agreement. If society is about to be overturned, it is on this point. Women are beginning to tell men what they really think of them; and to insist that the same relations of downright sincerity and independence that exist between men shall exist between women and men. Abso-

lute truth between souls, without regard to sex, has always been the ideal life of the poets.

THE MISTRESS. Yes; but there was never a poet yet who would bear to have his wife say exactly what she thought of his poetry, any more than he would keep his temper if his wife beat him at chess; and there is nothing that disgusts a man like getting beaten at chess by a woman.

HERBERT. Well, women know how to win by losing. I think that the reason why most women do not want to take the ballot, and stand out in the open for a free trial of power, is that they are reluctant to change the certain domination of centuries, with weapons they are perfectly competent to handle, for an experiment. I think we should be better off if women were more transparent, and men were not so systematically puffed up by the subtle flattery which is used to control them.

MANDEVILLE. Deliver me from transparency! When a woman takes that guise, and begins to convince me that I can see through her like a ray of light, I must run or be lost. Transparent women are the truly dangerous. There was one on shipboard [Mandeville likes to say that; he has just returned from a little tour in Europe, and he quite often begins his remarks with "on the ship going over;" the Young Lady declares that he has a sort of roll in his chair, when he says it, that makes her seasick] who was the most innocent, artless, guileless, natural bunch of lace and feathers you ever saw; she was all candor and helplessness and dependence; she sang like a nightingale, and talked like a nun. There never was such simplicity. There was n't a sounding-line on board that would have gone to the bottom of her soulful eyes. But she managed the captain and all the officers, and controlled the ship as if she had been the helm. All the passengers were waiting on her, fetching this and that for her comfort, inquiring of her health, talking about her genuineness, and exhibiting as much anxiety to get her ashore in safety as if she had been about to knight them all and give them a castle apiece when they came to land.

THE MISTRESS. What harm? It shows what I have always said, that the service of a noble woman is the most ennobling influence for men.

MANDEVILLE. If she is noble, and not a mere manager. I watched this woman to see if she would ever do anything for any one else. She never did.

THE FIRE-TENDER. Did you ever see her again? I presume Mandeville has introduced her here for some purpose.

MANDEVILLE. No purpose. But we did see her on the Rhine; she was the most disgusted traveller, and seemed to be in very ill-humor with her maid. I judged that her happiness depended upon establishing controlling relations with all about her. On this Rhine boat, to be sure, there was reason for disgust. And that reminds me of a remark that was made.

THE YOUNG LADY. Oh!

MANDEVILLE. When we got aboard at Mayence we were conscious of a dreadful odor somewhere; as it was a foggy morning, we could see no cause of it, but concluded it was from something on the wharf. The fog lifted, and we got under way, but the odor travelled with us, and increased. We went to every part of the vessel to avoid it, but in vain. It occasionally reached us in great waves of disagreeableness. We had heard of the odors of the towns on the Rhine, but we had no idea that the entire stream was infected. It was intolerable.

The day was lovely, and the passengers stood about on deck holding their noses and admiring the scenery. You might see a row of them leaning over the side, gazing up at some old ruin or ivied crag, entranced with the romance of the situation, and all holding their noses with thumb and finger. The sweet Rhine! By and by somebody discovered that the odor came from a pile of cheese on the forward deck, covered with a canvass; it seemed that the Rhinelanders are so fond of it that they take it with them when they travel. If there should ever be war between us and Germany, the borders of the Rhine would need no other defence from American soldiers than a barricade of this cheese. I went to the stern of the steamboat to tell a stout American traveller what was the origin of the odor he had been trying to dodge all the morning. He looked more disgusted than before when he heard that it was cheese; but his only reply was: "It must be a merciful God who can forgive a smell like that!"

The above is introduced here in order to illustrate the usual effect of an anecdote on conversation. Commonly it kills it. That talk must be very well in hand, and under great headway, that an anecdote thrown in front of will not pitch off the track and wreck. And it makes little difference what the anecdote is: a poor one depresses the spirits and casts a gloom over the company; a good one begets others, and the talkers go to telling

stories; which is very good entertainment in moderation, but is not to be mistaken for that unwearying flow of argument, quaint remark, humorous color, and sprightly interchange of sentiments and opinions, called conversation.

The reader will perceive that all hope is gone here of deciding whether Herbert could have written Tennyson's poems, or whether Tennyson could have dug as much money out of the Heliogabalus Lode as Herbert did. The more one sees of life, I think the impression deepens that men, after all, play about the parts assigned to them, according to their mental and moral gifts, which are limited and preordained, and that their entrances and exits are governed by a law no less certain because it is hidden. Perhaps nobody ever accomplishes all that he feels lies in him to do; but nearly every one who tries his powers touches the walls of his being occasionally, and learns about how far to attempt to spring. There are no impossibilities to youth and inexperience; but when a person has tried several times to reach high C and been coughed down, he is quite content to go down among the chorus. It is only the fools who keep straining at high C all their lives.

Mandeville here began to say that that reminded him of something that happened when he was on the —

But Herbert cut in with the observation that no matter what a man's single and several capacities and talents might be, he is controlled by his own mysterious individuality, which is what metaphysicians call the substance, all else being the mere accidents of the man. And this is the reason that we cannot with any certainty tell what any person will do or amount to, for, while we know his talents and abilities, we do not know the resulting whole, which is he himself.

The Fire-Tender. So if you could take all the first-class qualities that we admire in men and women, and put them together into one being, you would n't be sure of the result?

Herbert. Certainly not. You would probably have a monster. It takes a cook of long experience, with the best materials, to make a dish "taste good;" and the "taste good" is the indefinable essence, the resulting balance or harmony which makes man or woman agreeable, or beautiful, or effective in the world.

The Young Lady. That must be the reason why novelists fail so lamentably in almost all cases in creating good characters. They put in real traits, talents, dispositions, but the result of the synthesis is something that never was seen on earth before.

THE FIRE-TENDER. Oh, a good character in fiction is an inspiration. We admit this in poetry. It is as true of such creations as Colonel Newcome, and Ethel, and Beatrix Esmond. There is no patchwork about them.

THE YOUNG LADY. Why was n't Thackeray ever inspired to create a noble woman?

THE FIRE-TENDER. That is the standing conundrum with all the women. They will not accept Ethel Newcome even. Perhaps we shall have to admit that Thackeray was a writer for men.

HERBERT. Scott and the rest had drawn so many perfect women that Thackeray thought it was time for a real one.

THE MISTRESS. That 's ill-natured. Thackeray did, however, make ladies. If he had depicted, with his searching pen, any of us just as we are, I doubt if we should have liked it much.

MANDEVILLE. That 's just it. Thackeray never pretended to make ideals, and if the best novel is an idealization of human nature, then he was not the best novelist. When I was crossing the Channel —

THE MISTRESS. Oh dear, if we are to go to sea again, Mandeville, I move we have in the nuts and apples, and talk about our friends.

There is this advantage in getting back to a wood fire on the hearth, that you return to a kind of simplicity; you can scarcely imagine any one being stiffly conventional in front of it. It thaws out formality, and puts the company who sit around it into easy attitudes of mind and body, — lounging attitudes, Herbert said.

And this brought up the subject of culture in America, especially as to manner. The backlog period having passed, we are beginning to have in society people of the cultured manner as it is called, or polished bearing, in which the polish is the most noticeable thing about the man. Not the courtliness, the easy simplicity of the old-school gentleman, in whose presence the milkmaid was as much at her ease as the countess, but something far finer than this. These are the people of unruffled demeanor, who never forget it for a moment, and never let you forget it. Their presence is a constant rebuke to society. They are never "jolly;" their laugh is never anything more than a well-bred smile; they are never betrayed

into any enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is a sign of inexperience, of ignorance, of want of culture. They never lose themselves in any cause; they never heartily praise any man or woman or book; they are superior to all tides of feeling and all outbursts of passion. They are not even shocked at vulgarity. They are simply indifferent. They are calm, visibly calm, painfully calm; and it is not the eternal, majestic calmness of the Sphinx either, but a rigid, self-conscious repression. You would like to put a bent pin in their chair when they are about calmly to sit down.

A sitting hen on her nest is calm, but hopeful; she has faith that her eggs are not china. These people appear to be sitting on china eggs. Perfect culture has refined all blood, warmth, flavor, out of them. We admire them without envy. They are too beautiful in their manners to be either prigs or snobs. They are at once our models and our despair. They are properly careful of themselves as models, for they know that if they should break, society would become a scene of mere animal confusion.

MANDEVILLE. I think that the best-bred people in the world are the English.

THE YOUNG LADY. You mean at home.

MANDEVILLE. That 's where I saw them.[1] There is no nonsense about a cultivated English man or woman. They express themselves sturdily and naturally, and with no subservience to the opinions of others. There 's a sort of hearty sincerity about them that I like. Ages of culture on the island have gone deeper than the surface, and they have simpler and more natural manners than we. There is something good in the full, round tones of their voices.

HERBERT. Did you ever get into a diligence with a growling Englishman who had n't secured the place he wanted?

THE MISTRESS. Did you ever see an English exquisite at the San Carlo, and hear him cry "Bwavo"?

MANDEVILLE. At any rate, he acted out his nature, and was n't afraid to.

THE FIRE-TENDER. I think Mandeville is right, for once. The men of the best culture in England, in the middle and higher social classes, are what you would call good fellows, — easy and simple in manner, enthusiastic on occasion, and de-

[1] Mandeville once spent a week in London, riding about on the tops of omnibuses.

cidedly not cultivated into the smooth calmness of indifference which some Americans seem to regard as the *sine qua non* of good breeding. Their position is so assured that they do not need that lacquer of calmness of which we were speaking.

THE YOUNG LADY. Which is different from the manner acquired by those who live a great deal in American hotels?

THE MISTRESS. Or the Washington manner?

HERBERT. The last two are the same.

THE FIRE-TENDER. Not exactly. You think you can always tell if a man has learned his society carriage of a dancing-master. Well, you cannot always tell by a person's manner whether he is a *habitué* of hotels or of Washington. But these are distinct from the perfect polish and politeness of indifferentism.

Daylight disenchants. It draws one from the fireside, and dissipates the idle illusions of conversation, except under certain conditions. Let us say that the conditions are: a house in the country, with some forest-trees near, and a few evergreens, which are Christmas-trees all winter long, fringed with snow, glistening with ice-pendants, cheerful by day and grotesque by night; a snow-storm beginning out of a dark sky, falling in a soft profusion that fills all the air, its dazzling whiteness making a light near at hand, which is quite lost in the distant darkling spaces.

If one begins to watch the swirling flakes and crystals, he soon gets an impression of infinity of resources that he can have from nothing else so powerfully, except it be from Adirondack gnats. Nothing makes one feel at home like a great snow-storm. Our intelligent cat will quit the fire and sit for hours in the low window, watching the falling snow with a serious and contented air. His thoughts are his own, but he is in accord with the subtlest agencies of Nature; on such a day he is charged with enough electricity to run a telegraphic battery, if it could be utilized. The connection between thought and electricity has not been exactly determined, but the cat is mentally very alert in certain conditions of the atmosphere. Feasting his eyes on the beautiful out-doors does not prevent his attention to the slightest noise in the wainscot. And the snow-storm brings content, but not stupidity, to all the rest of the household.

I can see Mandeville now, rising from his arm-chair and

swinging his long arms as he strides to the window, and looks out and up, with "Well, I declare!" Herbert is pretending to read Herbert Spencer's tract on the philosophy of style; but he loses much time in looking at the Young Lady, who is writing a letter, holding her portfolio in her lap, — one of her everlasting letters to one of her fifty everlasting friends. She is one of the female patriots who save the post-office department from being a disastrous loss to the treasury. Herbert is thinking of the great radical difference in the two sexes, which legislation will probably never change, that leads a woman always to write letters on her lap and a man on a table, — a distinction which is commended to the notice of the anti-suffragists.

The Mistress, in a pretty little breakfast-cap, is moving about the room with a feather-duster, whisking invisible dust from the picture-frames, and talking with the Parson, who has just come in, and is thawing the snow from his boots on the hearth. The Parson says the thermometer is 15°, and going down; that there is a snow-drift across the main church entrance three feet high, and that the house looks as if it had gone into winter quarters, religion and all. There were only ten persons at the conference meeting last night, and seven of those were women; he wonders how many weather-proof Christians there are in the parish, anyhow.

The Fire-Tender is in the adjoining library, pretending to write; but it is a poor day for ideas. He has written his wife's name about eleven hundred times, and cannot get any farther. He hears the Mistress tell the Parson that she believes he is trying to write a lecture on the Celtic Influence in Literature. The Parson says that it is a first-rate subject, if there were any such influence, and asks why he does n't take a shovel and make a path to the gate. Mandeville says that, by George! he himself should like no better fun, but it would n't look well for a visitor to do it. The Fire-Tender, not to be disturbed by this sort of chaff, keeps on writing his wife's name.

Then the Parson and the Mistress fall to talking about the soup-relief, and about old Mrs. Grumples in Pig Alley, who had a present of one of Stowe's Illustrated Self-Acting Bibles on Christmas, when she had n't coal enough in the house to heat her gruel; and about a family behind the church, a widow and six little children and three dogs, and he did n't believe that any of them had known what it was to be warm in three

weeks, and as to food, the woman said, she could hardly beg cold victuals enough to keep the dogs alive.

The Mistress slipped out into the kitchen to fill a basket with provisions and send it somewhere; and when the Fire-Tender brought in a new forestick, Mandeville, who always wants to talk, and had been sitting drumming his feet and drawing deep sighs, attacked him.

Mandeville. Speaking about culture and manners, did you ever notice how extremes meet, and that the savage bears himself very much like the sort of cultured persons we were talking of last night?

The Fire-Tender. In what respect?

Mandeville. Well, you take the North American Indian. He is never interested in anything, never surprised at anything. He has by nature that calmness and indifference which your people of culture have acquired. If he should go into literature as a critic, he would scalp and tomahawk with the same emotionless composure, and he would do nothing else.

The Fire-Tender. Then you think the red man is a born gentleman of the highest breeding?

Mandeville. I think he is calm.

The Fire-Tender. How is it about the war-path and all that?

Mandeville. Oh, these studiously calm and cultured people may have malice underneath. It takes them to give the most effective "little digs;" they know how to stick in the pine-splinters and set fire to them.

Herbert. But there is more in Mandeville's idea. You bring a red man into a picture-gallery, or a city full of fine architecture, or into a drawing-room crowded with objects of art and beauty, and he is apparently insensible to them all. Now I have seen country people, — and by country people I don't mean people necessarily who live in the country, for everything is mixed in these days, — some of the best people in the world, intelligent, honest, sincere, who acted as the Indian would.

The Mistress. Herbert, if I did n't know you were cynical, I should say you were snobbish.

Herbert. Such people think it a point of breeding never to speak of anything in your house, nor to appear to notice it, however beautiful it may be; even to slyly glance around strains their notion of etiquette. They are like the country-

man who confessed afterwards that he could hardly keep from laughing at one of Yankee Hill's entertainments.

THE YOUNG LADY. Do you remember those English people at our house in Flushing last summer, who pleased us all so much with their apparent delight in everything that was artistic or tasteful, who explored the rooms and looked at everything, and were *so* interested? I suppose that Herbert's country relations, many of whom live in the city, would have thought it very ill-bred.

MANDEVILLE. It 's just as I said. The English, the best of them, have become so civilized that they express themselves, in speech and action, naturally, and are not afraid of their emotions.

THE PARSON. I wish Mandeville would travel more, or that he had stayed at home. It 's wonderful what a fit of Atlantic sea-sickness will do for a man's judgment and cultivation. He is prepared to pronounce on art, manners, all kinds of culture. There is more nonsense talked about culture than about anything else.

HERBERT. The Parson reminds me of an American country minister I once met walking through the Vatican. You could n't impose upon him with any rubbish; he tested everything by the standards of his native place, and there was little that could bear the test. He had the sly air of a man who could not be deceived, and he went about with his mouth in a pucker of incredulity. There is nothing so placid as rustic conceit. There was something very enjoyable about his calm superiority to all the treasures of art.

MANDEVILLE. And the Parson reminds *me* of another American minister, a consul in an Italian city, who said he was going up to Rome to have a thorough talk with the Pope, and give him a piece of his mind. Ministers seem to think that is their business. They serve it in such small pieces in order to make it go round.

THE PARSON. Mandeville is an infidel. Come, let 's have some music; nothing else will keep him in good humor till lunch-time. . . .

Mandeville settles himself in a chair and stretches his long legs nearly into the fire, remarking that music takes the tangles out of him.

After the piece is finished, lunch is announced. It is still snowing.

SUSAN WARNER.

Warner, Susan, an American novelist; born at New York, July 11, 1819; died at Highland Falls, near West Point, N. Y., March 17, 1885. Her first novel, "The Wide, Wide World," was published in 1851, under the pseudonym of "Elizabeth Wetherell." Her other works are "Queechy" (1852); "The Law and the Testimony" (1853); "The Hills of the Shatemuc" (1856); "The Old Helmet" (1863); "Melbourne House" (1864); "Daisy" (1868); "A Story of Small Beginnings" (1872); the "Say and Do" series (1875); "Diana" (1876); "My Desire" (1877); "The Broken Walls of Jerusalem" (1878); "The Kingdom of Judah" (1878); "The End of a Coil" (1880); "The Letter of Credit" (1881); "Stephen, M.D." (1883). In conjunction with her sister, Anna Warner, she wrote "Say and Seal" (1860); "Ellen Montgomery's Book-Shelf" (1863–69); "Books of Blessing" (1868); "Wych-Hazel" (1876).

An Unpleasant Meeting.

(From "Queechy.")

Mr. Carleton went to Mme. Fouché's, who received most graciously, as any lady would, his apology for introducing himself unlooked-for, and begged that he would commit the same fault often. As soon as practicable he made his way to Charlton and invited him to breakfast with him the next morning.

Mrs. Carleton always said it never was known that Guy was refused anything he had a mind to ask. Charlton, though taken by surprise, and certainly not too much prepossessed in his favor, was won by an influence that where its owner chose to exert it was generally found irresistible; and not only accepted the invitation, but was conscious to himself of doing it with a good deal of pleasure. Even when Mr. Carleton made the further request that Capt. Rossitur would in the mean time see no one on business, of any kind, intimating that the reason would then be given, Charlton, though startling a little at this restraint upon

his freedom of motion, could do no other than give the desired promise, and with the utmost readiness.

Guy then went to Mr. Thorn's. — It was by this time not early.

"Mr. Lewis Thorn — is he at home?"

"He is, sir," said the servant, admitting him rather hesitatingly.

"I wish to see him a few moments on business."

"It is no hour for business," said the voice of Mr. Lewis from over the balusters; — "I can't see anybody to-night."

"I ask but a few minutes," said Mr. Carleton. "It is important."

"It may be anything!" said Thorn. "I won't do business after twelve o'clock."

Mr. Carleton desired the servant to carry his card, with the same request, to Mr. Thorn the elder.

"What's that?" said Thorn as the man came upstairs, — "my father? — Pshaw! *he* can't attend to it — Well, walk up, sir, if you please! — may as well have it over and done with it."

Mr. Carleton mounted the stairs and followed the young gentleman into an apartment to which he rapidly led the way.

"You've no objections to this, I suppose?" Thorn remarked as he locked the door behind them.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Carleton coolly, taking out the key and putting it in his pocket; — "my business is private — it needs no witnesses."

"Especially as it so nearly concerns yourself," said Thorn sneeringly.

"Which part of it, sir?" said Mr. Carleton, with admirable breeding. It vexed at the same time that it constrained Thorn.

"I'll let you know presently!" he said, hurriedly proceeding to the lower end of the room where some cabinets stood, and unlocking door after door in mad haste.

The place had somewhat the air of a study, perhaps Thorn's private room. A long table stood in the middle of the floor, with materials for writing, and a good many books were about the room, in cases and on the tables, with maps and engravings and portfolios, and a nameless collection of articles, the miscellaneous gathering of a man of leisure and some literary taste.

Their owner presently came back from the cabinets with tokens of a very different kind about him.

"There, sir!" he said, offering to his guest a brace of most

inhospitable-looking pistols, — "take one, and take your stand, as soon as you please — nothing like coming to the point at once!"

He was heated and excited even more than his manner indicated. Mr. Carleton glanced at him and stood quietly examining the pistol he had taken. It was all ready loaded.

"This is a business that comes upon me by surprise," he said calmly, — "I don't know what I have to do with this, Mr. Thorn."

"Well, I do," said Thorn, "and that's enough. Take your place, sir! You escaped me once, but" — and he gave his words dreadful emphasis, — "you won't do it the second time!"

"You do not mean," said the other, "that your recollection of such an offence has lived out so many years?"

"No, sir! no, sir!" said Thorn, — "it is not that. I despise it, as I do the offender. You have touched me more nearly."

"Let me know in what," said Mr. Carleton, turning his pistol's mouth down upon the table and leaning on it.

"You know already, — what do you ask me for?" said Thorn, who was foaming, — "if you say you don't you lie heartily. I'll tell you nothing but out of *this* — "

"I have not knowingly injured you, sir, — in a whit."

"Then a Carleton may be a liar," said Thorn, "and you are one — I dare say not the first. Put yourself there, sir, will you?"

"Well," said Guy carelessly, "if it is decreed that I am to fight, of course there's no help for it; but as I have business on hand that might not be so well done afterwards I must beg your attention to that in the first place."

"No, sir," said Thorn, — "I'll attend to nothing — I'll hear nothing from you. I know you! — I'll not hear a word. I'll see to the business! — Take your stand."

"I will not have anything to do with pistols," said Mr. Carleton coolly, laying his out of his hand; — "they make too much noise."

"Who cares for the noise?" said Thorn. "It won't hurt you; and the door is locked."

"But people's ears are not," said Guy.

Neither tone nor attitude nor look had changed in the least its calm gracefulness. It began to act upon Thorn.

"Well, in the devil's name, have your own way," said he, throwing down his pistol too, and going back to the cabinets at the lower end of the room, — "there are rapiers here, if you like

them better — *I* don't, — the shortest the best for me, — but here they are — take your choice."

Guy examined them carefully for a few minutes, and then laid them both, with a firm hand upon them, on the table.

"I will choose neither, Mr. Thorn, till you have heard me. I came here to see you on the part of others — I should be a recreant to my charge if I allowed you or myself to draw me into anything that might prevent my fulfilling it. That must be done first."

Thorn looked with a lowering brow on the indications of his opponent's eye and attitude; they left him plainly but one course to take.

"Well, speak and have done," he said, as in spite of himself; — "but I know it already."

"I am here as a friend of Mr. Rossitur."

"Why don't you say a friend of somebody else, and come nearer the truth?" said Thorn.

There was an intensity of expression in his sneer, but pain was there as well as anger; and it was with even a feeling of pity that Mr. Carleton answered, —

"The truth will be best reached, sir, if I am allowed to choose my own words."

There was no haughtiness in the steady gravity of this speech, whatever there was in the quiet silence he permitted to follow. Thorn did not break it.

"I am informed of the particulars concerning this prosecution of Mr. Rossitur — I am come here to know if no terms can be obtained."

"No!" said Thorn, — "no terms — I won't speak of terms. The matter will be followed up now till the fellow is lodged in jail, where he deserves to be."

"Are you aware, sir, that this, if done, will be the cause of very great distress to a family who have *not* deserved it?"

"That can't be helped," said Thorn. "Of course! — it must cause distress, but you can't act upon that. Of course when a man turns rogue he ruins his family — that's part of his punishment — and a just one."

"The law is just," said Mr. Carleton, — "but a friend may be merciful."

"I don't pretend to be a friend," said Thorn viciously, — "and I have no cause to be merciful. I like to bring a man to public shame when he has forfeited his title to anything else;

and I intend that Mr. Rossitur shall become intimately acquainted with the interior of the State's Prison."

"Did it ever occur to you that public shame *might* fall upon other than Mr. Rossitur? and without the State Prison?"

Thorn fixed a somewhat startled look upon the steady, powerful eye of his opponent, and did not like its meaning.

"You must explain yourself, sir," he said haughtily.

"I am acquainted with *all* the particulars of this proceeding, Mr. Thorn. If it goes abroad, so surely will they."

"She told you, did she?" said Thorn in a sudden flash of fury.

Mr. Carleton was silent, with his air of imperturbable reserve, telling and expressing nothing but a cool independence that put the world at a distance.

"Ha!" said Thorn, — "it is easy to see why our brave Englishman comes here to solicit 'terms' for his honest friend, Rossitur — he would not like the scandal of franking letters to Sing Sing. Come, sir," he said, snatching up the pistol, — "our business is ended — come, I say! or I won't wait for you."

But the pistol was struck from his hand.

"Not yet," said Mr. Carleton calmly, — "You shall have your turn at these, — mind, I promise you; — but my business must be done first — till then, let them alone!"

"Well, what is it?" said Thorn, impatiently. "Rossitur will be a convict, I tell you; so you 'll have to give up all thoughts of his niece, or pocket her shame along with her. What more have you got to say? that 's all your business, I take it."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Thorn," said Mr. Carleton gravely.

"Am I? In what?"

"In every position of your last speech."

"It don't affect your plans and views, I suppose, personally, whether this prosecution is continued or not?"

"It does not in the least."

"It is indifferent to you, I suppose, what sort of a queen consort you carry to your little throne of a provinciality down yonder?"

"I will reply to you, sir, when you come back to the subject," said Mr. Carleton coldly.

"You mean to say that your pretensions have not been in the way of mine?"

"I have made none, sir."

"Does n't she like you?"

"I have never asked her."

"Then what possessed her to tell you all this to-night?"

"Simply because I was an old friend and the only one at hand, I presume."

"And you do not look for any reward of your services, of course?"

"I wish for none, sir, but her relief."

"Well, it don't signify," said Thorn, with a mixture of expressions in his face, — "If I believed you, which I don't, — it don't signify a hair what you do, when once this matter is known. I should never think of advancing *my* pretensions into a felon's family."

"You know that the lady in whose welfare you take so much interest will in that case suffer aggravated distress as having been the means of hindering Mr. Rossitur's escape."

"Can't help it," said Thorn, beating the table with a ruler; — "so she has; she must suffer for it. It is n't my fault."

"You are willing then to abide the consequences of a full disclosure of all the circumstances? — for part will not come out without the whole?"

"There is happily nobody to tell them," said Thorn, with a sneer.

"Pardon me — they will not only be told, but known thoroughly in all the circles in this country that know Mr. Thorn's name."

"*The lady*," said Thorn in the same tone, "would hardly relish such a publication of *her* name — *her welfare* would be scantily advantaged by it."

"I will take the risk of that upon myself," said Mr. Carleton quietly; "and the charge of the other."

"You dare not!" said Thorn. "You shall not go alive out of this room to do it! Let me have it, sir! you said you would — "

His passion was at a fearful height, for the family pride which had been appealed to felt a touch of fear, and his other thoughts were confirmed again, besides the dim vision of a possible thwarting of all his plans. Desire almost concentrated itself upon revenge against the object that threatened them. He had thrown himself again towards the weapons which lay beyond his reach, but was met and forcibly withheld from them.

"Stand back!" said Mr. Carleton. "I said I would, but I am not ready; — finish this business first."

"What is there to finish?" said Thorn furiously; — "you will never live to do anything out of these doors again — you are mocking yourself."

"My life is not in your hands, sir, and I will settle this matter before I put it in peril. If not with you, with Mr. Thorn, your father, to whom it more properly belongs."

"You cannot leave the room to see him," said Thorn sneeringly.

"That is at my pleasure," said the other, — "unless hindered by means I do not think you will use."

Thorn was silent.

"Will you yield anything of justice, once more, in favor of this distressed family?"

"That is, yield the whole, and let the guilty go free."

"When the punishment of the offender would involve that of so many unoffending, who in this case would feel it with peculiar severity."

"He deserves it, if it was only for the money he has kept me out of — he ought to be made to refund what he has stolen, if it took the skin off his back!"

"That part of his obligation," said Mr. Carleton, "I am authorized to discharge, on condition of having the note given up. I have a cheque with me which I am commissioned to fill up, from one of the best names here. I need only the date of the note, which the giver of the cheque did not know."

Thorn hesitated, again tapping the table with the ruler in a troubled manner. He knew by the calm erect figure before him and the steady eye he did not care to meet that the threat of disclosure would be kept. He was not prepared to brave it, — in case his revenge should fail; — and if it did not —

"It is deuced folly," he said at length with a half laugh, — "for I shall have it back again in five minutes, if my eye don't play me a trick, — however, if you will have it so — I don't care. There are chances in all things — "

He went again to the cabinets, and presently brought the endorsed note. Mr. Carleton gave it a cool and careful examination, to satisfy himself of its being the true one; and then delivered him the cheque; the blank duly filled up.

"There are chances in nothing, sir," he said, as he proceeded to burn the note effectually in the candle.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that there is a Supreme Disposer of all things, who

among the rest has our lives in his hand. And now, sir, I will give you that chance at my life for which you have been so eagerly wishing."

"Well, take your place," said Thorn, seizing his pistol, — "and take your arms — put yourself at the end of the table — !"

"I shall stand here," said Mr. Carleton, quietly folding his arms; — "you may take your place where you please."

"But you are not armed!" said Thorn impatiently, — "why don't you get ready? what are you waiting for?"

"I have nothing to do with arms," said Mr. Carleton, smiling; — "I have no wish to hurt you, Mr. Thorn; I bear you no ill-will. But you may do what you please with me."

"But you promised!" said Thorn in desperation.

"I abide by my promise, sir."

Thorn's pistol hand fell; he looked *dreadfully*. There was a silence of several minutes.

"Well?" — said Mr. Carleton, looking up and smiling.

"I can do nothing unless you will," said Thorn hoarsely, and looking hurriedly away.

"I am at your pleasure, sir! But on my own part I have none to gratify."

There was silence again, during which Thorn's face was pitiable in its darkness. He did not stir.

"I did not come here in enmity, Mr. Thorn," said Guy, after a little, approaching him; — "I have none now. If you believe me you will throw away the remains of yours and take my hand in pledge of it."

Thorn was ashamed and confounded, in the midst of passions that made him at the moment a mere wreck of himself. He inwardly drew back exceedingly from the proposal. But the grace with which the words were said wrought upon all the gentlemanly character that belonged to him, and made it impossible not to comply. The pistol was exchanged for Mr. Carleton's hand.

"I need not assure you," said the latter, "that nothing of what we have talked of to-night shall ever be known or suspected in any quarter unless by your means."

Thorn's answer was merely a bow, and Mr. Carleton withdrew, his quondam antagonist lighting him ceremoniously to the door.

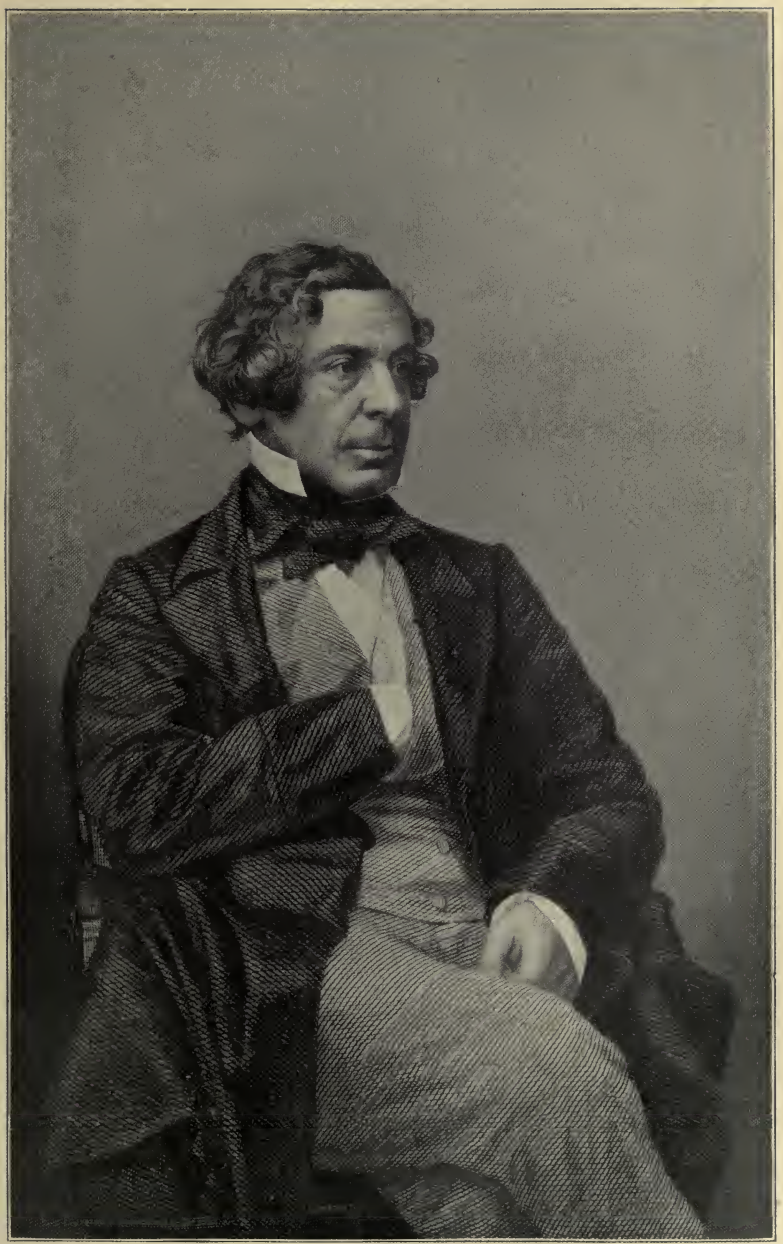
SAMUEL WARREN.

WARREN, SAMUEL, a noted English jurist, novelist, and miscellaneous writer; born in Denbighshire, Wales, May 23, 1807; died at London, July 29, 1877. He began the study of medicine in Edinburgh, but entered Lincoln's Inn, London, as a student of law; was called to the bar in 1837, and made a queen's counsel in 1851. His first notable work was the "Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician," which appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1830–31. "Ten Thousand a Year" appeared in 1839, "Now and Then" in 1847, and "The Lily and the Bee" in 1851. He also published at various times many works upon legal and social topics. Among these are "Introduction to Law Studies." (1835); an annotated edition of a portion of "Blackstone's Commentaries" (1836); "The Opium Question" (1840); "Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors" (1848); "The Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Present Age" (1853); "Labor, Its Rights, Difficulties, Dignity, and Consolations" (1856).

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE DYES HIS HAIR.

(From "Ten Thousand a Year.")

MANY most important considerations arising out of recent and coming events — his altering circumstances — were momentarily forcing themselves upon Titmouse's attention. The first of these was his *hair;* for Heaven seemed to have suddenly given him the long-coveted means of changing its detested hue; and the next was *an eyeglass*, without which, he had long felt his appearance and appointments to be painfully incomplete. Early in the afternoon, therefore, on the readily admitted plea of important business, he obtained the permission of the obsequious Mr. Tag-rag to depart for the day and instantly directed his steps to the well-known shop of a fashionable perfumer and perruquier, in Bond Street — well known to those, at least, who were in the habit of glancing at the enticing advertise-



SAMUEL WARREN

ments in the newspapers. Having watched through the window till the coast was clear (for he felt a natural delicacy in asking for a hair dye before people who could in an instant perceive his urgent occasion for it), he entered the shop, where a well-dressed gentleman was sitting behind the counter reading. He was handsome; and his elaborately curled hair was of a heavenly black (so at least Titmouse considered it) that was better than a thousand printed advertisements of the celebrated fluid which formed the chief commodity there vended. Titmouse, with a little hesitation, asked this gentleman what was the price of their article "for turning *light* hair black" — and was answered — "only seven and sixpence for the smaller-sized bottle." One was in a twinkling placed upon the counter, where it lay like a miniature mummy, swathed, as it were, in manifold advertisements. "You 'll find the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility to the wonderful efficacy of the 'CYANOCHAITANTHROPOPOION.'"

"*Sure* it will do, sir?" inquired Titmouse anxiously.

"Is *my* hair dark enough to your taste, sir?" said the gentleman, with a calm and bland manner — "because I owe it entirely to this valuable specific."

"Do you, indeed, sir?" inquired Titmouse: adding with a sigh, "but, between ourselves, look at mine!" — and lifting off his hat for a moment, he exhibited a great crop of bushy, carroty hair.

"Whew! rather ugly that, sir!" — exclaimed the gentleman, looking very serious — "What a curse to be born with such hair, is n't it?"

"'Pon my life I think so, sir!" answered Titmouse mournfully; "and do you really say, sir, that this what 's-its-name turned yours of that beautiful black?"

"Think? 'Pon my honor, sir, — certain; no mistake, I assure you! I was fretting myself into my grave about the color of my hair! Why, sir, there was a nobleman in here (I don't like to mention names) the other day, with a head that seemed as if it had been dipped into water, and then powdered with brick dust; but — I assure you, the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was too much for it — it turned black in a very short time. You should have seen his lordship's ecstasy — (the speaker saw that Titmouse would swallow anything; so he went on with a confident air) — and in a month's time he had married a beautiful woman whom he had loved from a child,

but who had vowed she could never bring herself to marry a man with such a head of hair."

"How long does it take to do all this, sir?" interrupted Titmouse eagerly, with a beating heart.

"Sometimes two — sometimes three days. In four days' time, I'll answer for it, your most intimate friend would not know you. My wife did not know me for a long while, and would n't let me salute her — ha, ha!" Here another customer entered; and Titmouse laying down the five-pound note he had squeezed out of Tag-rag, put the wonder-working phial into his pocket, and on receiving his change, departed, bursting with eagerness to try the effects of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion. Within half an hour's time he might have been seen driving a hard bargain with a pawnbroker for a massive-looking eye-glass, which, as it hung suspended in the window, he had for months cast a longing eye upon; and he eventually purchased it (his eyesight, I need hardly say, was perfect) for only fifteen shillings. After taking a hearty dinner in a little dusky eating-house in Rupert Street, frequented by fashionable-looking foreigners, with splendid heads of curling hair and moustaches, he hastened home, eager to commence the grand experiment. Fortunately, he was undisturbed that evening. Having lit his candle, and locked his door, with tremulous fingers he opened the papers enveloping the little phial; and glancing over their contents, got so inflamed with the numberless instances of its efficacy, detailed in brief but glowing terms — as: the "Duke of . . . — the Countess of . . . — the Earl of, etc., etc., etc., etc., — the lovely Miss ——, the celebrated Sir Little Bull's-eye (who was so gratified that he allowed his name to be used) — all of whom, from having hair of the reddest possible description, were now possessed of raven-hued locks" — that he threw down the paper, and hurriedly got the cork out of the bottle. Having turned up his coat cuffs, he commenced the application of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, rubbing it into his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, with all the energy he was capable of, for upwards of half an hour. Then he read over again every syllable on the papers in which the phial had been wrapped; and about eleven o'clock, having given sundry curious glances at the glass, got into bed full of exciting hopes and delightful anxieties concerning the success of the great experiment he was trying. He could not sleep for several hours. He dreamed a rapturous dream — that

he bowed to a gentleman with coal-black hair, whom he fancied he had seen before — and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at *himself* in a glass!! — This woke him. Up he jumped — sprung to his little glass breathlessly — but ah! merciful Heavens! he almost dropped down dead! His hair was perfectly *green* — there could be no mistake about it. He stood there staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to their utmost for several minutes. Then he threw himself on the bed, and felt fainting. Up he presently jumped again in a kind of ecstasy — rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about — again looked into the glass — there it was, rougher than before; but eyebrows, whiskers, and head — all were, if anything, of a more vivid and brilliant green. Despair came over him. What had all his past troubles been to this? — what was to become of him? He got into bed again and burst into a perspiration. Two or three times he got into and out of bed, to look at himself again — on each occasion deriving only more terrible confirmation than before of the disaster that had befallen him. After lying still for some minutes, he got out of bed, and kneeling down, tried to say his prayers; but it was in vain — and he rose half choked. It was plain that he must have his head shaved, and wear a wig — that was making an old man of him at once. Getting more and more disturbed in his mind, he dressed himself, half determined on starting off to Bond Street, and breaking every pane of glass in the shop window of the cruel impostor who had sold him the liquid that had so frightfully disfigured him. As he stood thus irresolute, he heard the step of Mrs. Squallop approaching his door, and recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his tea-kettle about that time. Having no time to take his clothes off, he thought the best thing he could do would be to pop into bed again, draw his nightcap down to his ears and eyebrows, pretend to be asleep, and, turning his back towards the door, have a chance of escaping the observation of his landlady. No sooner thought of than done. Into bed he jumped, and drew the clothes over him — not aware, however, that in his hurry he had left his legs, with boots and trousers exposed to view — an unusual spectacle to his landlady, who had, in fact, scarcely ever known him in bed at so late an hour before. He lay as still as a mouse. Mrs. Squallop, after glancing with surprise at his legs, happening to direct her eyes towards the window, beheld a small phial, only half of whose

dark contents were remaining — oh gracious! — of course it must be POISON, and Mr. Titmouse must be dead! — In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out — "Oh, Mr. Titmouse! Mr. Titmouse! what *have* you been — "

"Well, ma'am, what the devil do you mean? How dare — " commenced Titmouse, suddenly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs. Squallop. An inconceivably strange and horrid figure he looked. He had all his day clothes on; a white cotton nightcap was drawn down to his very eyes, like a man going to be hanged; his face was very pale, and his whiskers were of a bright green color.

"Lard a-mighty!" exclaimed Mrs. Squallop faintly, the moment that this strange apparition presented itself; and, sinking on the chair, she pointed with a dismayed air to the ominous-looking object standing on the window shelf. Titmouse from that supposed she had found out the true state of the case.

"Well — *is n't* it an infernal shame, Mrs. Squallop?" said he, getting off the bed, and, plucking off his night-cap, exhibited the full extent of his misfortune. "What d' ye think of *that!*" he exclaimed, staring wildly at her. Mrs. Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

"I shall go mad — I SHALL!" cried Titmouse, tearing his green hair.

"Oh Lord! — oh Lord!" groaned Mrs. Squallop, evidently expecting him to leap upon her. Presently, however, she a little recovered her presence of mind; and Titmouse, stuttering with fury, explained to her what had taken place. As he went on, Mrs. Squallop became less and less able to control herself, and at length burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her hands to her fat shaking sides, as if she would have tumbled off her chair. Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her! At length, however, the fit went off; and, wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and fetch up some soft soap and flannel, and try what "a good hearty wash would do." Scarce sooner said than done — but, alas, in vain. Scrub, scrub — lather, lather, did they both; but, the instant the soap-suds were washed off, there was the head as green as ever!

"Oh murder, murder! what *am* I to do, Mrs. Squallop?" groaned Titmouse, having taken another look at himself in the glass.

"Why — really I 'd be off to a police-office, and have 'em all taken up, if as how I was *you!*" quoth Mrs. Squallop.

"No — See if I don't take that bottle, and make the fellow that sold it me swallow what 's left — and I 'll smash in his shop front besides!"

"Oh you won't — you must n't — not on no account! Stop at home a bit, and be quiet, it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon stong thing for getting colors out — but — a — a — excuse me, Mr. Titmouse — why was n't you satisfied with the hair God Almighty had given you? D' ye think He did n't know a deal better than you what was best for you? I 'm blest if I don't think this is a judgment on you."

"What 's the use of your standing preaching to me in this way, Mrs. Squallop?" said Titmouse, first with amazement, and then with fury in his manner — "A'n't I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment — where 's the harm of my wanting black hair any more than black trousers? That a'n't *your own* hair, Mrs. Squallop — you 're as gray as a badger underneath — 'pon my soul! I 've often remarked it."

"I 'll tell you what, Mr. himperance!" furiously exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, "you 're a liar! And you deserve what you 've got! It *is* a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you — so take *that* for sauce, you vulgar fellow!" (snapping her fingers at him). "Get rid of your green hair if you can! It 's only carrot *tops* instead of carrot *roots* — and some likes one, some the other — ha! ha! ha!"

"I 'll tell you what, Mrs. Squ — " he commenced, but she had gone, having slammed to the door behind her with all her force; and Titmouse was left alone in a half frantic state, in which he continued for nearly two hours. Once again he read over the atrocious puffs which had overnight inflated him to such a degree, and he now saw that they were all lies. This is a sample of them: —

"This divine fluid (as it was enthusiastically styled to the inventor, by the lovely Duchess of Doodle) possesses the inestimable and astonishing quality of changing hair, of whatever color, to a dazzling jet black; at the same time imparting to it a rich glossy

appearance, which wonderfully contributes to the imposing *tout ensemble* presented by those who use it. That well-known ornament of the circle of fashion, the young and lovely Mrs. Fitzfrippery, owned to the proprietor that to this surprising fluid it was that she was indebted for those unrivalled raven ringlets which attracted the eyes of envying and admiring crowds,"

and so forth. A little further on: —

"This exquisite effect is not *in all cases* produced instantaneously; much will of course depend (as the celebrated M. Dupuytren, of the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, informed the inventor) on the physical idiosyncrasy of the party using it, with reference to the constituent particles of the coloring matter constituting the fluid in the capillary vessels. Often a single application suffices to change the most hopeless-looking head of red hair to as deep a black; but not unfrequently the hair *passes through intermediate shades and tints* — all, however, ultimately settling into a deep and permanent black."

This passage not a little revived the drooping spirits of Titmouse. Accidentally, however, an asterisk at the last word in the above sentence, directed his eye to a note at the bottom of the page, printed in such minute type as baffled any but the strongest sight and most determined eye to read, and which said note was the following: —

"Though cases *do*, undoubtedly, occasionally occur, in which the native inherent indestructible qualities of the hair defy all attempts at change or even modification, and resist even *this* potent remedy: of which, however, in all his experience" (the wonderful specific has been invented for about *six months*) "the inventor has known but very few instances."

But to this exceedingly select class of unfortunate incurables, poor Titmouse, alas! entertained a dismal suspicion that *he* belonged!

"Look, sir! Look! Only look here what your cussed stuff has done to my hair!" said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon after to the gentleman who had sold him the infernal liquid; and, taking off his hat, exposed his green hair. The gentleman, however, did not appear at all surprised, or discomposed.

"Ah — yes! I see — I see. You 're in the intermediate stage. It differs in different people — "

"Differs, sir! I 'm going mad! I look like a green monkey — Cuss me if I don't!"

"In *me*, now, the color was a strong *yellow*. But, have you read the explanations that are given in the wrapper?"

"Read 'em?" echoed Titmouse, furiously — "I should think so! Much good they do *me!* Sir, you 're a humbug! — an impostor! I 'm a sight to be seen for the rest of my life! Look at me, sir! Eyebrows, whiskers, and all!"

"*Rather* a singular appearance, just at present, I must own," said the gentleman, his face turning suddenly red all over with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added, coolly, — "If you 'll only persevere — "

"Persevere be d——d!" interrupted Titmouse, violently clapping his hat on his head, "I 'll teach you to *persevere* in taking in the public! I 'll have a warrant out against you in no time!"

"Oh, my dear sir, I 'm accustomed to all this!" said the gentleman, coolly.

"The — devil — you — are!" gasped Titmouse, quite aghast.

"Oh, often — often, while the liquid is performing the first stage of the change; but, in a day or two afterwards, the parties generally come back smiling into my shop, with heads as black as crows!"

"No! But really — do they, sir?" interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath.

"Hundreds, I may say thousands, my dear sir! And one lady gave me a picture of herself, in her black hair, to make up for her abuse of me when it was a puce color — Fact, honor!"

"But do you recollect any one's hair turning *green*, and then getting black?" inquired Titmouse with trembling anxiety.

"Recollect any? Fifty, at least. For instance, there was Lord Albert Addlehead — but why should I name names? I know hundreds! But everything is honor and confidential *here!*"

"And did Lord what 's-his-name's hair go green, and then black; and was it at first as light as mine?"

"His hair was redder, and in consequence it became greener, and now is blacker than ever yours will be."

"Well, if I and my landlady have this morning used an ounce, we 've used a quarter of a pound of soft soap in — "

"Soft soap! — soft soap!" cried out the gentleman with an air of sudden alarm — "That explains all" (he forgot how well

it had already been explained by him.) "By Heavens, sir! — soft soap! You may have ruined your hair forever!" Titmouse opened his eyes and mouth with a start of terror, it not occurring to his reflecting mind that the intolerable green had preceded and caused, not followed, the use of the soft soap. "Go home, my dear sir! God bless you — go home, as you value your hair; take this small bottle of DAMASCUS CREAM, and rub it in before it 's too late; and then use the remainder of the — "

"Then you don't think it 's already too late?" inquired Titmouse faintly; and having been assured to the contrary — having asked the price of the Damascus cream, which was "*only* three-and-sixpence" (stamp included) — he paid it with a rueful air, and took his departure. He sneaked along the streets with the air of a pick-pocket, fearful that every one he met was an officer who had his eye on him. He was not, in fact, very far off the mark; for many a person smiled, and stared, and turned round to look at him as he went along.

Titmouse slunk upstairs to his room in a sad state of depression, and spent the next hour in rubbing into his hair the Damascus cream. He rubbed till he could hardly hold his arms up any longer, from sheer fatigue. Having risen at length to mark, from the glass, the progress he had made, he found that the only result of his persevering exertions had been to give a greasy shining appearance to the hair, that remained as green as ever. With a half-uttered groan he sunk down upon a chair, and fell into a sort of abstraction, which was interrupted by a sharp knock at his door. Titmouse started up, trembled, and stood for a moment or two irresolute, glancing fearfully at the glass; and then, opening the door, let in Mr. Gammon, who started back a pace or two, as if he had been shot, on catching sight of the strange figure of Titmouse. It was useless for Gammon to try to check his laughter; so, leaning against the door-post, he yielded to the impulse, and laughed without intermission for at least two minutes. Titmouse felt desperately angry, but feared to show it; and the timid, rueful, lackadaisical air with which he regarded the dreaded Mr. Gammon, only prolonged and aggravated the agonies of that gentleman. When at length he had a little recovered himself, holding his left hand to his side, with an exhausted air, he entered the little apartment, and asked Titmouse what in the name of heaven he had been doing to him-

self: "*Without this*" (in the absurd slang of the lawyers) that he suspected most vehemently all the while quite well what Titmouse had been about; but he wished to hear Titmouse's own account of the matter! — Titmouse, not daring to hesitate, complied — Gammon listening in an agony of suppressed laughter. He looked as little at Titmouse as he could, and was growing a trifle more sedate, when Titmouse, in a truly lamentable tone, inquired, "What 's the good, Mr. Gammon, of ten thousand a year with such a horrid head of hair as this?" On hearing which Gammon jumped off his chair, started to the window, and laughed for one or two minutes without ceasing. This was too much for Titmouse, who presently cried aloud in a lamentable manner; and Gammon, suddenly ceasing his laughter, turned round and apologized in the most earnest manner; after which he uttered an abundance of sympathy for the sufferings which "he deplored being unable to alleviate." He even restrained himself when Titmouse again and again asked if he could not "have the law" of the man who had so imposed on him. Gammon diverted the thoughts of his suffering client, by taking from his pocket some very imposing packages of paper, tied round with red tape. From time to time, however, he almost split his nose with efforts to restrain his laughter, on catching a fresh glimpse of poor Titmouse's emerald hair. . . .

When Titmouse rose the next morning (Saturday), behold — he found his hair had become of a variously shaded purple or violet color! Astonishment and apprehension by turns possessed him, as he stared into the glass, at this unlooked-for change of color; and hastily dressing himself, after swallowing a very slight breakfast, off he went once more to the scientific establishment in Bond Street, to which he had been indebted for his recent delightful experiences. The distinguished inventor and proprietor of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was behind the counter as usual — calm and confident as ever.

"Ah! I see — as I said! as I said!" quoth he, with a sort of glee in his manner. "Is n't it? — coming round quicker than usual — Really, I 'm selling more of the article than I can possibly make."

"Well," — at length said Titmouse, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden volubility with which he had been assailed on entering — "then *is* it

really going on tolerable well?" taking off his hat, and looking anxiously into a glass that hung close by.

"*Tolerable* well, my dear sir! Delightful! Perfect! Could n't be better! If you 'd studied the thing, you 'd know, sir, that purple is the middle color between green and black. Indeed, black 's only purple and green mixed, which explains the whole thing!" Titmouse listened with infinite satisfaction to this philosophical statement.

"Remember, sir— my hair is to come like yours — eh? you recollect, sir? Honor — that was the bargain, you know!"

"I have very little doubt of it, sir — nay, I am certain of it, knowing it by experience."

[The scamp had been hired expressly for the purpose of lying thus in support of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion; his own hair being a natural black.]

"I 'm going to a grand dinner to-morrow, sir," said Titmouse, "with some devilish great people, at the west end of the town — eh? you understand? will it do by that time? Would give a trifle to get my hair a shade darker by that time — for — hem! — most lovely girl — eh? you understand the thing? — devilish anxious, and all that sort of thing, you know!"

"Yes — I do," replied the gentleman of the shop, in a confidential tone; and opening one of the glass doors behind him, took out a bottle considerably larger than the first, and handed it to Titmouse. "This," said he, "will complete the thing; it combines, chemically, with the purple particles, and the result is — generally arrived at in about two days' time — "

"But it will do *something* in a night's time — eh? — surely."

"I should think so! But here it is — it is called the TETARAGMENON ABRACADABRA."

"What a name!" exclaimed Titmouse with a kind of awe. "'Pon honor, it almost takes one's breath away — "

"It will do more, sir; it will take your red hair away! By the way, only the day before yesterday, a lady of high rank (between ourselves, Lady Caroline Carrot), whose red hair always seemed as if it would have set her bonnet in a blaze — ha, ha! — came here, after two days' use of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, and one day's use of this Tetaragmenon Abracadabra — and asked me if I knew her. Upon my soul I did not, till she solemnly assured me she was really Lady Caroline!"

"*How* much is it?" eagerly inquired Titmouse, thrusting his hand into his pocket, with no little excitement.

"Only nine-and-sixpence."

"Oh, my stars, what a price! Nine-and-six — "

"Ah, but would you have believed it, sir? This extraordinary fluid cost a great German chemist his whole life to bring to perfection; and it contains expensive materials from all the four corners of the world!"

"That may be — but really — I 've laid out a large figure with you, sir, this day or two! Could n't you say eight sh — "

"We never abate, sir; it 's not *our* style of doing business," replied the gentleman, in a manner that quite overawed poor Titmouse, who at once bought this, the third abomination; not a little depressed, however, at the heavy prices he had paid for the three bottles, and the uncertainty he felt as to the ultimate issue. That night he was so well satisfied with the progress which the hair on his head was making (for, by candle-light, it really looked much darker than could have been expected), that he resolved — at all events for the present — to leave well alone; or at the utmost, to try the effects of the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra only upon his eyebrows and whiskers. Into them he rubbed the new specific; which, on the bottle being opened, surprised him in two respects: first, it was perfectly colorless; secondly, it had a most infernal smell. However, it was no use hesitating: he had bought and paid for it; and the papers it was folded in gave an account of its success that was really irresistible and unquestionable. Away, therefore, he rubbed; and when he had finished, got into bed, in humble hope as to the result which would be disclosed by the morning's light. But, alas! would you have believed it? When he looked at himself in the glass, about six o'clock (at which hour he awoke), I protest it is a fact, that his eyebrows and whiskers were as white as snow; which, combining with the purple color of the hair on his head, rendered him one of the most astounding objects (in human shape) the eye of man had ever beheld. There was the wisdom of age seated in his eyebrows and whiskers, unspeakable youthful folly in his features, and a purple crown of WONDER on his head.

Really, it seemed as if the devil were wreaking his spite on Mr. Titmouse; nay, perhaps it was the devil himself who had served him with the bottles in Bond Street. Or was it a mere ordinary servant of the devil — some greedy, impudent, unprin-

cipled speculator, who, desirous of acting on the approved maxim — *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* — had pitched on Titmouse (seeing the sort of person he was) as a godsend, quite reckless what effect he produced on his hair, so as the stuff was paid for, and its effects noted? It might possibly have been sport to the gentleman of the shop, but it was near proving death to poor Titmouse, who really might have resolved on throwing himself out of the window, only that he saw it was not big enough for a baby to get through. He turned aghast at the monstrous object which his little glass presented to him; and sunk down upon the bed with a feeling as if he were now fit for death.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE, first President of the United States; born in Westmoreland County, Va., February 22, 1732; died at Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, December 14, 1799. The "Life of Washington" has been written by John Marshall (1805), by Jared Sparks, as a prefix to "The Writings of Washington" (1834), and, best of all, by Washington Irving (1855). There are numerous other Lives of Washington. Washington deserves a place in the history of literature, although he wrote nothing especially designed for publication except his "Farewell Address" to the American people. The "Writings of George Washington," selected and edited by Jared Sparks (12 vols., 1838–40), consist in great part of letters of a public or private nature, and are of special historical and biographical value. "The Writings of George Washington, Including His Diaries and Correspondence," edited by Worthington C. Ford, appeared in 1889.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

THE period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that in withdrawing the tender of service which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past

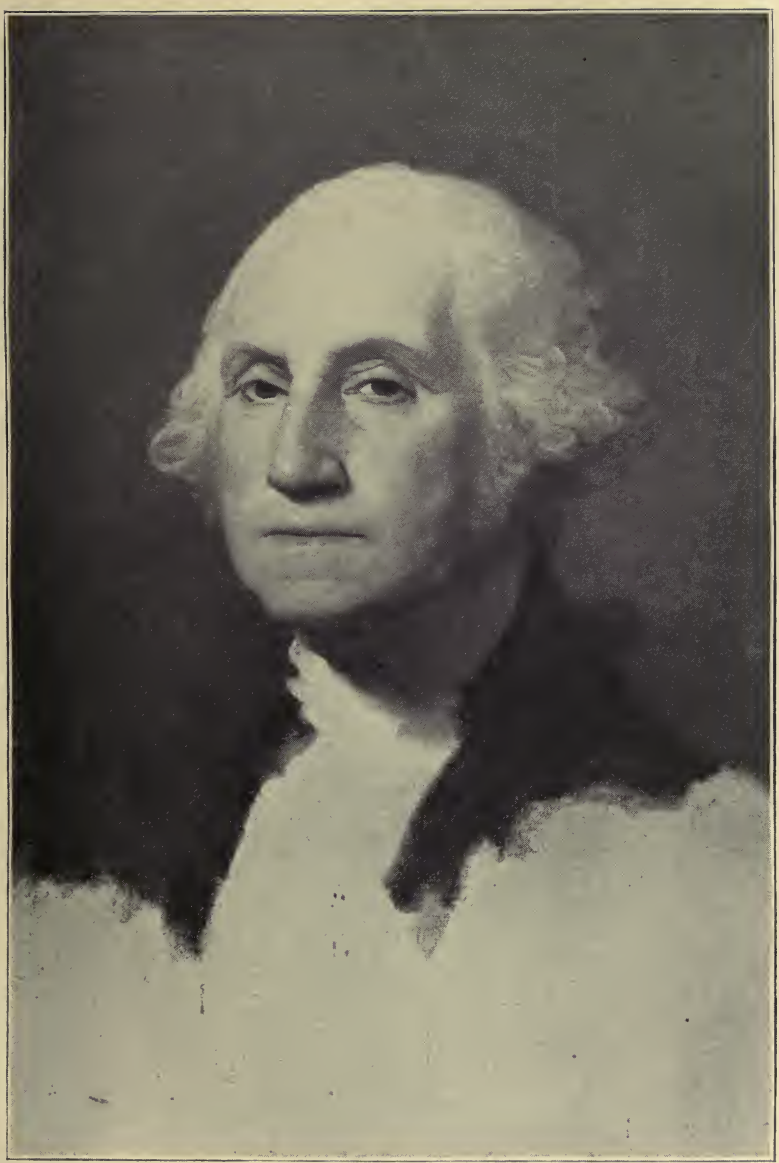
kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference to what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country you will not disappove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors which it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for



GEORGE WASHINGTON

From the celebrated Painting by Gilbert Stuart

the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise; and as an instructive example in our annals that, under circumstances in which the passions — agitated in every direction — were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not infrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, — the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated by this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; — that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop: but solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation; and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsels. Nor can I forget an encouragement to it, — your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar

in the edifice of your real independence: the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity in every shape; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of external and internal enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed: it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness, — that you should cherish a cordial habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together. The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts, — of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts, can be an adequate substitute. They must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of

this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of your own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws; all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, — are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, — often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community, — and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils and modified by mutual interests. However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only

that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system; and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion: and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. — It is indeed little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within limits is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain that there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose; and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame; lest instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres; avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing it and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasion by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern: some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

'T is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible: avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should cooperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence

has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature; alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, — obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation prompted by ill-will and resentment sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject: at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim. . . .

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and ennables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may

take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world, — so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicabe to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand: neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed — in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them — conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied as experience and circumstances shall dictate: constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can

be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism: this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them. . . .

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and nurture its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will

be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

UNITED STATES, September 17th, 1796.

WASHINGTON'S TOUR TO THE OHIO.

(From his Journal of a Tour to the Ohio River in 1770.)

October 20th. — WE embarked in a large canoe, with sufficient store of provisions and necessaries. . . . At two we dined at Mr. Magee's, and encamped ten miles below, and four above the Logstown. We passed several large islands, which appeared to [be] very good, as the bottoms also did on each side of the river alternately; the hills on one side being opposite to the bottoms on the other, which seem generally to be about three or four hundred yards wide, and so *vice versa.*

21*st.* — Left our encampment about six o'clock, and breakfasted at the Logstown, where we parted with Colonel Croghan and company about nine o'clock. At eleven we came to the mouth of the Big Beaver Creek, opposite to which is a good situation for a house, and above it, on the same side (that is, the west), there appears to be a body of fine land. From Raccoon Creek to Little Beaver Creek appears to me to be little short of ten miles, and about three miles below this we encamped; after hiding a barrel of biscuit in an island (in sight) to lighten our canoe.

22*d.* — As it began to snow about midnight, and continued pretty steadily at it, it was about half after seven before we left our encampment. At the distance of about eight miles we came to the mouth of Yellow Creek (to the west), opposite to, or rather below, which appears to be a long bottom of very good land, and the ascent to the hills apparently gradual. There is

another pretty large bottom of very good land about two or three miles above this. About eleven or twelve miles from this, and just above what is called the Long Island (which though so distinguished is not very remarkable for length, breadth, or goodness), comes in on the east side the river a small creek, or run, the name of which I could not learn; and a mile or two below the island, on the west side, comes in Big Stony Creek (not larger in appearance than the other), on neither of which does there seem to be any large bottoms or bodies of good land. About seven miles from the last mentioned creek, twenty-eight from our last encampment, and about seventy-five from Pittsburg, we came to the Mingo Town, situate on the west side the river, a little above the Cross Creeks. This place contains about twenty cabins, and seventy inhabitants of the Six Nations. Had we set off early, and kept constantly at it, we might have reached lower than this place to-day; as the water in many places run pretty swift, in general more so than yesterday. The river from Fort Pitt to the Logstown has some ugly rifts and shoals, which we found somewhat difficult to pass, whether from our inexperience of the channel, or not, I cannot undertake to say. From the Logstown to the mouth of Little Beaver Creek is much the same kind of water; that is, rapid in some places, gliding gently along in others, and quite still in many. The water from Little Beaver Creek to the Mingo Town, in general, is swifter than we found it the preceding day, and without any shallows; there being some one part or another always deep, which is a natural consequence, as the river in all the distance from Fort Pitt to this town has not widened at all, nor doth the bottoms appear to be any larger. The hills which come close to the river opposite to each bottom are steep; and on the side in view, in many places, rocky and cragged; but said to abound in good land on the tops. These are not a range of hills, but broken and cut in two, as if there were frequent watercourses running through (which, however, we did not perceive to be the case, consequently they must be small if any). The river along down abounds in wild geese, and several kinds of ducks, but in no great quantity. We killed five wild turkeys to-day. Upon our arrival at the Mingo Town, we received the disagreeable news of two traders being killed at a town called the Grape-Vine Town, thirty-eight miles below this; which caused us to hesitate whether we should proceed, or wait for further intelligence.

23*d*. — Several imperfect accounts coming in, agreeing that only one person was killed, and the Indians not supposing it to be done by their people, we resolved to pursue our passage, till we could get some more distinct account of this transaction. Accordingly, about two o'clock we set out with the two Indians, who were to accompany us, in our canoe, and in about four miles came to the mouth of a creek called Sculp Creek on the east side, at the mouth of which is a bottom of very good land, as I am told there likewise is up it. The Cross Creeks (as they are called), are not large; that on the west side is biggest. At the Mingo Town we found and left sixty and odd warriors of the Six Nations, going to the Cherokee country to proceed to war against the Catawbas. About ten miles below the town, we came to two other cross creeks; that on the west side largest, but not big, and called by Nicholson, French Creek. About three miles, or a little better, below this, at the lower point of some islands, which stand contiguous to each other, we were told by the Indians with us that three men from Virginia (by Virginians they mean all the people settled upon Redstone, etc.) had marked the land from hence all the way to Redstone; that there was a body of exceeding fine land lying about this place, and up opposite to the Mingo Town, as also down to the mouth of Fishing Creek. At this place we encamped.

24*th*. — We left our encampment before sunrise, and about six miles below it we came to the mouth of a pretty smart creek, coming in to the eastward, called by the Indians Split-Island Creek, from its running in against an island. On this creek there is the appearance of good land a distance up it. Six miles below this again we came to another creek on the west side, called by Nicholson, Wheeling; and about a mile lower down appears to be another small water coming in on the east side, which I remark, because of the scarcity of them, and to show how badly furnished this country is with mill-seats. Two or three miles below this again is another run on the west side, up which is a near way by land to the Mingo Town; and about four miles lower, comes in another on the east, at which place is a path leading to the settlement at Redstone. About a mile and a half below this again, comes in the Pipe Creek, so called by the Indians from a stone, which is found here, out of which they make pipes. Opposite to this, that is, on the east side, is a bottom of exceeding rich land; but as it seems

to lie low, I am apprehensive that it is subject to be overflowed. This bottom ends where the effects of a hurricane appear, by the destruction and havoc among the trees. Two or three miles below the Pipe Creek is a pretty large creek on the west side, called by Nicholson Fox-Grape-Vine, by others Captema Creek, on which, eight miles up, is the town called the Grape-Vine Town; and at the mouth of it is the place where it was said the traders lived, and the one was killed. To this place we came about three o'clock in the afternoon, and finding nobody there, we agreed to camp; that Nicholson and one of the Indians might go up to the town, and inquire into the truth of the report concerning the murder.

25*th.* — About seven o'clock, Nicholson and the Indian returned; they found nobody at the town but two old Indian women (the men being a hunting); from these they learnt that the trader was not killed, but drowned in attempting to ford the Ohio; and that only one boy, belonging to the traders, was in these parts; the trader (father to him) being gone for horses to take home their skins. About half an hour after seven we set out from our encampment; around which and up the creek is a body of fine land. In our passage down to this we see innumerable quantities of turkeys, and many deer watering and browsing on the shore-side, some of which we killed. Neither yesterday nor the day before did we pass any rifts, or very rapid water, the river gliding gently along; nor did we perceive any alteration in the general face of the country, except that the bottoms seemed to be getting a little longer and wider, as the bends of the river grew larger.

About five miles from the Vine Creek comes in a very large creek to the eastward, called by the Indians Cut Creek, from a town or tribe of Indians, which they say was cut off entirely in a very bloody battle between them and the Six Nations. This creek empties just at the lower end of an island, and is seventy or eighty yards wide; and I fancy it is the creek commonly called by the people of Redstone etc., Wheeling. It extends, according to the Indians' account, a great way, and interlocks with the branches of Split-Island Creek; abounding in very fine bottoms, and exceeding good land. Just below this, on the west side, comes in a small run; and about five miles below it, on the west side also, another middling large creek empties, called by the Indians Broken-Timber Creek; so named from the timber that is destroyed on it by a hurricane;

on the head of this was a town of the Delawares, which is now left. Two miles lower down, on the same side, is another creek smaller than the last, and bearing (according to the Indians) the same name. Opposite to these two creeks (on the east side) appears to be a large bottom of good land. About two miles below the last mentioned creek, on the east side, and at the end of the bottom aforementioned, comes in a small creek or large run. Seven miles from this comes in Muddy Creek, on the east side of the river, a pretty large creek, and heads up against and with some of the waters of Monongahela (according to the Indians' account), and contains some bottoms of very good land; but in general the hills are steep, and country broken about it. At the mouth of this creek is the largest flat I have seen upon the river; the bottom extending two or three miles up the river above it, and a mile below; tho it does not seem to be of the richest kind and yet is exceeding good upon the whole, if it be not too low and subject to freshets. About half way in the long reach we encamped, opposite to the beginning of a bottom on the east side of the river. At this place we threw out some lines at night and found a catfish, of the size of our largest river cats, hooked to it in the morning, though it was of the smallest kind here. We found no rifts in this day's passage, but pretty swift water in some places, and still in others. We found the bottoms increased in size, both as to length and breadth, and the river more choked up with fallen trees, and the bottom of the river next the shores rather more muddy, but in general stony, as it has been all the way down.

26th. — Left our encampment at half an hour after six o'clock, and passed a small run on the west side about four miles lower. At the lower end of the long reach, and for some distance up it, on the east side, is a large bottom, but low, and covered with beach near the river-shore, which is no indication of good land. The long reach is a straight course of the river for about eighteen or twenty miles, which appears the more extraordinary as the Ohio in general is remarkably crooked. There are several islands in this reach, some containing an hundred or more acres of land; but all I apprehend liable to be overflowed.

At the end of this reach we found one Martin and Lindsay, two traders, and from them learnt, that the person drowned was one Philips, attempting, in company with Rogers, another

Indian trader, to swim the river with their horses at an improper place; Rogers himself narrowly escaping. Five miles lower down comes in a large creek from the east, right against an island, of good land, at least a mile or two in length. At the mouth of this creek (the name of which I could not learn, except that it was called by some Bull's Creek, from one Bull that hunted on it) is a bottom of good land, though rather too much mixed with beech. Opposite to this island the Indians showed us a buffalo's path, the tracks of which we see. Five or six miles below the last mentioned creek we came to the Three Islands, before which we observed a small run on each side coming in. Below these islands is a large body of flat land, with a watercourse running through it on the east side, and the hills back neither so high nor steep in appearance, as they are up the river. On the other hand, the bottoms do not appear so rich, though much longer and wider. The bottom last mentioned is upon a straight reach of the river, I suppose six or eight miles in length, at the lower end of which on the east side comes in a pretty large run from the size of the mouth. About this, above, below and back, there seems to be a very large body of flat land with some little risings in it.

About twelve miles below the Three Islands we encamped, just above the mouth of a creek, which appears pretty large at the mouth, and just above an island. All the lands from a little below the creek, which I have distinguished by the name of Bull Creek, appear to be level, with some small hillocks intermixed, as far as we could see into the country. We met with no rifts to-day, but some pretty strong water; upon the whole tolerable gentle. The sides of the river were a good deal incommoded with old trees, which impeded our passage a little. This day proved clear and pleasant; the only day since the 18th that it did not rain or snow, or threaten the one or other. . . .

28*th*. — Left our encampment about seven o'clock. Two miles below, a small run comes in, on the east side, through a piece of land that has a very good appearance, the bottom beginning above our encampment, and continuing in appearance wide for four miles down, to a place where there comes in a small run, and to the hills, where we found Kiashuta and his hunting party encamped. Here we were under a necessity of paying our compliments, as this person was one of the Six Nation chiefs, and the head of them upon this river. In the

person of Kiashuta I found an old acquaintance, he being one of the Indians that went to the French in 1753. He expressed a satisfaction at seeing me, and treated us with great kindness, giving us a quarter of very fine buffalo. He insisted upon our spending that night with him, and, in order to retard us as little as possible, moves his camp down the river about 6 miles just below the mouth of the creek, the name of which I could not learn, it not being large. At this place we all encamped. After much counselling the over night, they all came to my fire the next morning with great formality; when Kiashuta, rehearsing what had passed between me and the Sachems at Colonel Croghan's, thanked me for saying, that peace and friendship were the wish of the people of Virginia (with them), and for recommending it to the traders to deal with them upon a fair and equitable footing; and then again expressed their desire of having a trade opened with Virginia, and that the governor thereof might not only be made acquainted therewith, but of their friendly disposition towards the white people. This I promised to do.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Watson, William, an English poet; born at Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, August 2, 1858. He was educated privately. In 1876 he began his literary work by contributions of verse and prose to the Liverpool "Argus." In 1880 appeared "The Prince's Quest," a book of verse. It was not until "Wordsworth's Grave" appeared in 1890 that he began to be looked upon as a poet of promise. He became famous by his "Lachrymæ Musarum" (1893), an elegy on the death of Alfred Tennyson. The year 1893 saw a large addition to his published work. In 1896 appeared his sonnets on the Armenian massacres, published under the title "The Purple East." His other works are "Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature" (1884); "Ver Tenebrosum" (a sonnet series attacking the English occupation of Egypt) (1885); "The Eloping Angels" (1893); "Excursions in Criticism" (1893); "Odes, and Other Poems" (1894); "The Father of the Forest, and Other Poems" (1895); "The Year of Shame," including "The Purple East" (1897); "The Hope of the World" (1898).

Wordsworth's Grave.

The old, rude church, with bare, bald tower, is here;
  Beneath its shadow high-born Rotha flows;
Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,
  And with cool murmur lulling his repose.

Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,
  His hills, his lakes, his streams are with him yet.
Surely the heart that read her own heart clear
  Nature forgets not soon: 't is we forget.

We that with vagrant soul his fixity
  Have slighted; faithless, done his deep faith wrong;
Left him for poorer loves, and bowed the knee
  To misbegotten, strange new gods of song.

Yet, led by hollow ghost or beckoning elf
  Far from her homestead to the desert bourn,
The vagrant soul, returning to herself
  Wearily wise, must needs to him return.

To him and to the powers that with him dwell —
  Inflowings that divulged not whence they came;
And that secluded spirit unknowable,
  The mystery we make darker with a name;

The Somewhat which we name but cannot know,
  Ev'n as we name a star and only see
His quenchless flashings forth, which ever show
  And ever hide him, and which are not he. . . .

Lachrymae Musarum.

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head;
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er;
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:
The singer of undying songs is dead.

Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,
While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf
From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,
With wandering sighs of forest and of wave
Mingles the murmur of a people's grief
For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.
He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers.
For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,
And soon the winter silence shall be ours;
Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame
Crowns with no mortal flowers.

Rapt though he be from us,
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus;
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each
Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach;
Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach;
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home;
Bright Keats to touch his raiment doth beseech;
Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam;

Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,
His equal friendship crave;
And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech
Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears,
To save from visitation of decay?
Not in this temporal sunlight, now, that bay
Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears
Sings he with lips of transitory clay;
For he hath joined the chorus of his peers
In habitations of the perfect day;
His earthly notes a heavenly audience hears,
And more melodious are henceforth the spheres,
Enriched with music stol'n from earth away.

He hath returned to regions whence he came.
Him doth the spirit divine
Of universal loveliness reclaim.
All nature is his shrine.
Seek him henceforward in the wind and sea,
In earth's and air's emotion or repose,
In every star's august serenity,
And in the rapture of the flaming rose.
There seek him, if ye would not seek in vain,
There, in the rhythm and music of the Whole;
Yea, and forever in the human soul
Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain.

For lo! creation's self is one great choir,
And what is nature's order but the rhyme
Whereto the worlds keep time,
And all things move with all things from their prime?
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes
The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose
The meaning of the riddle of her might;
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite
Save the enigma of herself she knows.
The master could not tell, with all his lore,

Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped:
Ev'n as the linnet sings, so I, he said —
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er
All woodland chants immortally prevail!
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,
He with diviner silence dwells instead,
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,
Unto no earthly airs, he trims his sail,
But far beyond our vision and our hail
Is heard forever and is seen no more.
No more, O never now,
Lord of the lofty and the tranquil brow
Whereon nor snows of time
Have fall'n, nor wintry rime,
Shall men behold thee, sage and mage sublime.
Once, in his youth obscure,
The maker of this verse, which shall endure
By splendor of its theme that cannot die,
Beheld thee eye to eye,
And touched through thee the hand
Of every hero of thy race divine,
Ev'n to the sire of all the laurelled line,
The sightless wanderer on the Ionian strand,
With soul as healthful as the poignant brine,
Wide as his skies and radiant as his seas,
Starry from haunts of his Familiars nine,
Glorious Mæonides.
Yea, I beheld thee, and behold thee yet:
Thou hast forgotten, but can I forget?
The accents of thy pure and sovereign tongue,
Are they not ever goldenly impressed
On memory's palimpsest?
I see thy wizard locks like night that hung,
I tread the floor thy hallowing feet have trod;
I see the hands a nation's lyre that strung,
The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.
The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;
The grass of yester-year
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay;
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;

The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust:
The poet doth remain.
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive;
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,
Like Virgil, shalt thy race and tongue survive,
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,
And rich with sweets from every Muse's hive;
While to the measure of the cosmic rune
For purer ears thou shalt thy lyre attune,
And heed no more the hum of idle praise
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,
Master who crown'st our immelodious days
With flower of perfect speech.

How Weary is Our Heart.

Of kings and courts, of kingly, courtly ways
In which the life of man is bought and sold,
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of ceremonious embassies that hold
Parley with Hell in fine and silken phrase,
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of wavering counsellors neither hot nor cold,
Whom from His mouth God speweth, be it told
How weary is our heart these many days!

Yea, for the ravelled night is round the lands,
And sick are we of all the imperial story.
The tramp of power, and its long trail of pain;
The mighty brows in meanest arts grown hoary;
The mighty hands,
That in the dear affronted name of Peace
Bind down a people to be racked and slain;
The emulous armies waxing without cease,
All-puissant all in vain;
The pacts and leagues to murder by delays,
And the dumb throngs that on the deaf thrones gaze;
The common, loveless lust of territory;
The lips that only babble of their mart,
While to the night the shrieking hamlets blaze;
The bought allegiance and the purchased praise,

False honor, and shameful glory —
Of all the evil whereof this is part,
How weary is our heart,
How weary is our heart these many days!

England to America.

(From "The Purple East.")

O towering daughter, Titan of the West,
Behind a thousand leagues of foam secure;
Thou toward whom our inward heart is pure
Of ill intent; although thou threatenest
With most unfilial hand thy mother's breast,
Not for one breathing-space may earth endure
The thought of war's intolerable cure
For such vague pains as vex to-day thy rest!

But if thou hast more strength than thou canst spend
In tasks of peace, and find'st her yoke too tame,
Help us to smite the cruel, to befriend
The succorless, and put the false to shame.
So shall the ages laud thee, and thy name
Be lovely among nations to the end.

The Armemian Horrors.

(From "The Purple East.")

Never, O craven England, nevermore
Prate thou of generous effort, righteous aim!
Betrayer of a People, know thy shame!
Summer hath passed, and Autumn's threshing floor
Been winnowed; Winter at Armenia's door
Snarls like a wolf; and still the sword and flame
Sleep not; thou only sleepest; and the same
Cry unto heaven ascends as heretofore;
And the red stream thou mightst have stanched yet runs;
And o'er the earth there sounds no trumpet's tone
To shake the ignoble torpor of thy sons;
But with indifferent eyes they watch, and see
Hell's regent sitting yonder, propped by thee,
Abdul the Damned, on his infernal throne.

You in high places; you that drive the steeds
Of empire; you that say unto our hosts
"Go thither," and they go; and from our coasts
Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail, their deeds
Shaking the world: lo! from the land that pleads
For mercy where no mercy is, the ghosts
Look in upon you faltering at your posts —
Upbraid you parleying while a People bleeds
To death. What stays the thunder in your hand?
A fear for England? Can her pillared fame
Only on faith forsworn securely stand?

On faith forsworn that murders babes and men?
Are such the terms of glory's tenure? Then
Fall her accursed greatness, in God's name!
Heaped in their ghastly graves they lie, the breeze
Sickening o'er fields where others vainly wait
For burial; and the butchers keep high state
In silken palaces of perfumed ease.
The panther of the desert, matched with these,
Is pitiful; beside their lust and hate,
Fire and plague wind are compassionate,
And soft the deadliest fangs of ravening seas.
How long shall they be borne? Is not the cup
Of crime yet full? Doth devildom still lack
Some consummating crown, that we hold back
The scourge, and in Christ's borders give them room?
How long shall they be borne, O England? Up,
Tempest of God, and sweep them to their doom!

The Turk in Armenia.

(From "The Purple East.")

What profits it, O England, to prevail
In camp and mart and council, and bestrew
With argosies thy oceans, and renew
With tribute levied on each golden gale
Thy treasuries, if thou canst hear the wail
Of women martyred by the turbaned crew,
Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,
And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?
We deemed of old thou held'st a charge from Him
Who watches girdled by His seraphim,

To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
Wait'st thou His sign? Enough, the unanswered cry
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the frown of God!

Repudiated Responsibility.

(From "The Purple East.")

I had not thought to hear it voiced so plain,
Uttered so forthright, on their lips who steer
This nation's course: I had not thought to hear
That word re-echoed by an English thane,
Guilt's maiden speech when first a man lay slain, —
"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yet full near
It sounded, and the syllables rang clear
As the immortal rhetoric of Cain.
"Wherefore should *we*, sirs, more than they — or they —
Unto these helpless reach a hand to save?"
An English thane, in this our English air,
Speaking for England? Then indeed her day
Slopes to its twilight, and for Honor there
Is needed but a requiem and a grave.

A Birthday.

(From "The Purple East.")

It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace:
Full long ago He lay with steeds in stall,
And universal Nature heard through all
Her borders that the reign of Pan must cease.
The fatness of the land, the earth's increase,
Cumbers the board; the holly hangs in hall;
Somewhat of her abundance Wealth lets fall, —
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.
The dead rot by the wayside; the unblest
Who live, in caves and desert mountains lurk
Trembling, — his foldless flock, shorn of their fleece.
Women in travail, babes that suck the breast,
Are spared not. Famine hurries to her work:
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

The Plague of Apathy.

(From "The Purple East.")

No tears are left: we have quickly spent that store!
  Indifference like a dewless night hath come.
  From wintry sea to sea the land lies numb.
With palsy of the spirit stricken sore,
The land lies numb from iron shore to shore.
  The unconcerned, they flourish; loud are some,
  And without shame. The multitude stand dumb.
The England that we vaunted is no more.
Only the witling's sneer, the worlding's smile,
  The weakling's tremors, fail him not who fain
Would rouse to noble deed. And all the while,
  A homeless people, in their mortal pain,
Toward one far and famous ocean isle
  Stretch hands of prayer, and stretch those hands in vain.

A Trial of Orthodoxy.

(From "The Purple East.")

The clinging children at their mother's knee
  Slain; and the sire and kindred one by one
  Flayed or hewn piecemeal; and things nameless done,
Not to be told: while imperturbably
The nations gaze, where Rhine unto the sea,
  Where Seine and Danube, Thames and Tiber run,
  And where great armies glitter in the sun,
And great kings rule, and man is boasted free!
What wonder if yon torn and naked throng
  Should doubt a heaven that seems to wink and nod,
And having moaned at noontide, "Lord, how long?"
    Should cry, "Where hidest thou?" at evenfall;
  At midnight, "Is he deaf and blind, our God?"
    And ere day dawn, "Is he indeed, at all?"

ISAAC WATTS.

Watts, Isaac, an English dissenting clergyman and hymnologist: born at Southampton, July 17, 1674; died near London, November 25, 1748. He was a precocious child; composed verses, as we are told, before he was three years old, began to study Latin at four, and could read easy authors at five. In 1698 he was chosen assistant minister of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane, London, of which he became pastor in 1702. Owing to feeble health he resigned this charge, and in 1712 was invited by Sir Thomas Abney, of Abney Park, near London, to enter his family circle. Here he lived during the remaining thirty-six years of his life, preaching not unfrequently, and writing many books in prose and verse. His poems are all of a religious character, many of them written for children. He versified the Entire Book of Psalms, "Psalms of David Imitated" (1719), and many of his Hymns find a place in the hymn-books of all denominations of Christians.

Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head:
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary finds eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

THE HOLY NIGHT

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King"

From a Painting by H. Grass

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Joy to the World, the Lord is Come.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her king ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and flowers, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Thou Whom my Soul Admires Above.

Thou whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love, —
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should thy bride appear like one
Who turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

Welcome, sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

One day amidst this place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

There is a Land of Pure Delight.

There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove, —
These gloomy doubts that rise, —
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet.
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite.

(From "Divine and Moral Songs for Children.")

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature, too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son, —
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man,
And God his father, too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above;
And from his heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

How Doth the Little Busy Bee.

(From "Divine and Moral Songs for Children.")

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell;
How neat she spreads the wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

A Cradle Hymn.

(Abbreviated from the original.)

Hush! my dear, lie still, and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay:
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
There they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen feed;
Peace, my darling, here 's no danger,
Here 's no ox anear thy bed.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

From All That Dwell.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue!

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Webster, Daniel, the celebrated American statesman and orator; born at Salisbury (now Franklin), N. H., January 18, 1782; died at Marshfield, Mass., October 24, 1852. He was graduated at Dartmouth in 1801; commenced the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1805, and the next year entered upon practice at Portsmouth, N. H. In 1812 he was elected to Congress from New Hampshire, and was re-elected in 1814. In 1816 he removed to Boston, and soon acquired an extensive legal practice. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from Boston, and in 1827 was chosen to the United States Senate, and held that position until 1841, when he became Secretary of State in the administration of Mr. W. H. Harrison, retaining that place during a portion of the administration of Mr. Tyler, who became President upon the death of Mr. Harrison. In 1850 he again became Secretary of State in the administration of Mr. Fillmore. His health beginning visibly to decline, he tendered his resignation of the secretaryship, which was declined by the President. The closing months of his life were passed at his residence of Marshfield, a few miles from Boston. The "Works" of Daniel Webster consist of "Orations," "Discourses," and "Addresses" on various occasions; "Legal Arguments;" "Speeches" and "Debates" in Congress, and "Diplomatic Papers." Two volumes of his "Private Correspondence," edited by his son, were published in 1858. His "Life" has been written by several persons, notably by George Ticknor Curtis (1869).

Massachusetts and South Carolina.

(From the Speech in the Senate, January 26th, 1830.)

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own

great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exists, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts: she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past at least is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

Liberty and Union.

(From the Speech in the Senate, January 26th, 1830.)

If anything be found in the national Constitution, either by original provision or subsequent interpretation, which ought not to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction be established unacceptable to them, so as to become practically a part of the Constitution, they will amend it at their own sovereign pleasure. But while the people choose to maintain it as it is, while they are satisfied with it and refuse to change it, who has given or who can give to the State legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction, or otherwise? Gentlemen do not seem to recollect that the people have any power to do anything for themselves. They imagine there is no safety for them any longer than they

are under the close guardianship of the State legislatures. Sir, the people have not trusted their safety, in regard to the general Constitution, to these hands. They have required other security, and taken other bonds. They have chosen to trust themselves, first, to the plain words of the instrument, and to such construction as the government itself, in doubtful cases, should put on its own powers, and under their oaths of office, and subject to their responsibility to them; just as the people of a State trust their own State government with a similar power. Secondly, they have reposed their trust in the efficacy of frequent elections; and in their own power to remove their own servants and agents whenever they see cause. Thirdly, they have reposed trust in the judicial power; which, in order that it might be trustworthy, they have made as respectable, as disinterested, and as independent as was practicable. Fourthly, they have seen fit to rely, in case of necessity, or high expediency, on their known and admitted power to alter or amend the Constitution, peaceably and quietly, whenever experience shall point out defects or imperfections. And finally, the people of the United States have at no time, in no way, directly or indirectly, authorized any State legislature to construe or interpret *their* high instrument of government; much less to interfere by their own power, to arrest its course and operation.

If, sir, the people in these respects had done otherwise than they have done, their Constitution could neither have been preserved, nor would it have been worth preserving. And if its plain provisions shall now be disregarded, and these new doctrines interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies, whether early or more recent, could possibly desire. It will exist in every State but as a poor dependent on State permission. It must borrow leave to be; and will be, no longer than State pleasure or State discretion sees fit to grant the indulgence, and prolong its poor existence.

But, sir, although there are fears, there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen Constitution, for forty years; and have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be; evaded, undermined, *nullified*, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here as

agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust, faithfully to preserve and wisely to administer it.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forward with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, — for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread over all in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

The Drum-Beat of England.

(From Speech in the Senate, May 7th, 1834.)

The Senate regarded this interposition [the President's Protest] as an encroachment by the executive on other branches of the government; as an interference with the legislative disposition of the public treasure. It was strongly and forcibly urged yesterday by the honorable member from South Carolina, that the true and only mode of preserving any balance of power in mixed governments is to keep an exact balance. This is very true; and to this end encroachment must be resisted at the first step. The question is therefore whether, upon the true principles of the Constitution, this exercise of power by the President can be justified. Whether the consequences be prejudicial or not, if there be any illegal exercise of power it is to be resisted in the proper manner. Even if no harm or inconvenience result from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to be suffered to pass unnoticed. Every encroach-

ment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are intrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was in their eyes enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest against an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye or well-directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared: a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drumbeat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

Imaginary Speech of John Adams.

(From the "Discourse on the Lives and Services of Adams and Jefferson," August 2d, 1826.)

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there 's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, — is not he, our venerable colleague near you, — are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, — that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago in this place moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, — may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

"The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us; which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that

England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army: every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit: religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country

shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour to sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On this annual return they will shed tears, — copious, gushing tears, — not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, — Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER."

And so that day shall be honored, illustrious prophet and patriot! so that day shall be honored; and as often as it returns, thy renown shall come along with it; and the glory of thy life, like the day of thy death, shall not fail from the remembrance of men.

Murder Will Out.

(Argument on the Trial of F. J. Knapp for the Murder of Joseph White.)

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs,

and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer. It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later.

A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds

itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth.

The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

JOHN WEBSTER.

Webster, John, an English dramatist; born, probably, in 1582; died in 1638. Little is known concerning his life. He wrote in collaboration with Ford and Dekker between 1601 and 1624. His individual plays are "The Duchess of Malfi" (1623); "Guise, or the Massacre of France;" "The Devil's Law-Case;" "Appius and Virginia;" and "The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona" (1612). Webster has been called the "dramatist of terror and of pity." Hazlitt calls him "the noble-minded." "Webster possessed very considerable powers," says Hallam, "and ought to be ranked, I think, the next below Ford. With less of poetic grace than Shirley, he had incomparably more vigor; with less of nature and simplicity than Heywood, he had a more elevated genius and a bolder pencil. But the deep sorrows and terrors of tragedy were peculiarly his provinces." His plays were first published collectively by Dyce in 1830.

From "The Duchess of Malfi."

[The Duchess of Malfi, having secretly married her steward Antonio, arouses thereby the wrath of her brother, Duke Ferdinand, the heir of her great fortune had she died childless. She is forced to separate from her husband, and by the order of her brother she and her children and her attendant Cariola are put to death.]

Scene: Room in the Duchess's Lodging. Enter Duchess *and* Cariola.

Duchess. What hideous noise was that?
Cariola. 'T is the wild consort
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny,
I think, was never practised till this hour.
Duchess. Indeed, I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Cariola. Oh, 't will increase your melancholy.
Duchess. Thou art deceived:
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?

CARIOLA. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.
DUCHESS. Thou art a fool:
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
CARIOLA. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?
DUCHESS. Of nothing;
When I muse thus I sleep.
CARIOLA. Like a madman, with your eyes open?
DUCHESS. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?
CARIOLA. Yes, out of question.
DUCHESS. Oh that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I 'll tell thee a miracle:
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow;
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar:
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?
CARIOLA. Like to your picture in the gallery, —
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.
DUCHESS. Very proper;
And fortune seems only to have her eyesight
To behold my tragedy. — How now!
What noise is that?

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object,
Being full of change and sport, forced him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke: the selfsame cure
The duke intends on you.
DUCHESS. Let them come in.
SERVANT. There 's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy; an astrologian

That in his works said such a day o' the month
Should be the day of doom, and, failing o't,
Ran mad; an English tailor crazed i' the brain
With the study of new fashions; a gentleman-usher
Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
The number of his lady's salutations
Or "How do you" she employed him in each morning;
A farmer too, an excellent knave in grain,
Mad 'cause he was hindered transportation:
And let one broker that's mad loose to these,
You'd think the Devil were among them.

DUCHESS. Sit, Cariola. — Let them loose when you please,
For I am chained to endure all your tyranny.

Enter Madmen.

[*Here this song is sung to a dismal kind of music by a Madman.*]

Oh, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly doggèd howl,
Sounding as from the threatening throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,
Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears
And còrrosived your hearts.
And last, whenas our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest,
We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

FIRST MADMAN. Doomsday not come yet! I'll draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the world on fire upon the instant. I cannot sleep — my pillow is stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

SECOND MADMAN. Hell is a mere glass-house, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow irons, and the fire never goes out.

. . . . . .

FIRST MADMAN. I have skill in heraldry.

SECOND MADMAN. Hast?

FIRST MADMAN. You do give for your crest a woodcock's head with the brains picked out on't; you are a very ancient gentleman.

THIRD MADMAN. Greek is turned Turk: we are only to be saved by the Helvetian translation.

FIRST MADMAN. Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

SECOND MADMAN. Oh, rather lay a corrosive: the law will eat to the bone.

THIRD MADMAN. He that drinks but to satisfy nature is damned.

. . . . . .

FOURTH MADMAN. I have pared the Devil's nails forty times, roasted them in raven's eggs, and cured agues with them.

THIRD MADMAN. Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets to procure sleep.

. . . . . .

[*Here a dance of Eight Madmen, with music answerable thereto; after which* BOSOLA, *like an Old Man, enters.*]

DUCHESS. Is he mad too?

SERVANT. Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Madmen.

BOSOLA. I am come to make thy tomb.

DUCHESS. Ha! my tomb!

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

BOSOLA. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

DUCHESS. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

BOSOLA. Yes.

DUCHESS. Who am I?

BOSOLA. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? A little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

DUCHESS. Am not I thy duchess?

BOSOLA. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

DUCHESS. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

BOSOLA. That makes thy sleep so broken:

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

DUCHESS. Thou art very plain.

BOSOLA. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living: I am a tomb-maker.

DUCHESS. And thou comest to make my tomb?

BOSOLA. Yes.

DUCHESS. Let me be a little merry: — of what stuff wilt thou make it?

BOSOLA. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

DUCHESS. Why do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? do we affect fashion in the grave?

BOSOLA. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the tooth-ache: they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the selfsame way they seem to turn their faces.

DUCHESS. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.

BOSOLA. Now I shall:

Enter Executioners, *with a coffin, cords, and a bell.*

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

DUCHESS. Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

BOSOLA. This is your last presence-chamber.

CARIOLA. O my sweet lady!

DUCHESS. Peace: it affrights not me.

BOSOLA. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.

DUCHESS. Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

BOSOLA. 'T was to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen,
Hark! now everything is still.
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay 's now competent:
A long war disturbed your mind:
Here your perfect peace is signed.

Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping ?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'T is now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan and come away.

CARIOLA. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady ? — Call for help.

DUCHESS. To whom ? to our next neighbors ? they are mad-folks.

BOSOLA. Remove that noise.

DUCHESS. Farewell, Cariola.
In my last will I have not much to give, —
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poor reversion.

CARIOLA. I will die with her.

DUCHESS. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[*Cariola is forced out by the Executioners.*]

Now what you please:
What death ?

BOSOLA. Strangling; here are your executioners.

DUCHESS. I forgive them:
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs
Would do as much as they do.

BOSOLA. Doth not death fright you ?

DUCHESS. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world ?

BOSOLA. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you.

DUCHESS. Not a whit:
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds ? or to be smotherèd
With cassia ? or to be shot to death with pearls ?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 't is found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,

You may open them both ways ; any way, for Heaven sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's-fault:
I 'd not be tedious to you.

FIRST EXECUTIONER. We are ready.

DUCHESS. Dispose my breath how please you ; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you ?

FIRST EXECUTIONER. Yes.

DUCHESS. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me ; —
Yet stay : heaven-gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces ; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. [*Kneels.*] Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep ! —
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*The Executioners strangle the Duchess.*]

CHARLES WESLEY.

Wesley, Charles, an English clergyman and hymnologist; born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, December 18, 1708; died at London, March 29, 1788. He was a younger brother of John Wesley, with whom he studied at Christ Church, Oxford, and with whom he went to Georgia in 1735, returning with him to England after about two years. He was an earnest co-laborer with John Wesley in the so-called "Methodist" movement, was an eloquent preacher, and a voluminous writer on theological topics. Charles Wesley is distinctively known as "the poet of Methodism," and many of his hymns rank among the best in our language.

Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be:
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Eternal Beam of Light Divine.

Eternal Beam of Light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath and heaven above;

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

O Death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought:
Dearest God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon thy breast, —
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

Hold me fast in thy embrace,
Let me see thy smiling face.
Give me, Lord, thy blessing give;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife,
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

Oh, that I may never know
What the wicked people do!
Sin is contrary to thee.
Sin is the forbidden tree.

Keep me from the great offence,
Guard my helpless innocence;
Hide me, from all evil hide,
Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

Lamb of God, I look to thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind:
Let me have thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be:
Thou art all humility.
Let me to my betters bow:
Subject to thy parents thou.

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek thine own;
Thou thy self didst never please,
God was all thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am.
Make me, Savior, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days:
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

Thou Very Present Aid.

Thou very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.
The soul by faith reclined
On his Redeemer's breast
Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind,
The wounded spirit's Balm thou art,
The Healer of mankind.

In deep affliction blest,
With thee I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distrest,
Thine all-sufficient love.

Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
In vain the creature-streams are dry:
I have the Fountain still.
Stript of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone.

Hail! Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy Church below!
One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim:
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

Thee, holy Father we confess;
Thee, holy Son adore;
Thee, Spirit of true holiness
We worship evermore.
Thine incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive,
Which angel-choirs and saints in light
And saints embodied give.

Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing thy praise above.
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord
(Our heavenly song shall be),
Supreme, essential One adored
In coeternal Three!

A Charge to Keep I Have.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on thee I cast my care.

Reach me out thy gracious hand!
While I of thy strength receive:
Hoping against hope I stand;
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More then all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art:
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

JOHN WESLEY.

WESLEY, JOHN, an English divine, the founder of Methodism; born at Epworth, June 28, 1703; died at London, March 2, 1791. He was placed, at the age of eleven, in the Charterhouse School at London. At sixteen he was elected to Christ Church College, Oxford, and at twenty-three was chosen a Fellow of Lincoln College. He was admitted to deacon's orders in the Anglican Church in 1725, and to priest's orders in 1728. At Oxford, John Wesley, his brother Charles, and several other students formed themselves into a club, for religious study, the members of which were jeeringly styled "Methodists." This name has been adopted by his followers in the United States, but in Great Britain they usually style themselves "Wesleyans." In 1735 he was invited by General Oglethorpe to go out with him as missionary chaplain to his colony of Georgia. He remained here more than two years, when he returned to England. In July, 1740, he made a formal church organization in London, and began his work as an independent minister. His ministry continued for fully fifty years. He continued his active labors to the very close of his life; his last sermon being delivered only eight days before his death, in his eighty-eighth year. He extended his spiritual jurisdiction over the British colonies. This supervision was continued after the colonies in America had become independent, and in 1784 he organized the Methodists in the United States into a separate Episcopal body. The works of Wesley are very numerous. They embrace sermons, essays, translations, and abridgments, many of them designed for text-books in the schools of his societies. He also wrote many hymns, in part free translations from German hymnists.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

(From the "First Discourse upon the Sermon on the Mount.")

THIS is that kingdom of heaven, or of God, which is within us: even "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And what is "righteousness," but the life of God in the soul; the mind which was in Christ Jesus; the image of

JOHN WESLEY PREACHING TO THE INDIANS

God stamped upon the heart now renewed after the likeness of him that created it? What is it but the love of God, because he first loved us, and the love of all mankind for his sake?

And what is this "peace," the peace of God, but that calm serenity of soul, that sweet repose in the blood of Jesus, which leaves no doubt of our acceptance in him; which excludes all fear, but the loving, filial fear of offending our Father which is in heaven?

This inward kingdom implies also "joy in the Holy Ghost;" who seals upon our hearts "the redemption which is in Jesus," the righteousness of Christ imputed to us "for the remission of the sins that are past;" who giveth us now "the earnest of our inheritance," of the crown which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give at that day. And well may this be termed "the kingdom of heaven;" seeing it is heaven already opened in the soul; the first springing up of those rivers of pleasure which flow at God's right hand for evermore.

"Theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Whosoever thou art to whom God hath given to be "poor in spirit," to feel thyself lost, thou hast a right thereto, through the gracious promise of Him who cannot lie. It is purchased for thee by the blood of the Lamb. It is very nigh: thou art on the brink of heaven! Another step, and thou enterest into the kindgom of righteousness, and peace, and joy! Art thou all sin? "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!" All unholy? See thy "Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous"! Art thou unable to atone for the least of thy sins? "He is the propitiation for [all thy] sins." Now believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and all thy sins are blotted out! Art thou totally unclean in soul and body? Here is the "fountain for sin and uncleanness"! "Arise, and wash away thy sins!" Stagger no more at the promise through unbelief! Give glory to God! Dare to believe! Now cry out from the ground of thy heart, —

> "Yes, I yield, I yield at last,
> Listen to thy speaking blood;
> Me, with all my sins, I cast
> On my atoning God!"

Then thou learnest of him to be "lowly of heart." And this is the true, genuine, Christian humility, which flows from

a sense of the love of God, reconciled to us in Christ Jesus. Poverty of spirit, in this meaning of the word, begins where a sense of guilt and of the wrath of God ends; and is a continual sense of our total dependence on him for every good thought, or word, or work, — of our utter inability to all good, unless he "water us every moment," and an abhorrence of the praise of men, knowing that all praise is due unto God only. With this is joined a loving shame, a tender humiliation before God, even for the sins which we know he hath forgiven us, and for the sin which still remaineth in our hearts, although we know it is not imputed to our condemnation. Nevertheless, the conviction we feel of inbred sin is deeper and deeper every day. The more we grow in grace, the more do we see of the desperate wickedness of our heart. The more we advance in the knowledge and love of God through our Lord Jesus Christ (as great a mystery as this may appear to those who know not the power of God unto salvation), the more do we discern of our alienation from God, — of the enmity that is in our carnal mind, and the necessity of our being entirely renewed in righteousness and true holiness.

The Love that Hopeth and Endureth All Things.

(From the "Second Discourse upon the Sermon on the Mount.")

And when it can no longer believe, then love "hopeth all things." Is any evil related of any man? Love hopes that the relation is not true, that the thing related was never done. Is it certain it was? — "But perhaps it was not done with such circumstances as are related; so that allowing the fact, there is room to hope it was not so ill as it is represented." Was the action apparently, undeniably evil? Love hopes the intention was not so. Is it clear the design was evil too? — "Yet might it not spring, not from the settled temper of the heart, but from a start of passion, or from some vehement temptation, which hurried the man beyond himself?" And even when it cannot be doubted but all the actions, designs, and tempers are equally evil, still love hopes that God will at last make bare his arm and get himself the victory; and that there shall be "joy in heaven over [this] one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."

Lastly: It "endureth all things." This completes the character of him that is truly merciful. He endureth not some, not many things only, not most, but absolutely *all things*. Whatever the injustice, the malice, the cruelty of men can inflict, he is able to suffer. He calls nothing intolerable; he never says of anything, "This is not to be borne." No: he cannot only do but suffer all things through Christ which strengtheneth him. And all he suffers does not destroy his love, nor impair it in the least. It is proof against all. It is a flame that burns even in the midst of the great deep. "Many waters cannot quench" his "love, neither can the floods drown it." It triumphs over all. It "never faileth," either in time or in eternity.

> "Thus in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
> Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
> But lasting charity's more ample sway —
> Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay —
> In happy triumph shall forever live,
> And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive."

So shall "the merciful obtain mercy:" not only by the blessing of God upon all their ways, by his now repaying the love they bear to their brethren a thousandfold into their own bosom; but likewise by "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory," in the "kingdom prepared for them from the beginning of the world."

STANLEY JOHN WEYMAN.

Weyman, Stanley John, an English novelist; born at Ludlow, Shropshire, August 7, 1855. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1878 he was classical instructor in the King's School, Chester, read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1881, and practised until 1890. His first writings appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" in 1883. His works are: "The House of the Wolf" (1890); "Francis Cludde" (1891); "The New Rector" (1891); "A Gentleman of France" (1893); "Under the Red Robe" (1894); "My Lady Rotha" (1894); "The Man in Black" (1894); "The Red Cockade" (1895); "The King's Stratagem, and Other Stories" (1895); "From the Memoirs of a Minister of France" (1895); "Shrewsbury" (1897); "For the Cause" (1897); "The Castle Inn" (1898).

The Eve of St. Bartholomew.

(From "The House of the Wolf.")

Waiting, and waiting alone! The gates were almost down now. The gang of ruffians without, reinforced each moment by volunteers eager for plunder, rained blows unceasingly on hinge and socket; and still hotter and faster through a dozen rifts in the timbers came the fire of their threats and curses. Many grew tired, but others replaced them. Tools broke, but they brought more and worked with savage energy.. They had shown at first a measure of prudence; looking to be fired on, and to be resisted by men, surprised, indeed, but desperate; and the bolder of them only had advanced. But now they pressed round unchecked, meeting no resistance. They would scarcely stand back to let the sledges have swing; but hallooed and ran in on the creaking beams and beat them with their fists, whenever the gates swayed under a blow.

One stout iron bar still held its place. And this I watched as if fascinated. I was alone in the empty courtyard, standing a little aside, sheltered by one of the stone pillars from which

the gates hung. Behind me the door of the house stood ajar. Candles, which the daylight rendered garish, still burned in the rooms on the first floor, of which the tall, narrow windows were open. On the wide stone sill of one of these stood Croisette, a boyish figure, looking silently down at me, his hand on the latticed shutter. He looked pale, and I nodded and smiled at him. I felt rather anger than fear myself; remembering, as the fiendish cries half deafened me, old tales of the Jacquerie and its doings, and how we had trodden it out.

Suddenly the din and tumult flashed to a louder note; as when hounds on the scent give tongue at sight. I turned quickly from the house, recalled to a sense of the position and peril. The iron bar was yielding to the pressure. Slowly the left wing of the gate was sinking inwards. Through the widening chasm I caught a glimpse of wild, grimy faces and bloodshot eyes, and heard above the noise a sharp cry from Croisette — a cry of terror. Then I turned and ran, with a defiant gesture and an answering yell, right across the forecourt and up the steps to the door.

I ran the faster for the sharp report of a pistol behind me, and the whirr of a ball past my ear. But I was not scared by it; and as my feet alighted with a bound on the topmost step, I glanced back. The dogs were half-way across the court. I made a bungling attempt to shut and lock the great door — failed in this; and heard behind me a roar of coarse triumph. I waited for no more. I darted up the oak staircase four steps at a time, and rushed into the great drawing-room on my left, banging the door behind me.

The once splendid room was in a state of strange disorder. Some of the rich tapestry had been hastily torn down. One window was closed and shuttered; no doubt Croisette had done it. The other two were open — as if there had not been time to close them — and the cold light which they admitted contrasted in ghastly fashion with the yellow rays of candles still burning in the sconces. The furniture had been huddled aside or piled into a barricade, a *chevaux de frise* of chairs and tables stretching across the width of the room, its interstices stuffed with, and its weakness partly screened by, the torn-down hangings. Behind this frail defence, their backs to a door which seemed to lead to an inner room, stood Marie and Croisette, pale and defiant. The former had a long pike; the latter lev-

elled a heavy, bell-mouthed arquebuse across the back of a chair, and blew up his match as I entered. Both had in addition procured swords. I darted like a rabbit through a little tunnel left on purpose for me in the rampart, and took my stand by them.

"Is all right?" ejaculated Croisette, turning to me nervously.

"All right, I think," I answered. I was breathless.

"You are not hurt?"

"Not touched!"

I had just time then to draw my sword before the assailants streamed into the room, a dozen ruffians, reeking and tattered, with flushed faces and greedy, staring eyes. Once inside, however, suddenly — so suddenly that an idle spectator might have found the change ludicrous — they came to a stop. Their wild cries ceased, and tumbling over one another with curses and oaths they halted, surveying us in muddled surprise; seeing what was before them, and not liking it. Their leader appeared to be a tall butcher with a pole-axe on his half-naked shoulder; but there were among them two or three soldiers in the royal livery and carrying pikes. They had looked for victims only, having met with no resistance at the gate, and the foremost recoiled now on finding themselves confronted by the muzzle of the arquebuse and the lighted match.

I seized the occasion. I knew, indeed, that the pause presented our only chance, and I sprang on a chair and waved my hand for silence. The instinct of obedience for the moment asserted itself; there was a stillness in the room.

"Beware!" I cried loudly — as loudly and confidently as I could, considering that there was a quaver at my heart as I looked on those savage faces which met and yet avoided my eye. "Beware of what you do! We are Catholics one and all like yourselves, and good sons of the Church. Ay, and good subjects too! *Vive le roi*, gentlemen! God save the King! I say." And I struck the barricade with my sword until the metal rang again. "God save the King!"

"Cry *Vive la Messe!*" shouted one.

"Certainly, gentlemen!" I replied, with politeness. "With all my heart. *Vive la Messe! Vive la Messe!*"

This took the butcher, who luckily was still sober, utterly aback. He had never thought of this. He stared at us as if the ox he had been about to fell had opened its mouth and

spoken, and grievously at a loss, he looked for help to his companions.

Later in the day, some Catholics were killed by the mob. But their deaths as far as could be learned afterwards were due to private feuds. Save in such cases — and they were few — the cry of *Vive la Messe!* always obtained at least a respite: more easily of course in the earlier hours of the morning, when the mob were scarce at ease in their liberty to kill, while killing still seemed murder, and men were not yet drunk with bloodshed.

I read the hesitation of the gang in their faces; and when one asked roughly who we were, I replied with greater boldness, "I am M. Anne de Caylus, nephew to the Vicomte de Caylus, Governor, under the King, of Bayonne and the Landes!" This I said with what majesty I could. "And these," I continued, "are my brothers. You will harm us at your peril, gentlemen. The Vicomte, believe me, will avenge every hair of our heads."

I can shut my eyes now and see the stupid wonder, the balked ferocity of those gaping faces. Dull and savage as the men were, they were impressed; they saw reason indeed, and all seemed going well for us when some one in the rear shouted, "Cursed whelps! Throw them over!"

I looked swiftly in the direction whence the voice came — the darkest corner of the room — the corner by the shuttered window. I thought I made out a slender figure, cloaked and masked — a woman's it might be, but I could not be certain — and beside it a couple of sturdy fellows, who kept apart from the herd and well behind their fugleman.

The speaker's courage arose no doubt from his position at the back of the room, for the foremost of the assailants seemed less determined. We were only three, and we must have gone down, barricade and all, before a rush. But three are three. And an arquebuse — Croisette's match burned splendidly — well loaded with slugs is an ugly weapon at five paces, and makes nasty wounds, besides scattering its charge famously. This a good many of them, and the leaders in particular, seemed to recognize. We might certainly take two or three lives: and life is valuable to its owner when plunder is afoot. Besides, most of them had common-sense enough to remember that there were scores of Huguenots — genuine heretics — to be robbed for the killing. So why go out of the way, they rea-

soned, to cut a Catholic throat, and perhaps get into trouble? Why risk Montfaucon for a whim? and offend a man of influence like the Vicomte de Caylus, for nothing!

Unfortunately at this crisis their original design was recalled to their minds by the same voice behind, crying out, "Pavannes! Where is Pavannes?"

"Ay!" shouted the butcher, grasping the idea, and at the same time spitting on his hands and taking a fresh grip of the axe, "Show us the heretic dog, and go! Let us at him."

"M. de Pavannes," I said coolly — but I could not take my eyes off the shining blade of that man's axe, it was so very broad and sharp — "is not here!"

"That is a lie! He is in that room behind you!" the prudent gentleman in the background called out. "Give him up!"

"Ay, give him up!" echoed the man of the pole-axe, almost good-humoredly, "or it will be the worse for you. Let us have at him and get you gone!"

This with an air of much reason, while a growl as of a chained beast ran through the crowd, mingled with cries of "*À mort les Huguenots! Vive Lorraine!*" — cries which seemed to show that all did not approve of the indulgence offered us.

"Beware, gentlemen, beware," I urged, "I swear he is not here! I swear it, do you hear?"

A howl of impatience, and then a sudden movement of the crowd as though the rush were coming, warned me to temporize no longer. "Stay! Stay!" I added hastily. "One minute! Hear me! You are too many for us. Will you swear to let us go safe and untouched, if we give you passage?"

A dozen voices shrieked assent. But I looked at the butcher only. He seemed to be an honest man, out of his profession.

"Ay, I swear it!" he cried with a nod.

"By the Mass?"

"By the Mass."

I twitched Croisette's sleeve, and he tore the fuse from his weapon, and flung the gun — too heavy to be of use to us longer — to the ground. It was done in a moment. While the mob swept over the barricade, and smashed the rich furniture of it in wanton malice, we filed aside, and nimbly slipped under it one by one. Then we hurried in single file to the end of the room, no one taking much notice of us. All were pressing on, intent on their prey. We gained the door as the

butcher struck his first blow on that which we had guarded — on that which we had given up. We sprang down the stairs with bounding hearts, heard as we reached the outer door the roar of many voices, but stayed not to look behind — paused indeed for nothing. Fear, to speak candidly, lent us wings. In three seconds we had leapt the prostrate gates, and were in the street. A cripple, two or three dogs, a knot of women looking timidly yet curiously in, a horse tethered to the staple — we saw nothing else. No one stayed us. No one raised a hand, and in another minute we had turned a corner, and were out of sight of the house.

"They will take a gentleman's word another time," I said with a quiet smile, as I put up my sword.

"I would like to see her face at this moment," Croisette replied. "You saw Madame d'O?"

I shook my head, not answering. I was not sure, and I had a queer, sickening dread of the subject. If I had seen her, I had seen — oh! it was too horrible, too unnatural! Her own sister! Her own brother-in-law!

I hastened to change the subject. "The Pavannes," I made shift to say, "must have had five minutes' start."

"More," Croisette answered, "if Madame and he got away at once. If all has gone well with them, and they have not been stopped in the streets, they should be at Mirepoix's by now. They seemed to be pretty sure that he would take them in."

"Ah!" I sighed. "What fools we were to bring Madame from that place! If we had not meddled with her affairs we might have reached Louis long ago — our Louis, I mean."

"True," Croisette answered softly, "but remember that then we should not have saved the other Louis — as I trust we have. He would still be in Pallavicini's hands. Come, Anne, let us think it is all for the best," he added, his face shining with a steady courage that shamed me. "To the rescue! Heaven will help us to be in time yet!"

"Ay, to the rescue!" I replied, catching his spirit. "First to the right, I think, second to the left, first on the right again. That was the direction given us, was it not? The house opposite a book-shop with the sign of the Head of Erasmus. Forward, boys! We may do it yet."

But before I pursue our fortunes farther let me explain. The room we had guarded so jealously was empty! The plan

had been mine, and I was proud of it. For once Croisette had fallen into his rightful place. My flight from the gate, the vain attempt to close the house, the barricade before the inner door — these were all designed to draw the assailants to one spot. Pavannes and his wife — the latter hastily disguised as a boy — had hidden behind the door of the hutch by the gates — the porter's hutch, and had slipped out and fled in the first confusion of the attack.

Even the servants, as we learned afterwards, who had hidden themselves in the lower parts of the house, got away in the same manner, though some of them — they were but few in all — were stopped as Huguenots and killed before the day ended. I had the more reason to hope that Pavannes and his wife would get clear off, inasmuch as I had given the Duke's ring to him, thinking it might serve him in a strait, and believing that we should have little to fear ourselves, once clear of his house; unless we should meet the Vidame indeed.

We did not meet him, as it turned out; but before we had traversed a quarter of the distance we had to go we found that fears based on reason were not the only terrors we had to resist. Pavannes' house, where we had hitherto been, stood at some distance from the centre of the blood-storm which was enwrapping unhappy Paris that morning. It was several hundred paces from the Rue de Béthisy, where the Admiral lived, and what with this comparative remoteness and the excitement of our own little drama, we had not attended much to the fury of the bells, the shots and cries and uproar which proclaimed the state of the city. We had not pictured the scenes which were happening so near. Now in the streets the truth broke upon us, and drove the blood from our cheeks. A hundred yards, the turning of a corner, sufficed. We who but yesterday left the country, who only a week before were boys, careless as other boys, not recking of death at all, were plunged now into the midst of horrors I cannot describe. And the awful contrast between the sky above and the things about us! Even now the lark was singing not far from us; the sunshine was striking the topmost stories of the houses; the fleecy clouds were passing overhead, the freshness of a summer morning was —

Ah! where was it? Not here in the narrow lanes surely, that echoed and re-echoed with shrieks and curses and frantic prayers: in which bands of furious men rushed up and down,

and where archers of the guard and the more cruel rabble were breaking in doors and windows, and hurrying with bloody weapons from house to house, seeking, pursuing, and at last killing in some horrid corner, some place of darkness — killing with blow on blow dealt on writhing bodies! Not here, surely, where each minute a child, a woman died silently, a man snarling like a wolf — happy if he had snatched his weapon and got his back to the wall; where foul corpses dammed the very blood that ran down the kennel, and children — little children — played with them!

I was at Cahors in 1580 in the great street fight; and there women were killed. I was with Chatillon nine years later, when he rode through the Faubourgs of Paris, with this very day and his father Coligny in his mind, and gave no quarter. I was at Courtas and Ivry, and more than once have seen prisoners led out to be piked in batches — ay, and by hundreds! But war is war, and these were its victims, dying for the most part under God's heaven with arms in their hands: not men and women fresh roused from their sleep. I felt on those occasions no such horror, I have never felt such burning pity and indignation as on the morning I am describing, that long-past summer morning when I first saw the sun shining on the streets of Paris. Croisette clung to me, sick and white, shutting his eyes and ears, and letting me guide him as I would. Marie strode along on the other side of him, his lips closed, his eyes sinister. Once a soldier of the guard, whose blood-stained hands betrayed the work he had done, came reeling — he was drunk, as were many of the butchers — across our path, and I gave way a little. Marie did not, but walked stolidly on as if he did not see him, as if the way were clear, and there were no ugly thing in God's image blocking it.

Only his hand went as if by accident to the haft of his dagger. The archer — fortunately for himself and for us too — reeled clear of us. We escaped that danger. But to see women killed and pass by — it was horrible! So horrible that if in those moments I had had the wishing-cap, I would have asked but for five thousand riders, and leave to charge with them through the streets of Paris! I would have had the days of the Jacquerie back again, and my men-at-arms behind me!

For ourselves, though the orgie was at its height when we passed, we were not molested. We were stopped indeed three times — once in each of the streets we traversed — by different

bands of murderers. But as we wore the same badges as themselves, and cried, "*Vive la Messe!*" and gave our names, we were allowed to proceed. I can give no idea of the confusion and uproar, and I scarcely believe myself now that we saw some of the things we witnessed. Once a man gayly dressed, and splendidly mounted, dashed past us, waving his naked sword and crying in a frenzied way, "Bleed them! Bleed them! Bleed in May, as good to-day!" and never ceased crying out the same words until he passed beyond our hearing. Once we came upon the bodies of a father and two sons, which lay piled together in the kennel; partly stripped already. The youngest boy could not have been more than thirteen. I mention this group, not as surpassing others in pathos, but because it is well known now that this boy, Jacques Nompar de Caumont, was not dead, but lives to-day, my friend the Marshal de la Force.

This reminds me too of the single act of kindness we were able to perform. We found ourselves suddenly, on turning a corner, amid a gang of seven or eight soldiers, who had stopped and surrounded a handsome boy, apparently about fourteen. He wore a scholar's gown, and had some books under his arm, to which he clung firmly — though only perhaps by instinct — notwithstanding the furious air of the men who were threatening him with death. They were loudly demanding his name, as we paused opposite them. He either could not or would not give it, but said several times in his fright that he was going to the College of Burgundy. Was he a Catholic? they cried. He was silent. With an oath the man who had hold of his collar lifted up his pike, and naturally the lad raised the books to guard his face. A cry broke from Croisette. He rushed forward to stay the blow.

"See! see!" he exclaimed loudly, his voice arresting the man's arm in the very act of falling. "He has a Mass Book! He has a Mass Book! He is not a heretic! He is a Catholic!"

The fellow lowered his weapon, and sullenly snatched the books. He looked at them stupidly with bloodshot, wandering eyes, the red cross on the vellum bindings the only thing he understood. But it was enough for him; he bid the boy begone, and released him with a cuff and an oath.

Croisette was not satisfied with this, though I did not understand his reason; only I saw him exchange a glance with

the lad. "Come, come!" he said lightly. "Give him his books! You do not want them!"

But on that the men turned savagely upon us. They did not thank us for the part we had already taken; and this they thought was going too far. They were half drunk and quarrelsome, and being two to one, and two over, began to flourish their weapons in our faces. Mischief would certainly have been done, and very quickly, had not an unexpected ally appeared on our side.

"Put up! put up!" this gentleman cried in a boisterous voice — he was already in our midst. "What is all this about? What is the use of fighting amongst ourselves, when there is many a bonny throat to cut, and heaven to be gained by it! Put up, I say!"

"Who are you?" they roared in chorus.

"The Duke of Guise!" he answered coolly. "Let the gentlemen go, and be hanged to you, you rascals!"

The man's bearing was a stronger argument than his words, for I am sure that a stouter or more reckless blade never swaggered in church or street. I knew him instantly, and even the crew of butchers seemed to see in him their master. They flung back a few curses at him, but having nothing to gain they yielded. They threw down the books with contempt — showing thereby their sense of true religion; and trooped off roaring, "*Tuez! Tuez!* Aux Huguenots!" at the top of their voices.

The new-comer thus left with us was Buré — Blaise Buré — the same who only yesterday, though it seemed months and months back, had lured us into Bezers' power. Since that moment we had not seen him. Now he had wiped off part of the debt, and we looked at him, uncertain whether to reproach him or no. He, however, was not one whit abashed, but returned our regards with a not unkindly leer.

"I bear no malice, young gentlemen," he said impudently.

"No, I should think not," I answered.

"And besides, we are quits now," the knave continued.

"You are very kind," I said.

"To be sure. You did me a good turn once," he answered, much to my surprise. He seemed to be in earnest now. "You do not remember it, young gentleman, but it was you and your brother here" — he pointed to Croisette — "did it! And by the Pope and the King of Spain I have not forgotten it."

"I have," I said.

"What! You have forgotten spitting that fellow at Caylus ten days ago? *Ça! sa!* You remember. And very cleanly done, too! A pretty stroke! Well, M. Anne, that was a clever fellow, a very clever fellow. He thought so, and I thought so, and what was more to the purpose, the most noble Raoul de Bezers thought so too. You understand?"

He leered at me and I did understand. I understood that unwittingly I had rid Blaise Buré of a rival. This accounted for the respectful, almost the kindly way in which he had — well, deceived us.

"That is all," he said. "If you want as much done for you, let me know. For the present, gentlemen, farewell!"

He cocked his hat fiercely, and went off at speed the way we had ourselves been going, humming as he went: —

"Ce petit homme tant joli,
Qui toujours cause et toujours rit,
Qui toujours baise sa mignonne
Dieu gard' de mal ce petit homme!"

His reckless song came back to us on the summer breeze. We watched him make a playful pass at a corpse which some one had propped in ghastly fashion against a door — and miss it — and go on whistling the same air — and then a corner hid him from view.

We lingered only a moment ourselves; merely to speak to the boy we had befriended.

"Show the books if any one challenges you," said Croisette to him shrewdly. Croisette was so much of a boy himself, with his fair hair like a halo about his white, excited face, that the picture of the two, one advising the other, seemed to me a strangely pretty one. "Show the books and point to the cross on them. And Heaven send you safe to your college."

"I would like to know your name, if you please," said the boy. His coolness and dignity struck me as admirable under the circumstances. "I am Maximilian de Bethune, son of the Baron de Rosny."

"Then," said Croisette briskly, "one good turn has deserved another. Your father, yesterday, at Étampes — no, it was the day before, but we have not been in bed — warned us —"

He broke off suddenly; then cried, "Run! run!"

The boy needed no second warning indeed. He was off

like the wind down the street, for we had seen, and so had he, the stealthy approach of two or three prowling rascals on the look-out for a victim. They caught sight of him, and were strongly inclined to follow him; but we were their match in numbers. The street was otherwise empty at the moment: and we showed them three excellent reasons why they should give him a clear start.

His after adventures are well known: for he, too, lives. He was stopped twice after he left us. In each case he escaped by showing his book of offices. On reaching the college the porter refused to admit him, and he remained for some time in the open street, exposed to constant danger of losing his life, and knowing not what to do. At length he induced the gate-keeper, by the present of some small pieces of money, to call the principal of the college, and this man humanely concealed him for three days. The massacre being then at an end, two armed men in his father's pay sought him out and restored him to his friends. So near was France to losing her greatest minister, the Duke de Sully.

To return to ourselves. The lad out of sight, we instantly resumed our purpose, and trying to shut our eyes and ears to the cruelty and ribaldry and uproar through which we had still to pass, we counted our turnings with a desperate exactness, intent only on one thing — to reach Louis de Pavannes, to reach the house opposite to the Head of Erasmus, as quickly as we could. We presently entered a long, narrow street. At the end of it the river was visible, gleaming and sparkling in the sunlight. The street was quiet; quiet and empty. There was no living soul to be seen from end to end of it, only a prowling dog. The noise of the tumult raging in other parts was softened here by distance and the intervening houses. We seemed to be able to breathe more freely.

"This should be our street," said Croisette.

I nodded. At the same moment I espied, half-way down it, the sign we needed, and pointed to it. But ah! were we in time? Or too late? That was the question. By a single impulse we broke into a run, and shot down the roadway at speed. A few yards short of the Head of Erasmus we came, one by one, Croisette first, to a full stop. A full stop!

The house opposite the bookseller's was sacked! gutted from top to bottom. It was a tall house, immediately fronting the street, and every window in it was broken. The door hung

forlornly on one hinge, glaring cracks in its surface showing where the axe had splintered it. Fragments of glass and ware, flung out and shattered in sheer wantonness, strewed the steps; and down one corner of the latter a dark red stream trickled — to curdle by-and-by in the gutter. Whence came the stream? Alas! there was something more to be seen yet, something our eyes instinctively sought last of all. The body of a man.

It lay on the threshold, the head hanging back, the wide glazed eyes looking up to the summer sky whence the sweltering heat would soon pour down upon it. We looked shuddering at the face. It was that of a servant, a valet who had been with Louis at Caylus. We recognized him at once, for we had known and liked him. He had carried our guns on the hills a dozen times, and told us stories of the war. The blood crawled slowly from him. He was dead.

Croisette began to shake all over. He clutched one of the pillars, which bore up the porch, and pressed his face against its cold surface, hiding his eyes from the sight. The worst had come. In our hearts I think we had always fancied some accident would save *our* friend, some stranger warn him.

"Oh, poor, poor Kit!" Croisette cried, bursting suddenly into violent sobs. "Oh, Kit! Kit!"

RICHARD WHATELY.

WHATELY, RICHARD, an eminent English prelate and theologian, Archbishop of Dublin; born at London, February, 1, 1787; died at Dublin, October 8, 1863. He finished his studies at Oxford, and had a fellowship there, after which he was rector of Halesworth in Suffolk, principal of St. Albans Hall, Oxford, and, in 1830, professor of political economy. In 1831 he became Archbishop of Dublin. He did much to forward the cause of general education, and to promote liberal views in the English Church. Among his numerous works are: "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte" (1819), a burlesque aimed at the "destructive school" of criticism; "Essays on the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion" (1825); "Elements of Logic" (1826); "Elements of Rhetoric" (1828); "Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul" (1828); "Political Economy" (1831); "Introduction to the Study of St. Paul's Epistles" (1849); "English Synonyms" (1851); "Scripture Doctrine Concerning the Sacraments" (1857); "Lessons on Mind" (1859); "Lessons on the British Constitution" (1859); "Lectures on the Parables" (1860); "Lectures on Prayer" (1860); "Rise, Progress, and Corruption of Christianity" (1860); "Miscellaneous Lectures and Reviews" (1861); "Remains" (1864).

LEARNED IGNORANCE.

(From "Lecture on Bacon's Essays.")

THOUGH Bacon dwelt on the importance of setting out from an accurate knowledge of facts, and on the absurdity of attempting to substitute the reasoning process for an investigation of nature, it would be a great mistake to imagine that he meant to disparage the reasoning process, or to substitute for skill and correctness in that a mere accumulated knowledge of a multitude of facts. And anyone would be far indeed from being a follower of Bacon who should despise logical accuracy, and trust to what is often called experience; meaning by that an extensive but crude and undigested observation. For, as

books, though indispensably necessary for a student, are of no use to one who has not learned to read, though he distinctly sees black marks on white paper, so is all experience and acquaintance with facts unprofitable to one whose mind has not been trained to read rightly the volume of nature and of human transactions spread before him.

When complaints are made — often not altogether without reason — of the prevailing ignorance of facts on such and such subjects, it will often be found that the parties censured, though possessing less knowledge than is desirable, yet possess more than they know what to do with. Their deficiency in arranging and applying their knowledge, in combining facts, and correctly deducing, and rightly employing, general principles, will be perhaps greater than their ignorance of facts. Now, to attempt remedying this defect by imparting to them additional knowledge — to confer the advantage of wider experience on those who have not skill in profiting by experience — is to attempt enlarging the prospect of a short-sighted man by bringing him to the top of a hill. Since he could not, on the plain, see distinctly the objects before him, the wider horizon from the hill-top is utterly lost on him. . . . If Bacon had lived in the present day, I am convinced he would have made his chief complaint against unmethodized inquiry and careless and illogical reasoning.

Origin of Civilization.

(From "Lecture on the Origin of Civilization.")

You may hear plausible descriptions given of a supposed race of savages subsisting on wild fruits, herbs, and roots, and on the precarious supplies of hunting and fishing; and then, of the supposed process by which they emerged from this state, and gradually invented the various arts of life, till they became a decidedly civilized people. One man, it has been supposed, wishing to save himself the trouble of roaming through the woods in search of wild fruits and roots, would bethink himself of collecting the seeds of these, and cultivating them in a plot of ground cleared and broken up for the purpose. And finding that he could thus raise more than enough for himself, he might agree with some of his neighbors to exchange a part of his produce for some of the game or fish taken

by them. Another man again, it has been supposed, would contrive to save himself the labor and uncertainty of hunting, by catching some kinds of wild animals alive, and keeping them in an enclosure to breed, that he might have a supply always at hand. And again others, it is supposed, might devote themselves to the occupation of dressing skins for clothing, or of building huts or canoes, or of making bows and arrows, or various kinds of tools; each exchanging his productions with his neighbors for food. And each, by devoting his attention to some one kind of manufacture, would acquire increased skill in that, and strike out new inventions. . . .

Such descriptions as the above, of what it is supposed has actually taken place, or of what possibly might take place, are likely to appear plausible, at the first glance, to those who do not inquire carefully and reflect attentively. But, on examination, all these suppositions will be found to be completely at variance with all history, and inconsistent with the character of such beings as real savages actually are. Such a process of inventions and improvements as that just described is what we may safely say never did, and never possibly can, take place in any tribe of savages left wholly to themselves.

As for the ancient Germans, and the Britons and Gauls, all of whom we have pretty full accounts of in the works of Cæsar and Tacitus, they did indeed fall considerably short, in civilization, of the Greeks and Romans, who were accustomed to comprehend under one sweeping term of "barbarians" all nations but themselves. But it would be absurd to reckon as savages nations which, according to the authors just mentioned, cultivated their land, kept cattle, employed horses in their wars, and made use of metals for their weapons and other instruments. A people so far advanced as that would not be unlikely, under favorable circumstances, to advance further still, and to attain, step by step, to a high degree of civilization.

But as for savages, properly so styled — that is, people sunk as low, or anything near as low, as many tribes that our voyagers have made us acquainted with — there is no one instance recorded of any of them rising into a civilized condition, or indeed, rising at all, without instruction and assistance from a people already civilized. We have numerous accounts of various savage tribes, in different parts of the globe — in hot countries and in cold, in fertile and in barren, in maritime

and in inland situations — who have been visited from time to time, at considerable intervals, by navigators, but have had no settled intercourse with civilized people; and all of them appear to have continued, from age to age, in the same rude condition. Of the savages of Tierra del Fuego, for instance, it is remarked by Mr. Darwin, the naturalist (who was in the "Beagle" on its second voyage of discovery), that they, "in one respect, resemble the brute animals, inasmuch as they make no improvements." As birds, for instance, which have an instinct for building nests, build them, each species, just as at first, after countless generations; so it is, says he, with this people. "Their canoe, which is their most skilful work of art — and a wretched canoe it is — is exactly the same as it was two hundred and fifty years ago." The New Zealanders, again, whom Tasman first discovered in 1642, and who were visited for the second time by Cook one hundred and twenty-seven years after, were found by him exactly in the same condition. And yet these last were very far from being in as low a state as the New Hollanders; for they cultivated the ground, raising crops of the *Cumera* (or sweet potato), and clothed themselves, not with skins, but with mats woven by themselves. . . .

Then, again, if we look at ancient historical records and traditions concerning nations that are reported to have risen from a savage to a civilized state, we find that in every instance they appear to have had the advantage of the instruction and example of civilized men living among them. They always have some tradition of some foreigner, or some Being from heaven, as having first taught them the arts of life. . . . But there is no need to inquire, even if we could do so with any hope of success, what mixture there may be of truth and fable in any of these traditions. For our present purpose it is enough to have pointed out that they all agree in one thing, in representing civilization as having been introduced (whenever it *has* been introduced) not from *within*, but from *without*. . . .

When you try to fancy yourself in the situation of a savage, it may perhaps occur to you that you would set your mind to work to contrive means for bettering your condition, and that you might hit upon such and such useful and very obvious contrivances; and hence you may be led to think it natural that savages should do so, and that some tribes of them may have advanced themselves in the way above described, without any

external help. But what leads some persons to fancy this possible (though it appears to have never really occurred) is, that they themselves are *not* savages, but have some degree of mental cultivation, and some of the habits of thought of civilized men. And they imagine themselves merely destitute of the *knowledge* of some things which they actually know; but they cannot succeed in divesting themselves, in imagination, of the civilized *character*. And hence they form to themselves an incorrect notion of what a savage really is.

Civilization Favorable to Morality.

On the whole, then, there seems every reason to believe that, as a general rule, that advancement in national prosperity which mankind are, by the Governor of the universe, adapted and impelled to promote must be favorable to moral improvement. Still more does it appear evident, that such a conclusion must be *acceptable* to a pious and philanthropic mind. It is not probable, still less is it desirable, that the Deity should have fitted and destined society to make a continual progress, impeded only by slothful and negligent habits, by war, rapine, and oppression (in short, by violation of divine commands), which progress inevitably tends toward a greater and greater moral corruption.

And yet there are some who appear not only to think, but to *wish* to think, that a condition but little removed from the savage state — one of ignorance, grossness, and poverty — unenlightened, semi-barbarous, and stationary, is the most favorable to virtue. You will meet with persons who will be even offended if you attempt to awaken them from their dreams about primitive rural simplicity, and to convince them that the spread of civilization, which they must see has a tendency to spread, does not tend to increase depravity. Supposing their notion true, it must at least, one would think, be a melancholy truth.

It may be said as a reason, not for wishing, but for believing this, that the moral dangers which beset a wealthy community are designed as a trial. Undoubtedly they are, since no state in which man is placed is exempt from trials. And let it be admitted, also, if you will, that the temptations to evil to which civilized man is exposed are *absolutely* stronger

than those which exist in a ruder state of society: still, if they are also *relatively* stronger — stronger in proportion to the counteracting forces, and stronger than the augmented motives to good conduct — and are such, consequently, that, as society advances in civilization, there is less and less virtue, and a continually decreasing prospect of its being attained — this amounts to something more than a state of trial: it is a distinct provision made by the Deity for the moral degradation of His rational creatures.

This can hardly be a desirable conclusion; but if it be, nevertheless, a true one (and our wishes should not be allowed to bias our judgment), those who hold it ought at least to follow it up in practice, by diminishing, as far as is possible, the severity of the trial. . . . Let us put away from us "the accursed thing." If national wealth be, in a moral point of view, an evil, let us, in the name of all that is good, set about to diminish it. Let us, as he advises, burn our fleets, block up our ports, destroy our manufactories, break up our roads, and betake ourselves to a life of frugal and rustic simplicity; like Mandeville's bees, who

> "flew into a hollow tree,
> Blest with content and honesty."

GILBERT WHITE.

White, Gilbert, an English clergyman and naturalist; born at Selborne, Hampshire, July 18, 1720; died at Oxford, June 26, 1793. He received his education at Basingstoke and at Oxford. He was a Fellow of Oriel College, and was made one of the senior proctors of the university in 1752. He fixed his residence in his native village, where he passed a quiet life in study, especially in close observation of nature. His principal work, "The Natural History of Selborne" (1789), has been oftener reprinted than any other work on natural history. Thomas Brown's edition (1875) contains "Observations on Various Parts of Nature," and "The Naturalist's Calendar," first published after the author's death. In 1876 appeared a volume of White's unpublished letters.

The House-Swallow.

(From "The Natural History of Selborne.")

The house-swallow, or chimney-swallow, is undoubtedly the first comer of all the British *hirundines;* and appears in general on or about the 13th of April, as I have remarked from many years' observation. Not but now and then a straggler is seen much earlier: and in particular, when I was a boy I observed a swallow for a whole day together on a sunny warm Shrove Tuesday; which day could not fall out later than the middle of March, and often happened early in February.

It is worth remarking that these birds are seen first about lakes and mill-ponds; and it is also very particular, that if these early visitors happen to find frost and snow, as was the case in the two dreadful springs of 1770 and 1771, they immediately withdraw for a time. A circumstance this, much more in favor of hiding than migration; since it is much more probable that a bird should retire to its hybernaculum just at hand, than return for a week or two to warmer latitudes.

The swallow, though called the chimney-swallow, by no means builds altogether in chimneys, but often within barns

and out-houses against the rafters; and so she did in Virgil's time: — "Garrula quam tignis nidos suspendat hirundo" (The twittering swallow hangs its nest from the beams).

In Sweden she builds in barns, and is called *Ladu swala*, the barn-swallow. Besides, in the warmer parts of Europe there are no chimneys to houses, except they are English built: in these countries she constructs her nest in porches, and gateways, and galleries, and open halls.

Here and there a bird may affect some odd peculiar place; as we have known a swallow build down a shaft of an old well through which chalk had been formerly drawn up for the purpose of manure: but in general with us this *hirundo* breeds in chimneys, and loves to haunt those stacks where there is a constant fire, — no doubt for the sake of warmth. Not that it can subsist in the immediate shaft where there is a fire; but prefers one adjoining to that of the kitchen, and disregards the perpetual smoke of the funnel, as I have often observed with some degree of wonder.

Five or six feet more down the chimney does this little bird begin to form her nest, about the middle of May: which consists, like that of the house-martin, of a crust or shell composed of dirt or mud, mixed with short pieces of straw to render it tough and permanent; with this difference, that whereas the shell of the martin is nearly hemispheric, that of the swallow is open at the top, and like half a deep ditch; this nest is lined with fine grasses, and feathers which are often collected as they float in the air.

Wonderful is the address which this adroit bird shows all day long, in ascending and descending with security through so narrow a pass. When hovering over the mouth of the funnel, the vibration of her wings, acting on the confined air, occasions a rumbling like thunder. It is not improbable that the dam submits to this inconvenient situation so low in the shaft, in order to secure her broods from rapacious birds; and particularly from owls, which frequently fall down chimneys, perhaps in attempting to get at these nestlings.

The swallow lays from four to six white eggs, dotted with red specks; and brings out her first brood about the last week in June, or the first week in July. The progressive method by which the young are introduced into life is very amusing: first they emerge from the shaft with difficulty enough, and often fall down into the rooms below; for a day or so they are

fed on the chimney-top, and then are conducted to the dead leafless bough of some tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended with great assiduity, and may then be called perchers. In a day or two more they become flyers, but are still unable to take their own food; therefore they play about near the place where the dams are hawking for flies: and when a mouthful is collected, at a certain signal given, the dam and the nestling advance, rising towards each other, and meeting at an angle; the young one all the while uttering such a little quick note of gratitude and complacency, that a person must have paid very little regard for the wonders of nature that has not often remarked this feat.

The dam betakes herself immediately to the business of a second brood as soon as she is disengaged from her first, which at once associates with the first broods of house-martins, and with them congregates, clustering on sunny roofs, towers, and trees. This *hirundo* brings out her second brood towards the middle and end of August.

All summer long, the swallow is a most instructive pattern of unwearied industry and affection: for from morning to night, while there is a family to be supported, she spends the whole day in skimming close to the ground, and exerting the most sudden turns and quick evolutions. Avenues, and long walks under the hedges, and pasture-fields, and mown meadows where cattle graze, are her delight, especially if there are trees interspersed; because in such spots insects most abound. When a fly is taken, a smart snap from her bill is heard, resembling the noise at the shutting of a watch-case; but the motion of the mandibles is too quick for the eye.

The swallow, probably the male bird, is the *excubitor* to house-martins and other little birds; announcing the approach of birds of prey. For as soon as a hawk appears, with a shrill alarming note he calls all the swallows and martins about him; who pursue in a body, and buffet and strike their enemy till they have driven him from the village; darting down from above on his back, and rising in a perpendicular line in perfect security. This bird will also sound the alarm, and strike at cats when they climb on the roofs of houses, or otherwise approach the nest. Each species of *hirundo* drinks as it flies along, sipping the surface of the water; but the swallow alone in general washes on the wing, by dropping into a pool for many times together: in very hot weather house-martins and bank-martins also dip and wash a little.

The swallow is a delicate songster, and in soft sunny weather sings both perching and flying; on trees in a kind of concert, and on chimney-tops: it is also a bold flyer, ranging to distant downs and commons even in windy weather, which the other species seems much to dislike; nay, even frequenting exposed seaport towns, and making little excursions over the salt water. Horsemen on the wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of swallows for miles together, which plays before and behind them, sweeping around and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the horses' feet: when the wind blows hard, without this expedient, they are often forced to settle to pick up their lurking prey. . . .

A certain swallow built for two years together on the handles of a pair of garden shears that were stuck up against the boards in an out-house, and therefore must have her nest spoiled whenever that implement was wanted; and what is stranger still, another bird of the same species built its nest on the wings and body of an owl that happened by accident to hang dead and dry from the rafter of a barn. This owl, with the nest on its wings, and with eggs in the nest, was brought as a curiosity worthy of the most elegant private museum in Great Britain. The owner, struck with the oddity of the sight, furnished the bringer with a large shell or conch, desiring him to fix it just where the owl hung: the person did as he was ordered, and the following year, a pair, probably the same pair, built their nest in the conch and laid their eggs.

The House-Cricket.

(From "The Natural History of Selborne.")

While many other insects must be sought after in fields, and woods, and waters, the *Gryllus domesticus*, or house-cricket, resides altogether within our dwellings; intruding itself upon our notice whether we will or no. This species delights in new-built houses: being, like the spider, pleased with the moisture of the walls; and besides, the softness of the mortar enables them to burrow and mine between the joints of the bricks or stones, and to open communications from one room to another. They are particularly fond of kitchens and bakers' ovens, on account of their perpetual warmth.

Tender insects that live abroad either enjoy only the short period of one summer, or else doze away the cold, uncomfortable months in profound slumbers; but these, residing as it were in a torrid zone, are always alert and merry: a good Christmas fire is to them like the heats of the dog-days. Though they are frequently heard by day, yet is their natural time of motion only in the night. As soon as it grows dusk, the chirping increases, and they come running forth, ranging from the size of a flea to that of their full stature. As one should suppose from the burning atmosphere which they inhabit, they are a thirsty race, and show a great propensity for liquids; being found frequently drowned in pans of water, milk, broth, or the like. Whatever is moist they affect; and therefore often gnaw holes in wet woollen stockings and aprons that are hung to the fire. They are the housewife's barometer, foretelling her when it will rain; and they prognosticate sometimes, she thinks, good or ill luck, — the death of near relatives or the approach of an absent lover. By being the constant companions of her solitary hours, they naturally become the objects of her superstition. These crickets are not only very thirsty but very voracious, for they will eat the scummings of pots, and yeast, salt and crumbs of bread, and any kitchen offal or sweepings. In the summer we have observed them to fly out of the windows when it became dusk, and over the neighboring roofs. This feat of activity accounts for the sudden manner in which they often leave their haunts, as it does for the method by which they come to houses where they were not known before. It is remarkable that many sorts of insects seem never to use their wings but when they have a mind to shift their quarters and settle new colonies. When in the air they move *volatu undoso*, "in waves and curves," like woodpeckers; opening and shutting their wings at every stroke: and so are always rising or sinking.

When they increase to a great degree, as they did once in the house where I am now writing, they become noisome pests, flying into the candles and dashing into people's faces; but may be blasted and destroyed by gunpowder discharged into their crevices and crannies.

In families at such times, they are like Pharaoh's plague of frogs, — in their bedchambers, and upon their beds, and in their ovens, and in their kneading-troughs. Their shrilling noise is occasioned by a brisk attrition of their wings.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

White, Richard Grant, an American essayist, critic, and Shakespearean scholar; born at New York, May 22, 1821; died there, April 8, 1885. He was graduated at the University of the City of New York in 1839; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. But he previously had turned his attention to literature, and never entered upon legal practice. Without being the editor of any periodical, he was editorially connected with several newspapers and magazines. For more than twenty years — ending in 1878 — he held positions in the United States Revenue Service at New York. His works, while covering a wide range of topics, relate mainly to general philology, and especially to Shakespeare and his writings. His most important works are "Handbook of Christian Art" (1853); "Shakespeare's Scholar" (1854); "Essay on the Authorship of the Three Parts of Henry VI." (1859); "National Hymns" (1861); "Life and Genius of Shakespeare" (1865); "The New Gospel of Peace" (1866); "Words and Their Uses" (1870); "Every-day English" (1880); "England Without and Within" (1881); "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys," his one novel (1884); "Studies in Shakespeare" (1885). He edited an edition of Shakespeare in twelve volumes.

A Sunday on the Thames.[1]

(From "England Without and Within.")

I did not spend a whole Sunday on the Thames; but as I was going to morning service at the Abbey, and to evening service at St. Paul's, I chose to make the river my way from one to the other; and doing this it seemed to me good to go leisurely over the whole of it within what is called the metropolitan district. This one is enabled to do easily and pleasantly by the little steamers that ply back and forth constantly within those limits. The day was as beautiful as a summer sky, with its bright blue tempered by lazy clouds smiling with light and sailing upon a soft, gentle breeze, could make it; the sense of

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

THE THAMES BELOW LONDON BRIDGE

Sunday seemed to pervade the air; and even the great city sat in sweet solemnity at rest. When science has taken entire possession of mankind, and we find no more anything to worship, will the Sunday-less man possess, in virtue of his rule of pure reason, any element of happiness that will quite compensate him for that calm, sweet, elevating sense — so delicate as to be indefinable, and yet so strong and penetrating as to pervade his whole being and seem to him to pervade all nature — of divine serenity in the first day of the Christian week? It is passing from us, fading gradually away, not into the forgotten, — for it can never be forgotten by those who have once felt it, — but into the unknown. There are men now living who have never known it; their numbers will increase; and at last, in the long by and by, there will be a generation of civilized men who will say, that there should ever have been a difference between one day and another passes human understanding. This sense of Sunday is much stronger in the country than in the town; — strangely, for the current of life is there much less visibly interrupted; and it is always deepened by a sky at once bright and placid. And such a sky has its effect even in town. I felt it on this day, as I glided, through sunny hours and over gentle waters, past the solid stateliness and homely grandeur that are presented on the Thames side of London.

I walked across the lower end of St. James's Park, passing over much the same ground that King Charles trod on the 30th of January, when, in the midst of a regiment of Cromwell's Ironsides, but attended personally by his own private guard and his gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and with the Parliamentary colonel in command walking uncovered by his side, he went to lay down his handsome, weak, treacherous head upon the block before the outraged Commonwealth of England: — an event which, notwithstanding the Restoration and the subsequent two centuries of monarchy in England, is the greatest and most significant of modern times, and is also of all grand retributive public actions the most thoroughly and characteristically English. Tyrants have been put to death or driven from their thrones at other times and by other peoples; but then for the first time, and first by men of English blood and speech, was a tyrant solemnly and formally tried like an accused criminal, condemned as a criminal, and put to death in execution of a warrant issuing from a court constituted by

the highest power in the land. Compared with this high-handed justice the assassination of a Cæsar is like a brawl among "high-toned" politicians, and the expulsion of the Bourbons the chance consequence of a great popular tumult. And in this was its endless worth and its significance; and hence it was that from that time there was a new tenure of kingship. Then for the first time the great law of government was written, — that it should be for the best interests of the governed; and it was written in the blood of a king. This was the one boon of that great act to England, to the English race, to all civilized Christendom; for politically the beheading of Charles was a blunder; and the Commonwealth, after living an artificial life for a few years, died an inevitable death, because it was born out of due time.

None the less because it was Sunday did I find the cows at the place towards the lower end of the park, whither I strolled, and where they and their predecessors have stood day after day for centuries, professing to give new milk to visitors thirsting for this rustic beverage, either for its own sake, or that it might by its associations enhance the rural effect of the meadows and the trees. I did not drink of the product of their maternal founts; but my experience leads me to the unhesitating conclusion that if those cows give milk instead of milk-and-water, they must be of a breed which, or the product of which, cannot be found in Middlesex without St. James's Park. The milk of London is a little thicker, a little more opaque, and a little whiter than its fog. Whether or no it is more nourishing I shall not venture to say. Probably these cows do give milk-and-water, and produce instinctively, as becomes metropolitan British kine, their article of trade ready adulterated. For, many times as I passed the place where they stand, I never saw man, woman, or child drinking; and I am sure that if they gave real milk there would at least be a procession to them of mothers and nurses with their weanlings. They seemed to be of the homely variety known as the red cow, to which belonged she of the crumpled horn and she that jumped over the moon. And if this were so it is yet another witness to the perpetuity of things in England; for the facetious Tom Brown, who lived and wrote in the days of James II., tells of the intrusion of the milk-folks upon the strollers through the Green Walk with the cry, "A can of milk, ladies! A can of red cow's milk, sir!"

I could not but think that if kine could communicate their thoughts there would be in that little knot of horned creatures a tradition of the looks of Charles I. and of Cromwell, and of Charles II. and of the Duchess of Cleveland, and of Nell Gwynne, and of dear, vain, clever, self-candid, close-fisted, kind-hearted Pepys, and of the beautiful Gunnings, and of the captivating, high-tempered Sarah Jennings, who could cut off her own auburn hair to spite the Duke of Marlborough, and fling it into his face, and of the Duchess of Devonshire, who kissed the butcher and wore the hat, and of all those noted beauties, wits, gallants, and heroes whose names and traits are the gilded flies in the amber of English literature. For there probably has been no time since the park ceased to be a royal chase when there was not at least some one of the herd, and probably more, that could have learned all these things in direct line of tradition from predecessors. So, to be sure, the same is true of the men and the women of London; but the directness of such a course of transmission was brought more home to me in considering these cattle, as they stood there, the representatives and perpetuators of a little custom, older than any commonwealth, in one of the richest, most populous, and most powerful countries of the earth.

Chewing the cud of my fancies, I passed out of the park, and soon was at the Abbey door; but not soon was I much farther. I had not troubled myself upon the score of punctuality; and being a few minutes late I found the Abbey — that part of it which is used for service — full, even to the crowding of the aisles down to the very doors. I managed to squeeze myself in, but was obliged to stand, and moreover to be leaned against like a post, through service and through sermon. In these I found no noteworthy unlikeness, even of a minor sort, to what I had been accustomed to hear from my boyhood. The changes in the language of the Book of Common Prayer to adapt it to the political constitution and the social condition of the United States of America are so few and so slight that they must be closely watched for to be detected. The preacher was Canon Duckworth, canon in residence, who reminded me in voice, in accent, and in manner very much, and somewhat in person, although he was less ruddy, of a distinguished clergyman of the same church in New York, and whose sermon was the same sensible, gentleman-like, moderately high-church talk which may be heard from half a dozen pulpits in

that city every Sunday. Not every one, however, of those who preach them or the like of them in England, has Canon Duckworth's rich, vibrating voice and fine, dignified presence. The long hood of colored silk that he wore (his was crimson), like all English clergymen that I saw within the chancel, was not, as I find many persons suppose it to be, an article of ecclesiastical costume. It was merely his master's hood, — that which belonged to him as Master of Arts. The different colors of the linings of these academic hoods indicate the degree of the wearer and the university by which it was bestowed. They are worn by university "clerks" on all formal occasions.

After the sermon there was an administration of the communion, and all persons who were not partakers were required to leave the church. The exodus was very slow. Even after the throng was thinned and movement was easy, many lingered, looking up into the mysterious beauty of that noble nave. These the vergers did not hesitate to hasten, addressing them in some cases very roughly, as I thought, and even putting their hands upon their shoulders; but on my telling one of them that although I did not mean to commune I should like to remain during the service, he with ready civility, and with no shilling-expectant expression of countenance, took me to a seat within a gate and very near the outer rails. In this service, too, I found nothing peculiar to the place or to the building, — indeed, how could there well be? — but I observed that certain of the communicants, as they passed through the railing on their way to the table (which they, I suppose, would call the altar), and as they returned, carried their hands upright before them, holding the palms closely together, and bowing their heads over them, with an air which conveyed the impression that they thought they were behaving like the saints in an altar-piece or in a missal. Perhaps I might have observed the same practice at home if my church-going had been more frequent since the outbreak of "ritualism."

It was strange, as I came out from such a solemn service in that venerable and sacred pile, and strongly indicative of the political position of the church in England, to be met just outside the door by a man who carried under his arm a huge bundle of handbills, calling a meeting and making a protest about some municipal matter. These he distributed freely to the communicants, as they issued from the celebration of the mystery, who took them as a matter of course into the same

hands which had been pressed together with such ascetic fervor only a few minutes before, and, glancing at them, put them for the most part carefully into their pockets. We know that the English Church is a part of the government of England; but its peculiar place is shown by practices which to us would seem highly indecorous. In the rural counties I saw posted on the doors of parish churches — beautiful with the beauty of a lost inspiration, and venerable with the historic associations of centuries thick with acts of import — notices of those persons in the parish who had taken out licenses to keep dogs; the list being always led by the name of the lord of the manor. There this was no sacrilege. A parish in England is a political and legal entity, with material boundaries within which certain officers have power; and the parish church is its moral centre. Why, therefore, should not the licenses to keep dogs be announced upon its doors?

Soon after leaving the Abbey I was at the river side; and in a minute or two along came a small black steamer, in length about twice that of the little tug-boats that run puffing and bustling about New York harbor, and no wider. It seemed to me more than simple, indeed almost rude in its bare discomfort; and certainly it was as far from anything gay or festive in appearance as such a boat could be. The absence of bright paint and gilding, and of all that glare of decoration which it is thought necessary to make "Americans" pay for, commended the little craft to my favor; but I thought that without these it yet might have been made a little less coarse and much more comfortable. On the dingy deck were some benches or long settles of unmitigated wood; and that was all. There was not even an awning; but perhaps awnings would interfere with the vailing of the funnel as these boats pass under the bridges, and they might perhaps also be in danger of fire from the small cinders that then escape. The passengers, in number about a score, were all of what would be called in England the lower-middle class, with one exception, a fine-looking man, manifestly a "gentleman," and with an unmistakable military air.

As I sat upon my hard seat, worn shiny by the sitting of countless predecessors, and looked around upon my fellow-passengers, I was impressed by the stolidity of their faces. The beauty of the sky, the soft, fresh breeze, the motion, the fact that it was a holiday, a fine Sunday, seemed to awaken no

glow of feeling in their bosoms. And yet they were, most of them, plainly pleasure-seekers. As we moved swiftly on (I had taken an up boat) we soon passed over toward the Surrey side of the river. Erelong an elderly woman by whom I sat turned to me, and, pointing out at some distance ahead on our left a square tower, the familiar outlines of which had attracted my attention some minutes before, asked, "Wot buildin 's that there?" — "Lambeth, madam, the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace." — "The Harchbishop o' Cantubbury! Well, well! deary me! A many times as I 've bin on the river, I never see that afore." To be asked such a question by a Londoner in my first half hour upon the Thames astonished me, and the confession that followed it was amazing; for Lambeth palace is almost opposite Westminster. This was within the first fortnight after my arrival in England, and although, as I have already mentioned, I met with an exhibition of this kind of ignorance even before I set foot on English ground, I was not yet prepared for quite such an example. Before another fortnight had passed I had learned better.

As I turned to look at the questioner, I saw that she was a neatly-dressed, obese female, and that she was accompanied by a neatly-dressed, obese man, who plainly was her husband. The couple had lived together a long while; they had grown old together; they had grown fat together; together they had sunk, year after year, deeper into a slough of stupidity; together they had, as they passed through the world and life, become more and more ignorant of the one, and more and more indifferent to all of the other, except eating and drinking and the little round of their daily duties that enabled them to eat and drink. Their faces had grown like each other, not only in expression but in form. The noses had become more shapeless; the chinless jaws had swelled and rounded imperceptibly into the short, thick neck. Those faces probably had once expressed some of the vivacity of youth; but this had passed away, and nothing, no trace of thought or feeling, had come into its place, — only fat; a greasy witness of content; and the result was two great sleepy moons of flabby flesh pierced here and there by orifices for animal uses. I made surreptitiously an outline sketch of their two faces, as they sat side by side staring stupidly before them; and it looked like two Bourbon heads on a medal. He was one of those long-bodied, short-legged Englishmen who are framed with facilities for a great

development of paunch. Man and wife were about the same height; and at the next landing they got up and waddled off together. I laughed within myself, as I am laughing now; and yet why should I have sat there and scoffed at those good folk for being what nature and circumstance had made them?

Of a very different fabric in every way was the military-looking man whom I have already mentioned. He was tall and strong, although not stout; a well-made, good-looking man, with a certain consciousness of good looks not uncommon among handsome Englishmen, and not unpleasant. His dress showed that union of sobriety with scrupulous neatness and snugness which is characteristic of the Englishman of the upper classes.

He alone of all my male fellow-passengers kept me in countenance in my chimney-pot hat. The round-topped hat, called "wide awake," or what not, has become so common in London that a crowd looked down upon from window or from 'bus seems like a swarm of great black beetles. I walked toward this gentleman, thinking that I would speak to him if he appeared willing; but he dismissed my doubts by speaking first. Brief as my experience in England had been, this did not surprise me; for I had already learned that English folk — women as well as men — are free in their intercourse with strangers to a degree that made me wonder whence came their reputation for gruff reserve. I should say that the chances of a pleasant chat with a fellow-traveller in England compared with those in the United States were as seven to three. I have again and again travelled from New York to Boston, and from New York to Washington and back (both journeys being of about two hundred and thirty miles each way), without having one word spoken to me by a stranger, although my journeys have mostly been by daylight, but in England I never went a dozen miles in company with other people without pleasant talk with one or more of them. Nor is such intercourse limited to travelling; there is a freedom of intercourse there to which we are comparative strangers; this, notwithstanding the visible limitations and restraints of rank, — perhaps rather by reason of them.

We sat down and talked as the boat glided swiftly up the river, the banks of which became gradually more suburban in appearance. The Thames, wherever I saw it, whether below London Bridge, or above that landmark and within the metro-

politan district, or beyond, where it passes Kew and Isleworth and Twickenham and Richmond and Hampton, is remarkable for its character. It is nowhere common-looking; and the variety of its traits within a few miles surprises the eye at every stage with new delight. From the wide-expanding shores, the vast gloomy docks, the huge black hulls, and the strange clumsy lighter craft of the Pool and Limehouse Beach, past the stately magnificence of the embankment and the Abbey, with the Houses of Parliament on one side, and Lambeth on the other, up to the enchanting rural scene at Richmond, is not farther than it is from one village to another one just like it, through miles of sameness upon the Hudson.

My talk with my temporary companion was the mere chat of fellow-travellers under a bright sky; but even he managed to illustrate that narrowness of knowledge of which I found so many examples. As we looked off toward the west end of the town, there were in sight three or four rows of new houses, all unfinished, and some not yet roofed. He spoke of "so much buildin' goin' on" and "sellin' houses," and wondered how it was, and why gentlemen built houses and sold them. Thereupon I told him of the associations of builders, masons, carpenters, and the like, who built houses by a sort of club arrangement, and had their pay in an interest in the houses, which they sold at a good profit. Now this I merely remembered having read some two or there years before in the London "Building News." It was nothing in me to know it ; the remarkable thing was that a Yankee, hardly a fortnight in England, should be called upon to tell it to an intelligent Englishman.

Our little boat soon reached her upper landing, and then turned back. I went down the river to London Bridge, and there, after visiting the Monument and looking at the plain and unpretending solidity of the warehouses, which had the look of holding untold wealth, and after loitering about the murky purlieus of Thames Street, I crossed the bridge and was in Southwark. But of course the bridge was like a short street across the river (it used to be a street with houses on either side), and one end of it was much the same as the other. In the people that I met, who were generally of the lower classes, there was a pleasant appearance of homogeneousness. They were all English people; and the speech that I heard, although it was not cultivated and was sometimes even rude, was Eng-

lish. I heard no brogue nor other transformation of my mother tongue. Little else attracted my attention, except the general inferiority of the men in height and weight to those we see in New England, and the rarity of good looks, not to say of beauty, in the women. They were all plainly in their Sunday clothes, which did not much become them, and in which they were at once much set up and ill at ease.

Not far from here I encountered a flock of girls between eight and twelve years old, who proved to belong to the Bridgewater School. They were dressed in blue and white, with straw bonnets trimmed with blue. They were neat, and looked comfortable and happy; and some of the elder girls with whom I talked said that they were so. The school contained forty-two girls and sixty-five boys. The best that I learned about it was that the girls made their own dresses, and were taught every afternoon to sew by hand. But I looked in vain among them for the rosy, golden-haired, blue-eyed cherubs which I had been led to suppose were as thick in England as in an antique altar-piece.

On my way to St. James's Park I had stopped at a little coster-monger's stand and bought an apple, merely for the sake of a few words with the man and his wife, who were both in attendance. I took up an apple carelessly as I was going away, when the man said, "No, sir, don't take that; it 's no good. Let me get you a better;" and he picked out one of the best he could find. He appeared pleased when I thanked him and said that was a good one. Ungratefully, I gave the fruit to the first urchin I met; for although I might have been willing to walk down St. James's Street munching an apple on a Sunday morning, it was not for an English apple that I would have done so. But none the less I reflected that the like of that had never happened to me in my boyhood, when I did buy apples to eat them anywhere, in doors or out of doors; and I thought that most persons in trade would not have regarded that transaction as "business" on the part of my coster-monger. If he could "work off" his poor stock first, at good prices, he should do so, and — *caveat emptor*. I do not mean to imply that all coster-mongers in England are like him; but, notwithstanding all that we hear about the tricks of British traders, adulteration, and the like, I will say that his was the spirit which seemed to me to prevail among the retail dealers of whom I bought in England. The seller seemed to be willing

to take some trouble to please me, and — without making any fuss about it — to be pleased when I was pleased.

Not far from the Southwark end of London Bridge I passed a little fruiterer's stall. It was plainly a temporary affair set up for the Sunday trade; but in it were hanging some bunches of very fine white grapes, and I bought some that I might take them down to the river-side and eat them. They were only eightpence a pound. Down to the river-side I went, and, finding an old deserted boat or scow, I seated myself upon it, and ate my grapes, and flung the skins into the water, as it ebbed swiftly past me, but gently and almost without a ripple. As I lay there the beauty of the day began to sink into my soul. The air had a softness that was new to me, and which yet I felt that I was born to breathe. The light in the low, swelling, slowly moving clouds seemed to come from a heaven that I once believed was beyond the sky, and did not smite my eyes with blindness as I looked upward. The stillness in such a place impressed me, and took possession of me. There was not a sound, except the distant plash of the wheels of one of the little steamers, and a faint laugh borne lightly down from the parapet of the bridge. And there lay before me, stretching either way beyond my sight, the great, silent city, — London, the metropolis of my race; the typical city of my boyhood's dreams and my manhood's musings; the port from which my forefather had set sail two hundred and fifty years ago, to help to make a new England beyond the sea; the place whose name was upon all the books that I had loved to read; the scene of all the great historical events by which I had been most deeply moved. It was worth the Atlantic voyage to enjoy that vision in that silent hour. Within my range of sight, as I turned my head, were the square turrets of the Tower and the pinnacles of Westminster; and I must have been made of duller stuff than most of that which either came from or remained in England between 1620 and 1645 not to be stirred by the thoughts of what had passed, of mighty moment to my people, at those two places, or between them. Many of those events flitted through my mind; but that which settled in it and took possession of it was the return of Hampden and Pym and the other Five Members who had fled from Westminster to London before King Charles and his halberdiers. From where I sat, had I sat there on the 11th of January, 1642, I might have seen that now calm and almost vacant stretch of water

swarming with wherries and decorated barges outside two lines of armed vessels that began at London Bridge and ended at Westminster, while up the river, between this guard of honor, sailed to Westminster a ship bearing the five men whose safety was the pledge of English liberty; and along that opposite bank, now silent and almost deserted (not indeed the Embankment, but the Strand, then the river street, as its name indicates), marched the trained-bands of London, with the sheriffs and all the city magnates and the shouting citizens, amid the booming of guns, the roll of drums, and the blare of trumpets. It was London that received and sheltered the Five Members; it was London that protected them against the king; it was London that carried them back in triumph past Whitehall, then purged of its royal tyrant, to resume their seats at Westminster, at the command of the outraged but undaunted House of Commons. That was the brightest, greatest day in London's history; that the most memorable pageant of the many memorable seen upon the bosom of old Thames. I should not have enjoyed this vision and these thoughts if I had not lusted for those grapes, and for the pleasure of eating them to the music of the rippling water.

Again I took a steamer and went up the river and returned, that I might mark well the bulwarks and the palaces of this royal city, and see it all from the outside by daylight; and also that I might enjoy the day, which was beautiful with a rich, soft, cool beauty unknown to the land from which we are driving the Sitting Bulls and Squatting Bears, to whose coarse constitutions and rude perceptions the fierce glories of its skies are best adapted. On the return trip the few passengers thinned rapidly away, so that at Charing Cross (I believe it was) every one but myself went ashore; and as no one came on board I was left actually alone upon the deck. This did not suit me, for I wanted to see the people as well as the place; and I too, just in time, went hastily ashore to wait for another steamer.

The landings are made at long, floating piers or platforms; and upon one of these I walked up and down, after having bought another ticket. Erelong another steamer came, well loaded, and I watched the people as they came ashore. Thoughtlessly I turned and walked with the last of them toward the stairs by which they made their exit to the city. It was my first day on the Thames, and I had not observed

how very brief the stoppages of the boats were: they touch and go. I was startled by the plash of the wheels, and, turning, I saw the boat in motion. Instinctively I made for her, and having the length of the platform as the start for a running jump, I easily cleared the widening distance and the taffrail, and landed lightly on the deck. But it was a wonder that I was not frightened out of my jump and into the water; for there was sensation and commotion on the boat, and cries; two of the deck hands sprang forward, and stretched out their arms to catch me as if I had been a flying cricket-ball; and when I was seen safely on the deck there were cheers, — decorous cheers, after the English fashion. Indeed, I was sitting comfortably down and opening a newspaper before the little stir that I had caused was over. I did not read my paper; for I was in the condition in which Montaigne supposed his cat might be when he played with her. The action of the people interested me quite as much as mine interested them. These English folk, whom I had been taught were phlegmatic and impassible, had been roused to visible and audible manifestation of excitement by an act that would not have caused an "American" to turn his head. The passengers on our crowded ferry-boats saw men jump on board them after they were under way day after day without moving a muscle, until, too many having jumped into the water, and too many of these having been drowned, we put up gates and chains, not long ago, to stop the performance. I should not take that jump again, nor should I have taken it then if I had stopped to think about it; but I was glad that I did take it then, not for the saving of the five or ten minutes that I did not know what to do with, but for the revelation that it made to me of English character.

Walt Whitman

WALT WHITMAN.

WHITMAN, WALT, a celebrated American poet; born at West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., May 31, 1819; died at Camden, N. J., March 26, 1892. He was educated at the public schools of Brooklyn and New York, and subsequently followed various occupations; among which were those of printer, teacher, carpenter, and journalist, making in the meantime extended tours in the United States and Canada. During the greater part of the Civil War he served as a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals, and at its close was appointed a Government clerk at Washington. In 1873 he had a severe paralytic attack, and he took up his residence at Camden, N. J. His first notable work, "Leaves of Grass," was published in 1855. It was subsequently much enlarged by successive additions, up to 1881. Besides this, he wrote many poems for periodicals, some of which have been collected into volumes, among which are "Drum-Taps" (1865); "Two Rivulets" (1873); "Specimen Days and Collect" (1883); "November Boughs" (1885); "Sands at Seventy" (1888); "Good-bye, My Fancy" (1891); and "Autobiographia" (1892). He also put forth in 1870 a volume of prose essays, entitled "Democratic Vistas," which was republished in 1888, with a new Preface. His "Complete Poems and Prose" appeared in one volume in the same year, and "The Wound Dresser" in 1898.

DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS.

THE last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking,
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the housetops, ghastly, phantom moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

By permission of Small, Maynard, & Co.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring,
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans son and father drop together,
And the double grave awaits them.)

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined.
('T is some mother's large transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.)

O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed.

I.

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

II.

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night — O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappeared — O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless — O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul!

III.

In the door-yard fronting an old farm-house, near the whitewashed palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle ; — and from this bush in the door-yard,
With delicate-colored blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

IV.

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song. —

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well, dear brother, I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou wouldst surely die).

V.

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peeped from the ground, spotting the gray débris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass,
Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-trèe blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

VI.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inlooped flags with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veiled women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,

With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting dépôt, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs — where amid these you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

VII.

(Nor for you, for one alone, —
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring;
For, fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you, O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you, O death.)

VIII.

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walked,
As I walked in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,
As you drooped from the sky low down as if to my side (while the other stars all looked on),
As we wandered together the solemn night (for something, I know not what, kept me from sleep),
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool transparent night,
As I watched where you passed and was lost in the netherward black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you, sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

IX.

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender! I hear your notes, I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you;
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detained me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

X.

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone!
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western sea, till there on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

XI.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows,
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and the stacks of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.

XII.

Lo, body and soul — this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships,

The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light,
Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies covered with grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading, bathing all, the fulfilled noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

XIII.

Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird!
Sing from the swamps, the recesses; pour your chant from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on, dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul — O wondrous singer!
You only I hear — yet the star holds me (but will soon depart),
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

XIV.

Now while I sat in the day and looked forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and the farmers preparing their crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests,
In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturbed winds and the storms),
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and women,
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sailed,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and minutia of daily usages,
And the streets how their throbbings throbbed, and the cities pent — lo, then and there,
Falling upon them all, and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,
Appeared the cloud, appeared the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,
The gray-brown bird I know received us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come, lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love — but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress!
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee, I propose, saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night —

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.

XV.

To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure deliberate notes spreading, filling the night,

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.
And I saw askant the armies,
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierced with missiles I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs (and all in silence),
And the staffs all splintered and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them;
I saw the débris and débris of all the slain soldiers of the war,
But I saw they were not as was thought, —
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffered not:
The living remained and suffered, the mother suffered,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffered,
And the armies that remained suffered.

XVI.

Passing the visions, passing the night,
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my soul,

Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous, with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo aroused in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance full of woe,
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep for the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands — and this for his dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells:
Rise up! — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You 've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has nor pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Hushed be the Camps To-day.

(May 4th, 1865.)

Hushed be the camps to-day,
And soldiers, let us drape our war-worn weapons,
And each with musing soul retire to celebrate
Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts,
Nor victory, nor defeat; — no more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing, poet, in our name,
Sing of the love we bore him — because you, dweller in camps, know it truly.

As they invault the coffin there,
Sing — as they close the doors of earth upon him — one verse,
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

Darest Thou Now, O Soul.

Darest thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
Nor dost thou; all is a blank before us;
All waits undreamed-of in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them,
Equal, equipt at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil, O soul.

A Noiseless Patient Spider.

A noiseless patient spider
I marked, where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Marked how, to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be formed, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

Whispers of Heavenly Death.

Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing,
(Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human tears?)
I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses.
Mournfully, slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,
With at times a half-dimm'd, sadden'd, far-off star
Appearing and disappearing.
(Some parturition, rather, some solemn, immortal birth;
On the frontiers, to eyes impenetrable,
Some soul is passing over.)

I Hear America Singing.

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanic singing his as it should be, blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,

The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deck-hand singing on the steam-boat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day — at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with melodious mouths their strong, melodious songs.

Old Ireland.

Far hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave an ancient, sorrowful mother,
Once a queen, now lean and tatter'd, seated on the ground,
Her old, white hair drooping, dishevell'd, round her shoulders,
At her feet, fallen, an unused royal harp,
Long silent, she, too, long silent, mourning her shrouded hope and heir,
Of all the earth most full of sorrow because most full of love.

Yet a word, ancient mother,
You need crouch there no longer on the cold ground, with forehead between your knees;
Oh, you need not sit there veil'd in your old, white hair so dishevell'd,
For know you the one you mourn is not in that grave.
It was an illusion, the son you love was not really dead,
The Lord is not dead, He is risen again, young and strong, in another country,
What you wept for was translated, pass'd from the grave.
The winds favor'd and the sea sail'd it,
And now with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country.

ADELINE DUTTON TRAIN WHITNEY.

WHITNEY, ADELINE DUTTON TRAIN, an American novelist; born at Boston, Mass., September 15, 1824. After receiving her education in Boston, she was married to Seth D. Whitney in 1843. She has contributed to magazines, and is the author of "Footsteps on the Seas," a poem (1857); "Mother Goose for Grown Folks" (1860; revised ed., 1882); "Boys at Chequasset" (1862); "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" (1863); "The Gayworthys" (1865); "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life" (1866); "Patience Strong's Outings" (1868); "Hitherto" (1869); "We Girls" (1870); "Real Folks" (1871); "Pansies," poems (1872); "The Other Girls" (1873); "Sights and Insights" (1876); "Just How: a Key to the Cook Books" (1878); "Odd or Even" (1880); "Bonnyborough" (1885); "Homespun Yarns" (1886); "Holy-Tides" (1886); "Daffodils" (1887); "Bird Talk" (1887); "Ascutney Street" (1890); "A Golden Gossip" (1892); "White Memories: Three Poems" (1893).

MARMADUKE WHARNE.[1]

(From "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.")

UP — up — up, — from glory to glory!

This was what it seemed to Leslie Goldthwaite, riding, that golden June morning, over the road that threaded along, always climbing, the chain of hills that *could* be climbed, into the nearer and nearer presence of those mountain majesties, penetrating farther and farther into the grand solitudes sentinelled forever by their inaccessible pride.

Mrs. Linceford had grown impatient; she had declared it impossible, when the splendid sunshine of that next day challenged them forth out of their dull sojourn, to remain there twenty-four hours longer, waiting for anything. Trunks or none, she would go on, and wait at Jefferson, at least, where there was something to console one. All possible precaution was taken; all possible promises were made; the luggage

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should be sent on next day, — perhaps that very night; wagons were going and returning often now; there would be no further trouble, they might rest assured. The hotel-keeper had a "capital team," — his very best, — at their instant service, if they chose to go on this morning; it could be at the door in twenty minutes. So it was chartered, and ordered round, — an open mountain wagon, with four horses; their remaining luggage was secured upon it, and they themselves took their seats gayly.

"Who cares for trunks or boxes now?" Leslie cried out in joyousness, catching the first, preparatory glimpse of grandeur, when their road, that wound for a time through the low, wet valley-lands, began to ascend a rugged hillside, whence opened vistas that hinted something of the glory that was to come. All the morning long, there wheeled about them, and smiled out in the sunshine, or changed to grave, grand reticence under the cloud-shadows, those shapes of might and beauty that filled up earth and heaven.

Leslie grew silent, with the hours of over-full delight. Thoughts thronged in upon her. All that had been deepest and strongest in the little of life that she had lived awakened and lifted again in such transcendent presence. Only the high places of spirit can answer to these high places of God in his creation.

Now and then, Jeannie and Elinor fell into their chatter, about their summer plans, and pleasures, and dress; about New York, and the new house Mrs. Linceford had taken in West Twenty-ninth Street, where they were to visit her next winter, and participate for the first time, under her matronizing, in city gayeties. Leslie wondered how they could; she only answered when appealed to; she felt as if people were jogging her elbow, and whispering distractions, in the midst of some noble eloquence.

The woods had a word for her; a question, and their own sweet answer of help. The fair June leafage was out in its young glory of vivid green; it reminded her of her talk with Cousin Delight.

"We *do* love leaves for their own sake; trees, and vines, and the very green grass, even." So she said to herself, asking still for the perfect parable that should solve and teach all.

It came, with the breath of wild grape vines, hidden somewhere in the wayside thickets. "Under the leaf lies our tiny

green blossom," it said; "and its perfume is out on the air. Folded in the grass-blade is a feathery bloom, of seed or grain; and by and by the fields will be all waving with it. Be sure that the blossom is under the leaf."

Elinor Hadden's sweet child-face, always gentle and good-humored, though visited little yet with the deep touch of earnest thought, — smiling upon life as life smiled upon her, — looked lovelier to Leslie as this whisper made itself heard in her heart; and it was with a sweeter patience and a more believing kindliness that she answered, and tried to enter into, her next merry words.

There was something different about Jeannie. She was older; there was a kind of hard determination sometimes with her, in turning from suggestions of graver things; the child-unconsciousness was no longer there; something restless, now and then defiant, had taken its place; she had caught a sound of the deeper voices, but her soul would not yet turn to listen. She felt the blossom of life yearning under the leaf; but she bent the green beauty heedfully above it, and made believe it was not there.

Looking into herself and about her with asking eyes, Leslie had learned something already by which she apprehended these things of others. Heretofore, her two friends had seemed to her alike, — able, both of them, to take life innocently and carelessly as it came; she began now to feel a difference.

Her eyes were bent away off toward the Franconia hills, when Mrs. Linceford leaned round to look in them, and spoke, in the tone her voice had begun to take toward her. She felt one of her strong likings — her immense fancies, as she called them, which were really warm sympathies of the best of her with the best she found in the world — for Leslie Goldthwaite.

"It seems to me you are a *stray* sunbeam this morning," she said, in her winning way. "What kind of thoughts are going out so far? What is it all about?"

A verse of the Psalms was ringing itself in Leslie's mind; had been there, under all the other vague musings and chance suggestions for many minutes of her silence. But she would not have spoken it — she *could* not — for all the world. She gave the lady one of the chance suggestions instead. "I have been looking down into that lovely hollow; it seems like a children's party, with all the grave, grown folks looking on."

"Childhood and grown-up-hood; not a bad simile."

It was not, indeed. It was a wild basin, within a group of the lesser hills close by; full of little feathery birches, that twinkled and played in the light breeze and gorgeous sunshine slanting in upon them between the slopes that lay in shadow above, — slopes clothed with ranks of dark pines and cedars and hemlocks, looking down seriously, yet with a sort of protecting tenderness, upon the shimmer and frolic they seemed to have climbed up out of. Those which stood in the half-way shadow were gravest. Hoar old stems upon the very tops were touched with the self-same glory that lavished itself below. This also was no less a true similitude.

"Know ye not this parable?" the Master said. "How then shall ye know all parables?" Verily, they lie about us by the wayside, and the whole earth is vocal with the wisdom of the Lord.

I cannot go with our party step by step; I have a summer to spend with them. They came to Jefferson at noon, and sat themselves down in the solemn high court and council of the mountain kings. First, they must have rooms. In the very face of majesty they must settle their traps.

"You are lucky in coming in for one vacancy, made to-day," the proprietor said, throwing open a door that showed them a commodious second-floor corner-room, looking each way with broad windows upon the circle of glory, from Adams to Lafayette. A wide balcony ran along the southern side against the window which gave that aspect. There were two beds here, and two at least of the party must be content to occupy. Mrs. Linceford, of course; and it was settled that Jeannie should share it with her.

Upstairs, again, was choice of two rooms, — one flight, or two. But the first looked out westward, where was comparatively little of what they had come for. Higher up, they could have the same outlook that the others had; a slanting ceiling opened with dormer window full upon the grandeur of Washington, and a second faced southward to where beautiful blue, dreamy Lafayette lay soft against the tender heaven.

"Oh, let us have this!" said Leslie eagerly. "We don't mind stairs." And so it was settled.

"Only two days here?" they began to say, when they gathered in Mrs. Linceford's room at nearly tea-time, after a rest and freshening of their toilets.

"We might stay longer," Mrs. Linceford answered. "But

the rooms are taken for us at Outledge, and one can't settle and unpack, when it's only a lingering from day to day. All there is here one sees from the windows. A great deal, to be sure; but it's all there at the first glance. We 'll see how we feel on Friday."

"The Thoresbys are here, Augusta. I saw Ginevra on the balcony just now. They seem to have a large party with them. And I'm sure I heard them talk of a hop to-night. If your trunks would only come!"

"They could not in time. They can only come in the train that reaches Littleton at six."

"But you 'll go in, won't you? 'T is n't likely they dress much here, — though Ginevra Thoresby always dresses. Elinor and I could just put on our blue grenadines, and you 've got plenty of things in your other boxes. One of your shawls is all you want, and we can lend Leslie something."

"I 've only my thick travelling boots," said Leslie; "and I should n't feel fit without a thorough dressing. It won't matter the first night, will it?"

"Leslie Goldthwaite, you 're getting slow! Augusta!"

"As true as I live, there is old Marmaduke Wharne!"

"Let Augusta alone for not noticing a question till she chooses to answer it," said Jeannie Hadden, laughing. "And who, pray, is Marmaduke Wharne? With a name like that, if you did n't say 'old,' I should make up my mind to a real hero, right out of a book."

"He 's an original. And — yes — he is a hero, — *out* of a book, too, in his way. I met him at Catskill last summer. He stayed there the whole season, till they shut the house up and drove him down the mountain. Other people came and went, took a look, and ran away; but he was a fixture. He says he always does so, — goes off somewhere and 'finds an Ararat,' and there drifts up and sticks fast. In the winter he 's in New York; but that 's a needle in a haystack. I never heard of him till I found him at Catskill. He 's an Englishman, and they say had more to his name once. It was Wharne*cliffe*, or Wharne*leigh*, or something, and there 's a baronetcy in the family. I don't doubt, myself, that it 's his, and that a part of his oddity has been to drop it. He was a poor preacher, years ago; and then, of a sudden, he went out to England, and came back with plenty of money, and since then he 's been an apostle and missionary among the poor.

That 's his winter work; the summers, as I said, he spends in the hills. Most people are half afraid of him; for he 's one you 'll get the blunt truth from, if you never got it before. But come, there 's the gong, — ugh! how they batter it! — and we must get through tea and out upon the balcony, to see the sunset and the 'purple light.' There 's no time now, girls, for blue grenadines; and it 's always vulgar to come out in a hurry with dress in a strange place." And Mrs. Linceford gave a last touch to her hair, straightened the things on her dressing-table, shut down the lid of a box, and led the way from the room.

Out upon the balcony they watched the long, golden going down of the sun, and the creeping shadows, and the purple half-light, and the after-smile upon the crests. And then the heaven gathered itself in its night stilless, and the mountains were grand in the soft gloom, until the full moon came up over Washington.

There had been a few words of recognition with the Thoresby party, and then our little group had betaken itself to the eastern end of the piazza. After a while, one by one, the others strayed away, and they were left almost alone. There was a gathering and a sound of voices about the drawing-room, and presently came the tones of the piano, struck merrily. They jarred, somehow, too; for the ringing, thrilling notes of a horn, blown below, had just gone down the diminishing echoes from cliff to cliff, and died into a listening silence, away over, one could not tell where, beyond the mysterious ramparts.

"It 's getting cold," said Jeannie impatiently. "I think we 've stayed here long enough. Augusta, *don't* you mean to get a proper shawl, and put some sort of lace thing on your head, and come in with us for a look, at least, at the hop? Come, Nell; come, Leslie; you might as well be at home as in a place like this, if you 're only going to mope."

"It seems to me," said Leslie, more to herself than to Jeannie, looking over upon the curves and ridges and ravines of Mount Washington, showing vast and solemn under the climbing moon, "as if we had got into a cathedral!"

"And the 'great nerve' was being touched! Well, — that don't make *me* shiver. Besides, I did n't come here to shiver. I 've come to have a right good time; and to look at the mountains — as much as is reasonable."

It was a pretty good definition of what Jeannie Hadden

thought she had come into the world for. There was subtle indication in it, also, that the shadow of some doubt had not failed to touch her either, and that this with her was less a careless instinct than a resolved conclusion.

Elinor, in her happy good-humor, was ready for either thing: to stay in the night splendor longer, or to go in. It ended in their going in. Outside, the moon wheeled on in her long southerly circuit, the stars trembled in their infinite depths, and the mountains abided in awful might. Within was a piano tinkle of gay music, and demi-toilette, and demi-festival, — the poor, abridged reproduction of city revelry in the inadequate parlor of an unpretending mountain-house, on a three-ply carpet.

Marmaduke Wharne came and looked in at the doorway. Mrs. Linceford rose from her seat upon the sofa close by, and gave him courteous greeting. "The season has begun early, and you seem likely to have a pleasant summer here," she said, with the half-considered meaning of a common fashion of speech.

"No, madam!" answered Marmaduke Wharne, out of his real thought, with a blunt emphasis.

"You think not?" said Mrs. Linceford suavely, in a quiet amusement. "It looks rather like it to-night."

"*This?* — It 's no use for people to bring their bodies to the mountains, if they can't bring souls in them!" And Marmaduke Wharne turned on his heel, and, without further courtesy, strode away.

"What an old Grimgriffinhoof!" cried Jeannie under her breath; and Elinor laughed her little musical laugh of fun.

Mrs. Linceford drew up her shawl, and sat down again, the remnant of a well-bred smile upon her face. Leslie Goldthwaite rather wished old Marmaduke Wharne would come back again and say more. But this first glimpse of him was all they got to-night.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Whittier, John Greenleaf, an American poet; born at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807; died at Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892. Of Quaker parentage, he always remained a member of the Society of Friends. Up to his eighteenth year he worked on the farm; then attended an academy for two years, writing occasional verses for the local newspaper, and in 1829 became editor of the "American Manufacturer," at Boston. In 1830 he became editor of the "Connecticut Mirror," at Hartford. In 1836 he was elected Secretary of the newly formed American Anti-Slavery Society, and became editor of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," at Philadelphia. In 1840 he took up his permanent residence at Amesbury, Mass. The principal of the longer poems are: "Legends of New England" (1831); "Mogg Megone" (1836); "The Bridal of Pennacook" (1837); "Snow-Bound" (1865); "The Tent on the Beach" (1867); "Among the Hills" (1868); "The Vision of Echard" (1877). The smaller poems, something like four hundred in number, constituting the greater portion of the whole, have been arranged by the author under several heads, among which are: "Legendary," "Voices of Freedom," "Voices of Labor," "Home Ballads," "Poems and Lyrics," and "Miscellaneous." Several volumes made up of his various prose writings have been published. The principal of these are: "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches" (1850), and "Literary Recreations and Miscellanies" (1854). The later productions of Whittier include "The King's Missive" (1881); "Bay of Seven Islands" (1883); "Poems of Nature" (1886); "St. Gregory's Guest" (1886); "At Sundown" (1892). His complete works up to that date were published in 1888–89.

The Norsemen.[1]

Gift from the cold and silent Past!
A relic to the present cast;
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime
And beating of the waves of Time!

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Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

The waters of my native stream
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam:
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar
The circles widen to its shore;
And cultured field and peopled town
Slope to its willowed margin down.
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing
The mellow sound of church-bells ringing,
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,
And voices from the wayside near
Come quick and blended on my ear,
A spell is in this old gray stone —
My thoughts are with the Past alone!
A change! — The steepled town no more
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore;
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud:
Spectrally rising where they stood,
I see the old, primeval wood;
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand
I see its solemn waste expand:
It climbs the green and cultured hill,
It arches o'er the valley's rill;
And leans from cliff and crag, to throw
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.
Unchanged, alone, the same bright river
Flows on, as it will flow forever!
I listen, and I hear the low
Soft ripple where its waters go;
I hear behind the panther's cry,
The wild bird's scream goes thrilling by,
And shyly on the river's brink
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark — from wood and rock flung back,
What sound comes up the Merrimac?
What sea-worn barks are those which throw
The light spray from each rushing prow?
Have they not in the North Sea's blast
Bowed to the waves the straining mast?

Their frozen sails the low, pale sun
Of Thulè's night has shone upon;
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep
Round icy drift, and headland steep.
Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,
Lessening through driving mist and spray,
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!
Onward they glide — and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky:
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.
I see the gleam of axe and spear,
The sound of smitten shields I hear,
Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;
Such lays as Zetland's Skald has sung,
His gray and naked isles among;
Or muttered low at midnight hour
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
Has answered to that startling rune;
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank knows its summons well;
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,
And swept with hoary beard and hair
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'T is past — the 'wildering vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!
The forest vanishes in air —
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;
I hear the common tread of men,
And hum of work-day life again:
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone;
And if it be the chiselled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim —
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
The stormy Viking's god of War,

THE NORSEMEN

"Wild Julland's wives, and Lochlin's daughters
Have watched them fading o'er the waters"

From a Painting by H. Hendrick

Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love awakening Siona,
I know not — for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.

Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth;
Quicken the Past to life again —
The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,
Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitude of Death,
To mortal minds were sometimes lent,
To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper — even when it seems
But Memory's phantasy of dreams —
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,
Of an immortal origin !

The Exiles.

The goodman sat beside his door
One sultry afternoon,
With his young wife singing at his side
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air —
The dark green woods were still;
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast, arose that cloud
Above the wilderness,
As some dark world from upper air
Were stooping over this.

At times, the solemn thunder pealed,
And all was still again,
Save a low murmur in the air
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
A weary stranger came,
And stood before the farmer's door,
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope
Was in his quiet glance,
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed
His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore
In Pilate's council-hall:
It told of wrongs — but of a love
Meekly forgiving all.

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?"
The stranger meekly said;
And, leaning on his oaken staff,
The goodman's features read.

"My life is hunted — evil men
Are following in my track;
The traces of the torturer's whip
Are on my aged back.

"And much, I fear, 't will peril thee
Within thy doors to take
A hunted seeker of the Truth,
Oppressed for conscience' sake."

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's wife —
"Come in, old man!" quoth she, —
"We will not leave thee to the storm,
Whoever thou may'st be."

Then came the aged wanderer in,
And silent sat him down;
While all within grew dark as night
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze
Filled every cottage nook,
And with the jarring thunder-roll
The loosened casement shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet
Came sounding up the lane,
And half a score of horse, or more,
Came plunging through the rain.

"Now, Goodman Macy, ope thy door, —
We would not be house-breakers;
A rueful deed thou 'st done this day,
In harboring banished Quakers."

Out looked the cautious goodman then,
With much of fear and awe,
For there, with broad wig drenched with rain,
The parish priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked man,
And let thy pastor in,
And give God thanks, if forty stripes
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the goodman, —
"The stranger is my guest;
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong, —
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave!"
And strong hands shook the door,
"Believe me, Macy," quoth the priest, —
"Thou 'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macy's eye of fire:
"No priest who walks the earth,
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught
The matchlock, hotly tried
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,
By fiery Ireton's side;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,
With shout and psalm contended;
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer,
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then:
"My spirit is not free
To bring the wrath and violence
Of evil men on thee:

"And for thyself, I pray forbear, —
Bethink thee of thy Lord,
Who healed again the smitten ear,
And sheathed his follower's sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led:
Friends of the poor, farewell!"
Beneath his hand the oaken door
Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old gray-beard, yea and nay;"
The reckless scoffers cried,
As to a horseman's saddle-bow
The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long
In Boston's crowded jail,
Where suffering woman's prayer was heard,
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell:
Those scenes have passed away —
Let the dim shadows of the past
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, sheriff!" quoth the ardent priest —
"Take goodman Macy too;
The sin of this day's heresy,
His back or purse shall rue."

And priest and sheriff, both together
Upon his threshold stood,
When Macy, through another door,
Sprang out into the wood.

"Now, goodwife, haste thee!" Macy cried,
She caught his manly arm: —
Behind, the parson, urged pursuit,
With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Macys, neck or naught, —
The river course was near: —
The plashing on its pebbled shore
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasselled o'er with birch,
Above the waters hung,
And at its base, with every wave,
A small light wherry swung.

A leap — they gain the boat — and there
The goodman wields his oar:
"Ill luck betide them all" — he cried, —
"The laggards upon the shore."

Down through the crashing under-wood,
The burly sheriff came: —
"Stand, Goodman Macy — yield thyself;
Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's face!"
Bold Macy answered then, —
"Whip *women*, on the village green,
But meddle not with *men*."

The priest came panting to the shore, —
His grave cocked hat was gone:
Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung
His wig upon a thorn.

"Come back — come back!" the parson cried,
"The church's curse beware."
"Curse an thou wilt," said Macy, "but
Thy blessing prithee spare."

"Vile scoffer!" cried the baffled priest, —
"Thou 'lt yet the gallows see."
"Who 's born to be hanged, will not be drowned,"
Quoth Macy merrily;

"And so, sir sheriff and priest, good bye!"
He bent him to his oar,
And the small boat glided quietly
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds
Scattered and fell asunder,
While feebler came the rush of rain,
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun
Looked out serene and warm,
Painting its holy symbol-light
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rainbow span,
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended; —
One bright foot touched the eastern hills,
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope
The small boat glided fast, —
The watchers of "the Block-house" saw
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison
Sat shaking in their shoes,
To hear the dip of Indian oars, —
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,
(The men were all away),
Looked out to see the stranger oar
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,
And Newbury's spire and weathercock
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,
The marsh lay broad and green;
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs crowned,
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye
The harbor-bar was crossed; —
A plaything of the restless wave,
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven
On land and water lay, —
On the steep hills of Agawam,
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,
And Gloucester's harbor-bar;
The watch-fire of the garrison
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning
On Massachusetts' Bay!
Blue wave, and bright green island,
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety
Round isle and headland steep —
No tempest broke above them,
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The vent'rous Macy passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle,
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,
They braved the rough sea-weather;
And there, in peace and quietness,
Went down life's vale together:

How others drew around them,
And how their fishing sped,
Until to every wind of heaven
Nantucket's sails were spread:

How pale want alternated
With plenty's golden smile;
Behold, is it not written
In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macy
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand —
Free as the waves that batter
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,
No loftier spirit stirs, —
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island! —
And grant for evermore,
That charity and freedom dwell,
As now upon her shore!

The Yankee Girl.

She sings by her wheel, at that low cottage-door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door —
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'T is the great Southern planter — the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen — for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them —
For shame, Ellen, shame! — cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

"Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

"Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her — that pride of our girls —
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In fetters with them, than in freedom with thee!"

The Pine Tree.

Lift again the stately emblem on the Bay State's rusted shield,
Give to Northern winds the Pine Tree on our banner's tattered field,
Sons of men who sat in council with their Bibles round the board,
Answering England's royal missive with a firm, "Thus saith the Lord!"
Rise again for home and freedom! — set the battle in array! —
What the fathers did of old time we their sons must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs — cease your paltry pedler cries;
Shall the good State sink her honor that your gambling stocks may rise?
Would ye barter man for cotton? — That your gains may be the same,
Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our children through the flame?
Is the dollar only real? — God and truth and right a dream?
Weighed against your lying ledgers must our manhood kick the beam?

Oh, my God! — for that free spirit, which of old in Boston town
Smote the Province House with terror, struck the crest of Andros down! —
For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's streets to cry:
"Up for God and Massachusetts! — Set your feet on Mammon's lie!
Perish banks and perish traffic — spin your cotton's latest pound —
But in Heaven's name keep your honor — keep the heart o' the Bay State sound!"

Where 's the man for Massachusetts? — Where 's the voice to speak her free? —
Where 's the hand to light up bonfires from her mountains to the sea?
Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer? — Sits she dumb in her despair? —
Has she none to break the silence? — Has she none to do and dare?
Oh my God! for one right worthy to lift up her rusted shield,
And to plant again the Pine Tree in her banner's tattered field!

Randolph of Roanoke.

Oh, Mother Earth! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
And serpent hiss of scorning;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness,
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye
He heard Potomac's flowing,
And, through his tall ancestral trees,
Saw Autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps — still looking to the west,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune! — in himself
All moods of mind contrasting —
The tenderest wail of human woe,
The scorn like lightning blasting;
The pathos which from rival eyes
Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,
From lips of life-long sadness;
Clear picturings of majestic thought
Upon a ground of madness;
And over all Romance and Song
A classic beauty throwing,
And laurelled Clio at his side
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him: each in turn
Beheld its schemes disjointed,
As right or left his fatal glance
And spectral finger pointed.
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
With trenchant wit unsparing,
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished.
While others hailed in distant skies
Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune strange,
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,
His loving faith in Mother-land
Knew never shade of turning;
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave,
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
No false and vain pretences,
Nor paid a lying priest to seek
For scriptural defences.
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
His bitterest taunt and scorning,
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves: yet kept the while
His reverence for the Human;
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but Man and Woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man
Laid down for his last sleeping,

And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother man stood weeping,
His latest thought, his latest breath,
To Freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and trembling hand
The dying blest the living.

Oh! never bore his ancient State
A truer son or braver!
None trampling with a calmer scorn
On foreign hate or favor.
He knew her faults, yet never stooped
His proud and manly feeling
To poor excuses of the wrong
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of Doom
Along her future treading.
For her as for himself he spake,
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,
He traced with dying hand "REMORSE!"
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy pall which hides
The Sage of Monticello,
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves
A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields
Are sadder warnings spoken,
From quenched hearths, where thy exiled sons
Their household gods have broken.
The curse is on thee — wolves for men,
And briars for corn-sheaves giving!
Oh! more than all thy dead renown
Were now one hero living!

Hampton Beach.

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On — on — we tread with lose-flung rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life — the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-by to Pain and Care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath — I seem
Like all I see —
Waves in the sun — the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam —
And far-off sails which flit before the south wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know

No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

I sit alone: in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,
Shoulder the broken tide away,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and wind,
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer! — wave and shore
In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once more
To where my native hill-tops o'er
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky!

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the Sea.

Ichabod!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not — the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains —
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE.

Whyte-Melville, George John, an English novelist; born at Mount Melville, near St. Andrews, Scotland, 1821. He was fatally injured by a fall from his horse in the hunting-field, in the Vale of Aylesbury, and died December 5, 1878. He was educated at Eton. A captain in the Coldstream Guards, he retired from the army (1849), but served in the Turkish cavalry during the Crimean War. Among his works were "Captain Digby Grand" (1853); "The Gladiators" (1863); "Sarchedon" (1871); "Satanella;" "Katerfelto" (1875); etc. He wrote also a volume of "Songs and Verses" (1869), and translated Horace's "Odes."

The Arena.

(From "The Gladiators.")

A hundred thousand tongues, whispering and murmuring with Italian volubility, send up a busy hum like that of an enormous beehive into the sunny air. The Flavian Amphitheatre, Vespasian's gigantic concession to the odious tastes of his people, has not yet been constructed; and Rome must crowd and jostle in the great Circus, if she would behold that slaughter of beasts, and those mortal combats of men, in which she now takes far more delight than in the innocent trials of speed and skill for which the enclosure was originally designed. That her luxurious citizens are dissatisfied even with this roomy edifice, is sufficiently obvious from the many complaints that accompany the struggling and pushing of those who are anxious to obtain a good place. To-day's bill-of-fare is indeed tempting to the morbid appetites of high and low. A rhinoceros and tiger are to be pitted against each other; and it is hoped that, notwithstanding many recent failures in such combats, these two beasts may be savage enough to afford the desired sport. Several pairs of gladiators, at least, are to fight to the death, besides those on whom the populace may show mercy or from whom they may withhold it at will. In addi-

"Ave! Cæsar Imperator"

From a Painting by J. L. Gérôme

tion to all this, it has been whispered that one well-known patrician intends to exhibit his prowess on the deadly stage. Much curiosity is expressed, and many a wager has been already laid, on his name, his skill, the nature of his conflict, and the chances of his success. Though the Circus be large enough to contain the population of a thriving city, no wonder that it is to-day full to the very brim. As usual in such assemblages, the hours of waiting are lightened by eating and drinking, by jests, practical and otherwise, by remarks, complimentary, sarcastic, or derisive, on the several notabilities who enter at short intervals, and take their places with no small stir and assumption of importance. The nobility and distinguished characters of this dissolute age are better known than respected by their plebeian fellow-citizens.

There is, however, one exception. Though Valeria's Liburnians lay themselves open to no small amount of insolence, by the emphatic manner in which they make way for their mistress, as she proceeds with her usual haughty bearing to her place near the patrician benches — an insolence of which some of the more pointed missiles do not spare the scornful beauty herself — it is no sooner observed that she is accompanied by her kinsman, Licinius, than a change comes over the demeanor even of those who feel themselves most aggrieved, by being elbowed out of their places, and pushed violently against their neighbors, while admiring glances and a respectful silence, denote the esteem in which the Roman general is held by high and low.

It wants a few minutes yet of noon. The southern sun, though his intensity is modified by canvas awnings stretched over the spectators wherever it is possible, to afford them shade, lights and warms up every nook and cranny of the amphitheatre; gleams in the raven hair of the Campanian matron, and the black eyes of the astonished urchin in her arms; flashes off the golden bosses that stud the white garments on the equestrian benches; bleaches the level sweep of sand so soon to bear the prints of mortal struggle, and flooding the lofty throne where Cæsar sits in state, deepens the broad crimson hem that skirts his imperial garment, and sheds a death-like hue over the pale bloated face, which betrays even now no sign of interest, or animation, or delight.

Vitellius attends these brutal exhibitions with the same immobility that charaterizes his demeanor in almost all the

avocations of life. The same listlessness, the same weary vacancy of expression, pervades his countenance here, as in the senate or the council. His eye never glistens but at the appearance of a favorite dish; and the emperor of the world can only be said to *live* once in the twenty-four hours, when seated at the banquet.

Insensibility seems, however, in all ages to be an affectation of the higher classes; and here, while the plebeians wrangle, and laugh, and chatter, and gesticulate, the patricians are apparently bent on proving that amusement is for them a simple impossibility, and suffering or slaughter matters of the most profound indifference.

And on common occasions who so impassible, so cold, so unmoved by all that takes place around her, as the haughty Valeria? but to-day there is an unusual gleam in the gray eyes, a quiver of the lip, a fixed red spot on either cheek; adding new charms to her beauty, not lost upon the observers who surround her.

Quoth Damasippus to Oarses (for the congenial rogues stand, as usual, shoulder to shoulder):—

"I would not that the patron saw her now. I never knew her look so fair as this. Locusta must have left her the secret of her love philtres."

"Oh, innocent!" replies the other. "Knowest thou not that the patron fights to-day? Seest thou her restless hands, and that fixed smile, like the mask of an old Greek player? She loves him; trust me, therefore, she has lost her power, were she subtle as Arachne. Dost not know the patron? To do him justice, he never prizes the stakes when he has won the game."

And the two fall to discussing the dinner they have brought with them, and think they are perfectly familiar with the intricacies of a woman's feelings.

Meantime Valeria seems to cling to Licinius as though there were some spell in her kinsman's presence to calm that beating heart of which she is but now beginning to learn the wayward and indomitable nature.

For the twentieth time she asks: "Is he prepared at all points? Does he know every feint of the deadly game? Are his health and strength as perfect as training can make them? And oh, my kinsman! is he confident in himself? Does he feel *sure* that he will win?"

To which questions, Licinius, though wondering at the interest she betrays in such a matter, answers as before: —

"All that skill, and science, and Hippias can do, has been done. He has the advantage in strength, speed, and height. Above all, he has the courage of his nation. As they get fiercer they get cooler, and they are never so formidable as when you deem them vanquished. I could not sit here if I thought he would be worsted."

Then Valeria took comfort for a while, but soon she moved restlessly on her cushions. "How I wish they would begin!" said she; yet every moment of delay seemed at the same time to be a respite of priceless value, even while it added to the torture of suspense.

Many hearts were beating in that crowd with love, hope, fear, and anxiety; but perhaps none so wildly as those of two women, separated but by a few paces, and whose eyes some indefinable attraction seemed to draw irresistibly towards each other.

While Valeria, in common with many ladies of distinction, had encroached upon the space originally allotted to the vestal virgins, and established, by constant attendance in the amphitheatre, a prescriptive right to a cushioned seat for herself and her friends, women of lower rank were compelled to station themselves in an upper gallery allotted to them, or to mingle on sufferance with the crowd in the lower tier of places, where the presence of a male companion was indispensable for protection from annoyance, and even insult. Nevertheless, within speaking distance of the haughty Roman lady stood Mariamne, accompanied by Calchas, trembling with fear and excitement in every limb, yet turning her large dark eyes upon Valeria, with an expression of curiosity and interest that could only have been aroused by an instinctive consciousness of feelings common to both. The latter, too, seemed fascinated by the gaze of the Jewish maiden, now bending on her a haughty and inquiring glance, anon turning away with a gesture of affected disdain; but never unobservant, for many seconds together, of the dark pale beauty and her venerable companion.

When she was at last fairly wedged in amongst the crowd, Mariamne could hardly explain to herself how she came there. It had been with great difficulty that she persuaded Calchas to accompany her; and, indeed, nothing but his interest in Esca, and the hope that he might, even here, find some means of

doing good, would have tempted the old man into such a scene. It was with many a burning blush and painful thrill that she confessed to herself, she must go mad with anxiety were she absent from the death-struggle to be waged by the man whom she now knew she loved so dearly; and it was with a wild defiant recklessness that she resolved if aught of evil should befall him to give herself up thenceforth to despair. She felt as if she was in a dream; the sea of faces, the jabber of tongues, the strange novelty of the spectacle, confused and wearied her; yet through it all Valeria's eye seemed to look down on her with an ominous boding of ill; and when, with an effort, she forced her senses back into self-consciousness, she felt so lonely, so frightened, and so unhappy, that she wished she had never come.

And now, with peal of trumpets and clash of cymbals, a burst of wild martial music rises above the hum and murmur of the seething crowd. Under a spacious archway, supported by marble pillars, wide folding-doors are flung open, and two by two, with stately step and slow, march in the gladiators, armed with the different weapons of their deadly trade. Four hundred men are they, in all the pride of perfect strength and symmetry, and high training, and practised skill. With head erect and haughty bearing, they defile once round the arena, as though to give the spectators an opportunity of closely scanning their appearance, and halt with military precision to range themselves in line under Cæsar's throne. For a moment there is a pause and hush of expectation over the multitude, while the devoted champions stand motionless as statues in the full glow of noon; then bursting suddenly into action, they brandish their gleaming weapons over their heads, and higher, fuller, fiercer, rises the terrible chant that seems to combine the shout of triumph with the wail of suffering, and to bid a long and hopeless farewell to upper earth, even in the very recklessness and defiance of its despair:—

"Ave, Cæsar! Morituri te salutant!"

Then they wheel out once more, and range themselves on either side of the arena; all but a chosen band who occupy the central place of honor, and of whom every second man at least is doomed to die.

These are the picked pupils of Hippias; the quickest eyes and the readiest hands in "The Family;" therefore it is that they have been selected to fight by pairs to the death, and that

it is understood no clemency will be extended to them from the populace.

With quickened breath and eager looks, Valeria and Mariamne scan their ranks in search of a well-known figure: both feel it to be a questionable relief that he is not there; but the Roman lady tears the edge of her mantle to the seam, and the Jewish girl offers an incoherent prayer in her heart, for she knows not what.

Esca's part is not yet to be performed, and he is still in the background, preparing himself carefully for the struggle.

The rest of "The Family," however, muster in force. Tall Rufus stalks to his appointed station with a calm business-like air that bodes no good to his adversary, whoever he may be. He has fought too often not to feel confident in his own invincible prowess; and when compelled to despatch a fallen foe, he will do it with sincere regret, but none the less dexterously and effectually for that. Hirpinus, too, assumes his usual air of jovial hilarity. There is a smile on his broad good-humored face; and though, notwithstanding the severity of his preparation, his huge muscles are still a trifle too full and lusty, he will be a formidable antagonist for any fighter whose proportions are less than those of a Hercules. As the crowd pass the different combatants in review, none, with the exception perhaps of Rufus, have more backers than their old favorite. Lutorius, too, notwithstanding his Gallic origin, which places him but one remove, as it were, from a barbarian, finds no slight favor with those who pride themselves on their experience in such matters. His great activity and endurance, combined with thorough knowledge of his weapon, have made him the victor in many a public contest. As Damasippus observes to his friend: "Lutorius can always tire out an adversary and despatch him at leisure;" to which Oarses replies, "If he be pitted to-day against Manlius, I will wager thee a thousand sesterces blood is not drawn in the first three assaults."

The pairs had already been decided by lot; but amongst the score of combatants who were to fight to the death, these formidable champions were the most celebrated, and as such the especial favorites of the populace. Certain individuals in the crowd, who were sufficiently familiar with the gladiators to exchange a word of greeting, and to call them by their names, derived in consequence no small increase of importance amongst the bystanders.

The swordsmen, although now ranged in order round the arena, are destined, for a time at least, to remain inactive. The sports are to commence with a combat between a lately imported rhinoceros, and a Libyan tiger, already familiarly known to the public as having destroyed two or three Christian victims and a negro slave. It is only in the event of these animals being unwilling to fight, or becoming dangerous to the spectators, that Hippias will call in the assistance of his pupils for their destruction. In the mean time, they have an excellent view of the conflict, though perhaps it might be seen in greater comfort from the farther and safer side of the barrier.

Vitellius, with a feeble inclination of his head, signs to begin, and a portable wooden building which has been wheeled into the lists, creating no little curiosity, is now taken to pieces by a few strokes of the hammer. As the slaves carry away the dismembered boards, with the rapidity of men in terror of their lives, a huge, unwieldy beast stands disclosed, and the rhinoceros of which they have been talking for the last week bursts on the delighted eyes of the Roman public. These are perhaps a little disappointed at first, for the animal seems peaceably, not to say indolently, disposed. Taking no notice of the shouts which greet his appearance, he digs his horned muzzle into the sand in search of food, as though secure in the overlapping plates of armor that sway loosely on his enormous body, with every movement of his huge ungainly limbs. So intent are the spectators on this rare monster, that their attention is only directed to the farther end of the arena, by the restlessness which the rhinoceros at length exhibits. He stamps angrily with his broad flat feet, his short pointed tail is furiously agitated, and the gladiators who are near him, observe that his little eye is glowing like a coal. A long, low, dark object, lies coiled up under the barrier as though seeking shelter, nor is it till the second glance, that Valeria, whose interest, in common with that of the multitude, is fearfully excited, can make out the fawning, cruel head, the glaring eyes, and the striped sinewy form of the Libyan tiger.

In vain the people wait for him to commence the attack. Although he is sufficiently hungry, having been kept for more than a day without food, it is not his nature to carry on an open warfare. Damasippus and Oarses jeer him loudly as he skulks under the barrier; and Calchas cannot forbear whisper-

ing to Mariamne, that "a curse has been on the monster since he tore the brethren limb from limb, in that very place, for the glory of the true faith."

The rhinoceros, however, seems disposed to take the initiative; with a short laboring trot he moves across the arena, leaving such deep footprints behind him, as sufficiently attest his enormous bulk and weight. There is a flash like real fire from the tiger's eyes, hitherto only sullen and watchful — his waving tail describes a semicircle in the sand — and he coils himself more closely together, with a deep low growl; even now he is not disposed to fight save at an advantage.

A hundred thousand pairs of eyes, straining eagerly on the combatants, could scarce detect the exact moment at which that spring was made. All they can now discern is the broad mailed back of the rhinoceros swaying to and fro, as he kneels upon his enemy; and the grating of the tiger's claws against the huge beast's impenetrable armor, can be heard in the farthest corner of the gallery that surrounds the amphitheatre.

The leap was made as the rhinoceros turned his side for an instant towards his adversary; but with a quickness marvellous in a beast of such prodigious size, he moved his head round in time to receive it on the massive horn that armed his nose, driving the blunt instrument, from sheer muscular strength, right through the body of the tiger, and finishing his work by falling on him with his knees, and pressing his life out under that enormous weight.

Then he rose unhurt, and blew the sand out of his nostrils, and left, as it seemed, unwillingly, the flattened, crushed, and mangled carcass, turning back to it once and again, with a horrible, yet ludicrous, pertinacity, ere he suffered the Ethiopians who attended him to lure him out of the amphitheatre with a bundle or two of green vegetable food.

The people shouted and applauded loudly. Blood had been drawn, and their appetite was sharpened for slaughter. It was with open undisguised satisfaction that they counted the pairs of gladiators, and looked forward to the next act of the entertainment.

Again the trumpets sound, and the swordsmen range themselves in opposite bodies, all armed alike with a deep concave buckler, and a short, stabbing, two-edged blade; but distinguished by the color of their scarves. Wagers are rapidly made on the green and the red; so skilfully has the experi-

enced Hippias selected and matched the combatants, that the oldest patrons of the sport confess themselves at a loss which to choose.

The bands advance against each other, three deep, in imitation of the real soldiers of the empire. At the first crash of collision, when steel begins to clink, as thrust and blow and parry are exchanged by these practised warriors, the approbation of the spectators rises to enthusiasm; but men's voices are hushed, and they hold their breath when the strife begins to waver to and fro, and the ranks open out and disengage themselves, and blood is to be seen in patches on those athletic frames, and a few are already down, lying motionless where they fell.

The green is giving way, but their third rank has been economized, and its combatants are as yet fresh and untouched; these now advance to fill the gaps made among their comrades, and the fortunes of the day seem equalized once more.

And now the arena becomes a ghastly and forbidding sight; they die hard, these men, whose very trade is slaughter; but mortal agony cannot always suppress a groan, and it is pitiful to see some prostrate giant, supporting himself painfully on his hands, with drooping head and fast-closing eye fixed on the ground, while the life-stream is pouring from his chest into the thirsty sand.

It is real sad earnest, this representation of war, and resembles the battle-field in all save that no prisoners are taken and quarter is but rarely given. Occasionally, indeed, some vanquished champion, of more than common beauty, or who has displayed more than common address and courage, so wins on the favor of the spectators, that they sign for his life to be spared. Hands are turned outwards, with the thumb pointing to the earth, and the victor sheathes his sword, and retires with his worsted antagonist from the contest; but more generally the fallen man's signal for mercy is neglected; ere the shout "A hit!" has died upon his ears, his despairing eye marks the thumbs of his judges, pointing upwards, and he disposes himself to "welcome the steel," with a calm courage, worthy of a better cause.

The reserve, consisting of ten pairs of picked gladiators, has not yet been engaged. The green and the red have fought with nearly equal success; but when the trumpet has sounded

a halt, and the dead have been dragged away by grappling-hooks, leaving long tracks of crimson in their wake, a careful enumeration of the survivors gives the victory by one to the latter color. Hippias, coming forward in a suit of burnished armor, declares as much, and is greeted with a round of applause. In all her pre-occupation, Valeria cannot refrain from a glance of approval at the handsome fencing-master; and Mariamne, who feels that Esca's life hangs on the man's skill and honesty, gazes at him with mingled awe and horror, as on some being of another world.

But the populace have little inclination to waste the precious moments in cheering Hippias, or in calculating loss and gain. Fresh wagers are, indeed, made on the matches about to take place; but the prevailing feeling over that numerous assemblage is one of morbid excitement and anticipation. The ten pairs of men now marching so proudly into the centre of the lists are pledged to fight to the death.

It would be a disgusting task to detail the scene of bloodshed; to dwell on the fierce courage wasted, and the brutal useless slaughter perpetrated in those Roman shambles; yet, sickening as was the sight, so inured were the people to such exhibitions, so completely imbued with a taste for the horrible, and so careless of human life, that scarcely an eye was turned away, scarcely a cheek grew paler, when a disabling gash was received, or a mortal blow driven home; and mothers with babies in their arms would bid the child turn its head to watch the death-pang on the pale stern face of some prostrate gladiator.

Licinius had looked upon carnage in many forms, yet a sad, grave disapproval sat on the general's noble features. Once, after a glance at his kinswoman's eager face, he turned from her with a gesture of anger and disgust; but Valeria was too intent upon the scene enacted within a few short paces to spare attention for anything besides, except, perhaps, the vague foreboding of evil that was gnawing at her heart, and to which such a moment of suspense as the present afforded a temporary relief.

Rufus and Manlius had been pitted against each other by lot. The taller frame and greater strength of the former were supposed to be balanced by the latter's exquisite skill. Collars and bracelets were freely offered at even value amongst the senators and equestrians on each. While the other pairs

were waging their strife with varying success in different parts of the amphitheatre, these had found themselves struggling near the barrier close under the seat occupied by Valeria. She could hear distinctly their hard-drawn breath; could read on each man's face the stern set expression of one who has no hope save in victory; for whom defeat is inevitable and instant death. No wonder she sat, so still and spell-bound, with her pale lips parted and her cold hands clenched.

The blood was pouring from more than one gash on the giant's naked body, yet Rufus seemed to have lost neither coolness nor strength. He continued to ply his adversary with blow on blow, pressing him, and following him up, till he drove him nearly against the barrier. It was obvious that Manlius, though still unwounded, was overmatched and overpowered. At length Valeria drew in her breath with a gasp, as if in pain. It seemed as if she, the spectator, winced from that fatal thrust, which was accepted so calmly by the gladiator whom it pierced. Rufus could scarcely believe he had succeeded in foiling his adversary's defence, and driving it deftly home, so unmoved was the familiar face looking over its shield into his own — so steady and skilful was the return which instantaneously succeeded his attack. But that face was growing paler and paler with every pulsation. Valeria, gazing with wild fixed eyes, saw it wreathed in a strange sad smile, and Manlius reeled and fell where he stood, breaking his sword as he went down, and burying it beneath his body in the sand.

The other strode over him in act to strike. A natural impulse of habit or self-preservation bade the fallen man half raise his arm, with the gesture by which a gladiator was accustomed to implore the clemency of the populace, but he recollected himself, and let it drop proudly by his side. Then he looked kindly up in his victor's face. "Through the heart, comrade," said he, quietly, "for old friendship's sake;" and he never winced nor quailed when the giant drove the blow home with all the strength that he could muster. They had fed at the same board, and drunk from the same wine-cup for years; and this was all he had it in his power to bestow upon his friend.

The people applauded loudly, but Valeria, who had heard the dead man's last appeal, felt her eyes fill with tears; and Mariamne, who had raised her head to look, at this unlucky

moment, buried it once more in her kinsman's cloak, sick and trembling, ready to faint with pity, and dismay, and fear.

. . . . . .

But a shout was ringing through the amphitheatre that roused the Jewish maiden effectually to the business of the day. It had begun in some far-off corner with a mere whispered muttering, and had been taken up by spectator after spectator, till it swelled into a wild and deafening roar. "A Patrician! a Patrician!" vociferated the crowd, thirsting fiercely for fresh excitement, and palled with vulgar carnage, yearning to see the red blood flow from some scion of an illustrious house. The tumult soon reached such a height as to compel the attention of Vitellius, who summoned Hippias to his chair, and whispered a few sentences in his ear. This somewhat calmed the excitement; and while the fencing-master's exertions cleared the arena of the dead and wounded, with whom it was encumbered, a general stir might have been observed throughout the assemblage, while each individual changed his position, and disposed himself more comfortably for sight-seeing, as is the custom of a crowd when anything of especial interest is about to take place. Ere long Damasippus and Oarses were observed to applaud loudly; and their example being followed by thousands of imitators, the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet, the cheers, and other vociferations rose with redoubled vigor, while Julius Placidus stepped gracefully into the centre of the arena, and made his obeisance to the crowd with his usual easy and somewhat insolent bearing.

The Tribune's appearance was well calculated to excite the admiration of the spectators, no mean judges of the human form, accustomed as they were to scan and criticise it in its highest state of perfection. His graceful figure was naked and unarmed, save for a white linen tunic reaching to the knee, and although he wore rings of gold round his ankles, his feet were bare to ensure the necessary speed and activity demanded by his mode of attack. His long dark locks, carefully curled and perfumed for the occasion, and bound by a single golden fillet, floated carelessly over his neck, while his left shoulder was tastefully draped, as it were, by the folds of the dangling net, sprinkled and weighted with small leaden beads, and so disposed as to be whirled away at once without entanglement or delay upon its deadly errand. His right hand grasped the trident, a three-pronged lance, some seven feet in length, capable

of inflicting a fatal wound; and the flourish with which he made it quiver round his head displayed a practised arm and a perfect knowledge of the offensive weapon.

To the shouts which greeted him — "Placidus! Placidus!" "Hail to the Tribune!" "Well done the Patrician Order!" and other such demonstrations of welcome — he replied by bowing repeatedly, especially directing his courtesies to that portion of the amphitheatre in which Valeria was placed. With all his acuteness, little did the Tribune guess how hateful he was at this moment to the very woman on whose behalf he was pledged to engage in mortal strife — little did he dream how earnest were her vows for his speedy humiliation and defeat. Valeria, sitting there with the red spots burning a deeper crimson in her cheeks, and her noble features set in a mask of stone, would have asked nothing better than to have leapt down from her seat, snatched up sword and buckler, of which she well knew the use, and done battle with him, then and there to the death.

The Tribune now walked proudly round the arena, nodding familiarly to his friends, a proceeding which called forth raptures of applause from Damasippus, Oarses, and other of his clients and freedmen. He halted under the chair of Cæsar, and saluted the Emperor with marked deference; then, taking up a conspicuous position in the centre, and leaning on his trident, seemed to await the arrival of his antagonist.

He was not kept long in suspense. With his eyes riveted on Valeria, he observed the fixed color of her cheeks gradually suffusing face, neck, and bosom, to leave her as pale as marble when it faded, and turning round he beheld his enemy, marshalled into the lists by Hippias and Hirpinus — the latter, who had slain his man, thus finding himself at liberty to afford counsel and countenance to his young friend. The shouts which greeted the new comer were neither so long nor so lasting as those that did honor to the Tribune; nevertheless, if the interest excited by each were to be calculated by intensity rather than amount, the slave's suffrages would have far exceeded those of his adversary.

Mariamne's whole heart was in her eyes as she welcomed the glance of recognition he directed exclusively to *her;* and Valeria, turning from one to the other, felt a bitter pang shoot to her very marrow, as she instinctively acknowledged the existence of a rival.

Even at that moment of hideous suspense, a host of maddening feelings rushed through the Roman lady's brain. Many a sunburnt peasant woman, jostled and bewildered in the crowd, envied that sumptuous dame with her place apart, her stately beauty, her rich apparel, and her blazing jewels; but the peasant woman would have rued the exchange had she been forced to take, with these advantages, the passions that were laying waste Valeria's heart. Wounded pride, slighted love, doubt, fear, vacillation, and remose are none the more endurable for being clothed in costly raiment, and trapped out with gems and gold.

While Mariamne, in her singleness of heart, had but one great and deadly fear — that he should fail — Valeria found room for a thousand anxieties and misgivings, of conflicting tendencies, and chafed under a distressing consciousness that she could not satisfy herself what it was she most dreaded or desired.

Unprejudiced and uninterested spectators, however, had but one opinion as to the chances of the Briton's success. If anything could have added to the enthusiasm called forth by the appearance of Placidus, it was the patrician's selection of so formidable an antagonist. Esca, making his obeisance to Cæsar, in the pride of his powerful form, and the bloom of his youth and beauty, armed, moreover, with helmet, shield, and sword, which he carried with the ease of one habituated to their use, appeared as invincible a champion as could have been chosen from the whole Roman empire.

Even Hirpinus, albeit a man experienced in the uncertainties of such contests, and cautious, if not in giving, at least in backing his opinion, whispered to Hippias that the patrician looked like a mere child by the side of their pupil, and offered to wager a flagon of the best Falernian "that he was carried out of the arena feet foremost within five minutes after the first attack, if he missed his throw!" To which the fencing-master, true to his habits of reticence and assumed superiority, vouchsafed no reply save a contemptuous smile.

The adversaries took up their ground with exceeding caution. No advantage of sun or wind was allowed to either, and having been placed by Hippias at a distance of ten yards apart in the middle of the arena, neither moved a limb for several seconds, as they stood intently watching each other, themselves the centre on which all eyes were fixed. It was remarked that

while Esca's open brow bore only a look of calm resolute attention, there was an evil smile of malice stamped, as it were, upon the Tribune's face — the one seemed an apt representation of Courage and Strength — the other of Hatred and Skill.

"He carries the front of a conqueror," whispered Licinius to his kinswoman, regarding his slave with looks of anxious approval. "Trust me, Valeria, we shall win the day. Esca will gain his freedom; the gilded chariot and the white horses shall bring him and me to your door to-morrow morning, and that gaudy Tribune will have had a lesson, that I for one shall not be sorry to have been the means of bestowing on him."

A bright smile lighted up Valeria's face, but she looked from the speaker to a dark-haired girl in the crowd below, and the expression of her countenance changed till it grew as forbidding as the Tribune's, while she replied with a careless laugh: —

"I care not who wins now, Licinius, since they are both in the lists. To tell the truth, I did but fear the courage of this Titan of yours might fail him at the last moment, and the match would not be fought out after all. Hippias tells me the Tribune is the best netsman he ever trained."

He looked at her with a vague surprise; but following the direction of his kinswoman's eyes, he could not but remark the obvious distress and agitation of the cloaked figure on which they were bent.

Mariamne, when she saw the Briton fairly placed, front to front with his adversary, had neither strength nor courage for more. Leaning against Calchas, the poor girl hid her face in her hands and wept as if her heart would break. Myrrhina, who, no more than her mistress, could have borne to be absent from such a spectacle, had forced her way into the crowd, accompanied by a few of Valeria's favorite slaves.

Standing within three paces of the Jewess, that voluble damsel expatiated loudly on the appearance of the combatants, and her careless jests and sarcasms cut Mariamne to the quick. It was painful to hear her lover's personal qualities canvassed as though he were some handsome beast of prey, and his chance of life and death balanced with heartless nicety by the flippant tongue of a waiting-maid; but there was yet a deeper sting in store for her even than this. Myrrhina, having got an audience, was nothing loath to profit by their attention. "I 'm

sure," said she, "whichever way the match goes I don't know what my mistress will do. As for the Tribune, he would get out of his chariot any day on the bare stones to kiss the very ground she walks on; and yet, if he dare so much as to leave a scratch upon that handsome youth's skin, he need never come to our doors again. Why, time after time have I hunted that boy all over the city to bring him home with me. And it 's no light matter for a slave and a barbarian to have won the favor of the proudest lady in Rome. See how he looks up at her now, before they begin!"

The light words wounded very sore; and Mariamne raised her head for one glance at the Briton, half in fond appeal, half to protest, as it were, against the slander she had heard.

What she saw, however, left no room in her loving heart for any feeling save intense horror and suspense.

With his eye fixed on his adversary, Esca was advancing, inch by inch, like a tiger about to spring. Covering the lower part of his face and most of his body with his buckler, and holding his short two-edged sword with bended arm and threatening point, he crouched to at least a foot lower than his natural stature, and seemed to have every muscle and sinew braced, to dash in like lightning when the opportunity offered. A false movement, he well knew, would be fatal, and the difficulty was to come to close quarters, as, directly he was within a certain distance, the deadly cast was sure to be made. Placidus, on the other hand, stood perfectly motionless. His eye was unusually accurate, and he could trust his practised arm to whirl the net abroad at the exact moment when its sweep would be irresistible. So he remained in the same collected attitude, his trident shifted into the left hand, his right foot advanced, his right arm wrapped in the gathered folds of the net which hung across his body, and covered the whole of his left side and shoulder. Once he tried a scornful gibe and smile to draw his enemy from his guard, but in vain; and though Esca, in return, made a feint with the same object, the former's attitude remained immovable, and the latter's snake-like advance continued with increasing caution and vigilance.

An inch beyond the fatal distance, Esca halted once more. For several seconds the combatants thus stood at bay, and the hundred thousand spectators crowded into that spacious amphitheatre held their breath, and watched them like one man.

At length the Briton made a false attack, prepared to

spring back immediately and foil the netsman's throw, but the wily Tribune was not to be deceived, and the only result was that, without appearing to shift his ground, he moved an arm's length nearer his adversary. Then the Briton dashed in, and this time in fierce earnest. Foot, hand, and eye, all together, and so rapidly, that the Tribune's throw flew harmless over his assailant's head, Placidus only avoiding his deadly thrust by the catlike activity with which he leaped aside; then, turning round, he scoured across the arena for life, gathering his net for a fresh cast as he flew. "Coward!" hissed Valeria between her set teeth; while Mariamne breathed once more — nay, her bosom panted, and her eye sparkled with something like triumph at the approaching climax.

She was premature, however, in her satisfaction, and Valeria's disdain was also undeserved. Though apparently flying for his life, Placidus was as cool and brave at that moment as when he entered the arena. Ear and eye were alike on the watch for the slightest false movement on the part of his pursuer; and ere he had half crossed the lists, his net was gathered up, and folded with deadly precision once more.

The Tribune especially prided himself on his speed of foot. It was on this quality that he chiefly depended for safety in a contest which at first sight appeared so unequal. He argued from the great strength of his adversary, that the latter would not be so pre-eminent in activity as himself; but he omitted to calculate the effects of a youth spent in the daily labors of the chase amongst the woods and mountains of Britain. Those following feet had many a time run down the wild goat over its native rocks.

Faster and faster fly the combatants, to the intense delight of the crowd, who specially affect this kind of combat for the pastime it thus affords. Speedy as is the Tribune, his foe draws nearer and nearer, and now, close to where Mariamne stands with Calchas, he is within a stride of his antagonist. His arm is up to strike! when a woman's shriek rings through the amphitheatre, startling Vitellius on his throne, and the sword flies aimlessly from the Briton's grasp as he falls forward on his face, and the impetus rolls him over and over in the sand.

There is no chance for him now. He is scarcely down ere the net whirls round him, and he is fatally and helplessly entangled in its folds. Mariamne gazes stupefied on the pros-

trate form, with stony face and a fixed unmeaning stare. Valeria springs to her feet in a sudden impulse, forgetting for the moment where she is.

Placidus, striding over his fallen enemy with his trident raised, and the old sneering smile deepening and hardening on his face, observed the cause of his downfall, and inwardly congratulated himself on the lucky chance which had alone prevented their positions being reversed. The blood was streaming from a wound in Esca's foot. It will be remembered that where Manlius fell, his sword was buried under him in the sand. On removing his dead body the weapon escaped observation, and the Briton, treading in hot haste on the very spot where it lay concealed, had not only been severely lacerated, but tripped up and brought to the ground by the snare.

All this flashed through the conqueror's mind, as he stood erect, prepared to deal a blow that should close all accounts, and looked up to Valeria for the fatal sign.

Maddened with rage and jealousy; sick, bewildered, and scarcely conscious of her actions, the Roman lady was about to give it, when Licinius seized her arms and held them down by force. Then, with a numerous party of friends and clients, he made a strong demonstration in favor of mercy. The speed of foot, too, displayed by the vanquished, and the obvious cause of his discomfiture, acted favorably on the majority of spectators. Such an array of hands turned outwards and pointing to the earth met the Tribune's eye, that he could not but forbear his cruel purpose, so he gave his weapon to one of the attendants who had now entered the arena, took his cloak from the hands of another, and, with a graceful bow to the spectators, turned scornfully away from his fallen foe.

Esca, expecting nothing less than immediate death, had his eyes fixed on the drooping figure of Mariamne; but the poor girl had seen nothing since his fall. Her last moment of consciousness showed her a cloud of dust, a confused mass of twine, and an ominous figure with arm raised in act to strike; then barriers and arena, and eager faces and white garments, and the whole amphitheatre, pillars, sand, and sky, reeled ere they faded into darkness; sense and sight failed her at the same moment, and she fainted helplessly in her kinsman's arms.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas, an American story-writer; born (Smith) at Philadelphia, September 28, 1857. Her youth was spent in Hollis, Me., and she attended Abbott Academy in Andover, Mass. She went to California in 1876, where she studied the kindergarten system in Los Angeles; later, she taught a year in Santa Barbara College; then went to San Francisco, where she organized the first free kindergarten in the West. In 1880 she organized the California Kindergarten Training School, with her sister Nora A. Smith, and Mrs. S. B. Cooper. In 1888 she married S. B. Wiggin, a lawyer, and they moved to New York, where Mr. Wiggin died in 1889. In 1895 Mrs. Wiggin married George C. Riggs. She has written many stories and books on and for the kindergarten, among them being "The Story of Patsy;" "The Birds' Christmas Carol;" "Polly Oliver's Problem;" "The Story Hour;" and "Kindergarten Principles and Practice." Other books of hers are "Timothy's Quest" (1892); "A Cathedral Courtship" (1893); "Marm Liza" (1894); "The Village Watch Tower" (1895); "A Summer in a Cañon" (1889); "Penelope's Progress" (1898).

Tom o' the Blueb'ry Plains.[1]

(From "The Village Watch Tower.")

The sky is a shadowless blue; the noonday sun glows fiercely; a cloud of dust rises from the burning road whenever the hot breeze stirs the air, or whenever a farm wagon creaks along, its wheels sinking into the deep sand.

In the distance, where the green of the earth joins the blue of the sky, gleams the silver line of a river.

As far as the eye can reach, the ground is covered with blueberry bushes; red leaves peeping among green ones; bloom of blue fruit hanging in full warm clusters, — spheres of velvet mellowed by summer sun, moistened with crystal dew, spiced with fragrance of woods.

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

In among the blueberry bushes grow huckleberries, "choky pears," and blacksnaps.

Gnarled oaks and stunted pines lift themselves out of the wilderness of shrubs. They look dwarfed and gloomy, as if Nature had been an untender mother, and denied them proper nourishment.

The road is a little-travelled one, and furrows of feathery grasses grow between the long, hot, sandy stretches of the wheel-ruts.

The first goldenrod gleams among the loose stones at the foot of the alder bushes. Whole families of pale butterflies, just out of their long sleep, perch on the brilliant stalks and tilter up and down in the sunshine.

Straggling processions of woolly brown caterpillars wend their way in the short grass by the wayside, where the wild carrot and the purple bull-thistle are coming into bloom.

The song of birds is seldom heard, and the blueberry plains are given over to silence save for the buzzing of gorged flies, the humming of bees, and the chirping of crickets that stir the drowsy air when the summer begins to wane.

It is so still that the shuffle-shuffle of a footstep can be heard in the distance, the tinkle of a tin pail swinging musically to and fro, the swish of an alder switch cropping the heads of the roadside weeds. All at once a voice breaks the stillness. Is it a child's, a woman's, or a man's? Neither, yet all three.

"I'd much d'ruth-er walk in the bloom-in' gy-ar-ding,
An' hear the whis-sle of the jol-ly
swain."

Everybody knows the song, and everybody knows the cracked voice. The master of this bit of silent wilderness is coming home: it is Tom o' the blueb'ry plains.

He is more than common tall, with a sandy beard, and a mop of tangled hair straggling beneath his torn straw hat. A square of wet calico drips from under the back of the hat. His gingham shirt is open at the throat, showing his tanned neck and chest. Warm as it is, he wears portions of at least three coats on his back. His high boots, split in foot and leg, are mended and spliced and laced and tied on with bits of shingle rope. He carries a small tin pail of molasses. It has a bail of rope, and a battered cover with a knob of sticky newspaper.

Over one shoulder, suspended on a crooked branch, hangs a bundle of basket stuff, — split willow withes and the like; over the other swings a decrepit, bottomless, three-legged chair.

I call him the master of the plains, but in faith he had no legal claim to the title. If he owned a habitation or had established a home on any spot in the universe, it was because no man envied him what he chose, and no man grudged him what he took; for Tom was one of God's fools, a foot-loose pilgrim in this world of ours, a poor addle-pated, simple-minded, harmless creature, — in village parlance, a "softy."

Mother or father, sister or brother, he had none, nor ever had, so far as any one knew; but how should people who had to work from sun-up to candlelight to get the better of the climate have leisure to discover whether or no Bluebr'y Tom had any kin?

At some period in an almost forgotten past there had been a house on Tom's particular patch of the plains. It had long since tumbled into ruins and served for fire-wood, and even the chimney bricks had disappeared one by one, as the monotonous seasons came and went.

Tom had settled himself in an old tool-shop, corn-house, or rude out-building of some sort that had belonged to the ruined cottage. Here he had set up his household gods; and since no one else had ever wanted a home in this dreary tangle of berry bushes, where the only shade came from stunted pines that flung shrivelled arms to the sky and dropped dead cones to the sterile earth, here he remained unmolested.

In the lower part of the hut he kept his basket stuff and his collection of two-legged and three-legged chairs. In the course of evolution they never sprouted another leg, those chairs; as they were given to him, so they remained. The upper floor served for his living-room, and was reached by a ladder from the ground, for there was no stairway inside.

No one had ever been in the little upper chamber. When a passer-by chanced to bethink him that Tom's hermitage was close at hand, he sometimes turned in his team by a certain clump of white birches and drove nearer to the house, intending to remind Tom that there was a chair to willow-bottom the next time he came to the village. But at the noise of the wheels Tom drew in his ladder; and when the visitor alighted and came within sight, it was to find the inhospitable host standing in the opening of the second-story window, a quaint

figure framed in green branches, the ladder behind him, and on his face a kind of impenetrable dignity, as he shook his head and said, "Tom ain't ter hum; Tom 's gone to Bonny Eagle."

There was something impressive about this way of repelling callers; it was as effectual as a door slammed in the face, and yet there was a sort of mendacious courtesy about it. No one ever cared to go further; and indeed there was no mystery to tempt the curious, and no spoil to attract the mischievous or malicious. Any one could see, without entering, the straw bed in the far corner, the beams piled deep with red and white oak acorns, the strings of dried apples and bunches of everlastings hanging from the rafters, and the half-finished baskets filled with blown bird's-eggs, pine cones, and pebbles.

No home in the village was better loved than Tom's retreat in the blueberry plains. Whenever he approached it, after a long day's tramp, when he caught the first sight of the white birches that marked the gateway to his estate and showed him where to turn off the public road into his own private grounds, he smiled a broader smile than usual, and broke into his well-known song: —

"I'd much d'ruth-er walk in the bloom-in' gy-ar-ding,
An' hear the whis-sle of the jol-ly
swain."

Poor Tom could never catch the last note. He had sung the song for more than forty years, but the memory of this tone was so blurred, and his cherished ideal of it so high (or so low, rather), that he never managed to reach it.

Oh, if only summer were eternal! Who could wish a better supper than ripe berries and molasses? Nor was there need of sleeping under roof nor of lighting candle to grope his way to pallet of straw, when he might have the blue vault of heaven arching over him, and all God's stars for lamps, and for a bed a horse blanket stretched over an elastic couch of pine needles. There were two gaunt pines that had been dropping their polished spills for centuries, perhaps, silently adding, year by year, another layer of aromatic springiness to poor Tom's bed. Flinging his tired body on this grateful couch, burying his head in the crushed sweet fern of his pillow with one deep-drawn sigh of pleasure, — there, haunted by no past and harassed by no future, slept God's fool as sweetly as a child.

Yes, if only summer were eternal, and youth as well!

But when the blueberries had ripened summer after summer, and the gaunt pine-trees had gone on for many years weaving poor Tom's mattress, there came a change in the aspect of things. He still made his way to the village, seeking chairs to mend; but he was even more unkempt than of old, his tall figure was bent, and his fingers trembled as he wove the willow strands in and out, and over and under.

There was little work to do, moreover, for the village had altogether retired from business, and was no longer in competition with its neighbors: the dam was torn away, the sawmills were pulled down; husbands and fathers were laid in the churchyard, sons and brothers and lovers had gone West, and mothers and widows and spinsters stayed on, each in her quiet house alone. "'T ain't no hardship when you get used to it," said the Widow Buzzell. "Land sakes! a lantern 's 's good 's a man any time, if you only think so, 'n' 't ain't half so much trouble to keep it filled up!"

But Tom still sold a basket occasionally, and the children always gathered about him for the sake of hearing him repeat his well-worn formula, — "Tom allers puts two handles on baskets: one to take 'em up by, one to set 'em down by." This was said with a beaming smile and a wise shake of the head, as if he were announcing a great discovery to an expectant world. And then he would lay down his burden of basket stuff, and, sitting under an apple-tree in somebody's side yard, begin his task of willow-bottoming an old chair. It was a pretty sight enough, if one could keep back the tears, — the kindly, simple fellow with the circle of children about his knees. Never a village fool without a troop of babies at his heels. They love him, too, till we teach them to mock.

When he was younger, he would sing,

"Rock-a-by, baby, on the treetop,"

and dance the while, swinging his unfinished basket to and fro for a cradle. He was too stiff in the joints for dancing nowadays, but he still sang the "bloomin' gy-ar-ding" whenever they asked him, particularly if some apple-cheeked little maid would say, "Please, Tom!" He always laughed then, and, patting the child's hand, said, "Pooty gal, — got eyes!" The youngsters danced with glee at this meaningless phrase, just as their mothers had danced years before when it was said to them.

Summer waned. In the moist places the gentian uncurled its blue fringes; purple asters and gay Joe Pye waved their colors by the roadside; tall primroses put their yellow bonnets on, and peeped over the brooks to see themselves; and the dusty pods of the milkweed were bursting with their silky fluffs, the spinning of the long summer. Autumn began to paint the maples red and the elms yellow, for the early days of September brought a frost. Some one remarked at the village store that old Blueb'ry Tom must not be suffered to stay on the plains another winter, now that he was getting so feeble, — not if the "*se*leckmen" had to root him out and take him to the poor-farm. He would surely starve or freeze, and his death would be laid at their door.

Tom was interviewed. Persuasion, logic, sharp words, all failed to move him one jot or tittle. He stood in his castle door, with the ladder behind him, smiling, always smiling (none but the fool smiles always, nor always weeps), and saying to all visitors, "Tom ain't ter hum; Tom 's gone to Bonny Eagle; Tom don' want to go to the poor-farm."

November came in surly.

The cheerful stir and bustle of the harvest were over, the corn was shocked, the apples and pumpkins were gathered into barns. The problem of Tom's future was finally laid before the selectmen; and since the poor fellow's mild obstinacy had defeated all attempts to conquer it, the sheriff took the matter in hand.

The blueberry plains looked bleak and bare enough now. It had rained incessantly for days, growing ever colder and colder as it rained. The sun came out at last, but it shone in a wintry sort of way, — like a duty smile, — as if light, not heat, were its object. A keen wind blew the dead leaves hither and thither in a wild dance that had no merriment in it. A blackbird flew under an old barrel by the wayside, and, ruffling himself into a ball, remarked despondently that feathers were no sort of protection in this kind of climate. A snowbird, flying by, glanced in at the barrel, and observed that anybody who minded a little breeze like that had better join the woodcocks, who were leaving for the South by the night express.

The blueberry bushes were stripped bare of green. The stunted pines and sombre hemlocks looked in tone with the landscape now; where all was dreary they did not seem amiss.

"Je-whilikins!" exclaimed the sheriff as he drew up his

coat collar. "A madhouse is the place for the man who wants to live ou'doors in the winter time; the poor-farm is too good for him."

But Tom was used to privation, and even to suffering. "Ou'doors" was the only home he knew, and with all its rigors he loved it. He looked over the barren plains, knowing, in a dull sort of way, that they would shortly be covered with snow; but he had three coats, two of them with sleeves, and the crunch-crunch of the snow under his tread was music to his ears. Then, too, there were a few hospitable firesides where he could always warm himself; and the winter would soon be over, the birds would come again, — new birds, singing the old songs, — the sap would mount in the trees, the buds swell on the blueberry bushes, and the young ivory leaves push their ruddy tips through the softening ground. The plains were fatherland and mother-country, home and kindred, to Tom. He loved the earth that nourished him, and he saw through all the seeming death in nature the eternal miracle of the resurrection. To him winter was never cruel. He looked underneath her white mantle, saw the infant spring hidden in her warm bosom, and was content to wait. Content to wait? Content to starve, content to freeze, if only he need not be carried into captivity.

The poor-farm was not a bad place, either, if only Tom had been a reasonable being. To be sure, when Hannah Sophia Palmer asked old Mrs. Pinkham how she liked it, she answered, with a patient sigh, that "her 'n' Mr. Pinkham hed lived there goin' on nine year, workin' their fingers to the bone, 'most, 'n' yet they had n't been able to lay up a cent!" If this peculiarity of administration was its worst feature, it was certainly one that would have had no terrors for Tom o' the blueb'ry plains. Terrors of some sort, nevertheless, the poor-farm had for him; and when the sheriff's party turned in by the clump of white birches and approached the cabin, they found that fear had made the simple wise. Tom had provisioned the little upper chamber, and, in place of the piece of sacking that usually served him for a door in winter, he had woven a defence of willow. In fine, he had taken all his basket stuff, and, treating the opening through which he entered and left his home precisely as if it were a bottomless chair, he had filled it in solidly, weaving to and fro, by night as well as by day, till he felt, poor fool, as safely intrenched as if he were in the heart of a fortress.

The sheriff tied his horse to a tree, and Rube Hobson and Pitt Packard got out of the double wagon. Two men laughed when they saw the pathetic defense, but the other shut his lips together and caught his breath. (He had been born on a poor-farm, but no one knew it at Pleasant River.) They called Tom's name repeatedly, but no other sound broke the silence of the plains save the rustling of the wind among the dead leaves.

"Numb-head!" muttered the sheriff, pounding on the side of the cabin with his whipstock. "Come out and show yourself! We know you 're in there, and it 's no use hiding!"

At last, in response to a deafening blow from Rube Hobson's hard fist, there came the answering note of a weak, despairing voice.

"Tom ain't ter hum," it said; "Tom 's gone to Bonny Eagle."

"That 's all right!" guffawed the men; "but you 've got to go some more, and go a diff'rent way. It ain't no use fer you to hold back; we 've got a ladder, and by Jiminy! you go with us this time!"

The ladder was put against the side of the hut, and Pitt Packard climbed up, took his jack-knife, slit the woven door from top to bottom, and turned back the flap.

The men could see the inside of the chamber now. They were humorous persons, who could strain a joke to the snapping point, but they felt, at last, that there was nothing especially amusing in the situation. Tom was huddled in a heap on the straw bed in the far corner. The vacant smile had fled from his face, and he looked, for the first time in his life, quite distraught.

"Come along, Tom," said the sheriff kindly; "we 're going to take you where you can sleep in a bed, and have three meals a day."

"I 'd much d'ruth-er walk in the bloom-in' gy-ar-ding,"

sang Tom quaveringly, as he hid his head in a paroxysm of fear.

"Well, there ain't no bloomin' gardings to walk in jest now, so come along and be peaceable."

"Tom don' want to go to the poor-farm," he wailed piteously.

But there was no alternative. They dragged him off the

bed and down the ladder as gently as possible; then Rube Hobson held him on the back seat of the wagon, while the sheriff unhitched the horse. As they were on the point of starting, the captive began to wail and struggle more than ever, the burden of his plaint being a wild and tremulous plea for his pail of molasses.

"Dry up, old softy, or I'll put the buggy robe over your head!" muttered Rube Hobson, who had not had much patience when he started on the trip, and had lost it all by this time.

"By thunder! he shall hev his molasses, if he thinks he wants it!" said Pitt Packard, and he ran up the ladder and brought it down, comforting the shivering creature thus, for he lapsed into a submissive silence that lasted until the unwelcome journey was over.

Tom remained at the poorhouse precisely twelve hours. It did not enter the minds of the authorities that any one so fortunate as to be admitted into that happy haven would decline to stay there. The unwilling guest disappeared early on the morrow of his arrival, and, after some search, they followed him to the old spot. He had climbed into his beloved retreat, and, having learned nothing from experience, had mended the willow door as best he could, and laid him down in peace. They dragged him out again, and this time more impatiently; for it was exasperating to see a man (even if he were a fool) fight against a bed and three meals a day.

The second attempt was little more successful than the first. As a place of residence, the poor-farm did not seem any more desirable or attractive on near acquaintance than it did at long range. Tom remained a week, because he was kept in close confinement; but when they judged that he was weaned from his old home, they loosed his bonds, and — back to the plains he sped, like an arrow shot from the bow, or like a bit of iron leaping to the magnet.

What should be done with him?

Public opinion was divided. Some people declared that the village had done its duty, and if the "dog-goned lunk-head" wanted to starve and freeze, it was his funeral, not theirs. Others thought that the community had no resource but to bear the responsibility of its irresponsible children, however troublesome they might be. There was entire unanimity of view so far as the main issues were concerned. It was agreed

that nobody at the poor-farm had leisure to stand guard over Tom night and day, and that the sheriff could not be expected to spend his time forcing him out of his hut on the blueberry plains.

There was but one more expedient to be tried, a very simple and ingenious but radical and comprehensive one, which, in Rube Hobson's opinion, would strike at the root of the matter.

Tom had fled from captivity for the third time.

He had stolen out at daybreak, and, by an unexpected stroke of fortune, the molasses pail was hanging on a nail by the shed door. The remains of a battered old bushel basket lay on the wood-pile: bottom it had none, nor handles; rotundity of side had long since disappeared, and none but its maker would have known it for a basket. Tom caught it up in his flight, and, seizing the first crooked stick that offered, he slung the dear familiar burden over his shoulder and started off on a jog-trot.

Heaven, how happy he was! It was the rosy dawn of an Indian summer day, — a warm jewel of a day, dropped into the bleak world of yesterday without a hint of beneficent intention; one of those enchanting weather surprises with which Dame Nature reconciles us to her stern New England rule.

The joy that comes of freedom, and the freedom that comes of joy, unbent the old man's stiffened joints. He renewed his youth at every mile. He ran like a lapwing. When his feet first struck the sandy soil of the plains, he broke into the old song of the "bloom-in' gy-ar-ding" and the "jolly swain," and in the marvellous mental and spiritual exhilaration born of the supreme moment he almost grasped that impossible last note. His heart could hardly hold its burden of rapture when he caught the well-known gleam of the white birches. He turned into the familiar path, boy's blood thumping in old man's veins. The past week had been a dreadful dream. A few steps more and he would be within sight, within touch, of home, — home at last! No — what was wrong? He must have gone beyond it, in his reckless haste! Strange that he could have forgotten the beloved spot! Can lover mistake the way to sweetheart's window? Can child lose the path to mother's knee?

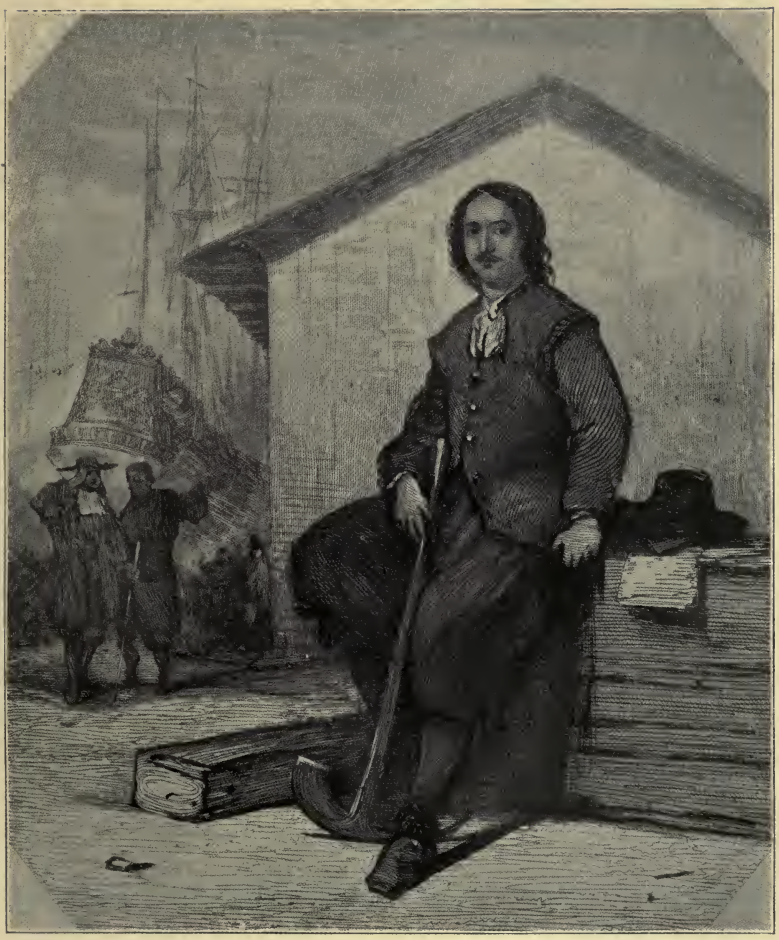
He turned, — ran hither and thither, like one distraught. A nameless dread flitted through his dull mind, chilling his warm blood, paralyzing the activity of the moment before. At

last, with a sob like that of a frightened child who flies from some imagined evil lurking in darkness, he darted back to the white birches and started anew. This time he trusted to blind instinct; his feet knew the path, and, left to themselves, they took him through the tangle of dry bushes straight to his —

It had vanished!

Nothing but ashes remained to mark the spot, — nothing but ashes! And these, ere many days, the autumn winds would scatter, and the leafless branches on which they fell would shake them off lightly, never dreaming that they hid the soul of a home. Nothing but ashes!

Poor Tom o' the blueb'ry plains!



PETER THE GREAT AS A SHIP-BUILDER, EAST INDIA WHARF, AMSTERDAM

(*Holland*)

WILHELMINE VON BAYREUTH.

WILHELMINE, FRIEDERIKE SOPHIE, Margravine of Bayreuth, a distinguished German writer of memoirs; born at Berlin, July 3, 1709; died October, 1758. She was the favorite sister of Frederick the Great. Her entertaining Memoirs, "Denkwürdigkeiten," were first published in 1810 (new edition, 1845).

VISIT OF PETER THE GREAT TO FREDERICK WILLIAM THE FIRST.

I HAVE, in the preceding year, forgotten to mention the arrival in Berlin of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia. This episode is curious enough to be worthy of a place in my memoirs. This sovereign, who was very fond of travelling, was on his way from Holland, and was obliged to make a stay in the province of Cleves. As he disliked both society and formalities, he begged the King to let him occupy a villa on the outskirts of Berlin which belonged to the Queen. This villa was a pretty little building, and had been beautifully arranged by the Queen. It contained a gallery decorated with china; all the rooms had most beautiful looking-glasses. The house was really a little gem, and fully deserved its name, "Monbijou." The garden was lovely; and its beauty was enhanced by its being close to the river.

To prevent any damage, — as these Russian gentlemen are noted for not being particular or over-careful, — the Queen had the whole house cleared out, and removed everything that might get broken. A few days afterward the Emperor and Empress and their suite arrived by water at Monbijou.

The King and Queen received them on the banks of the river. The King gave the Czarina his hand to help her to land. As soon as the Emperor had landed, he shook hands with the King and said, "Brother Frederick, I am very pleased to see you." He then approached the Queen, wishing to embrace her, which she however declined. The Czarina then

kissed my mother's hand repeatedly; afterwards presenting to her the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, who accompanied them, and four hundred so-called ladies. These were, for the most part, German maids, — ladies'-maids and cooks, who fulfilled the duties of ladies-in-waiting. The Queen did not feel inclined to bow to these; and indeed she treated the Czarina and the princesses of the blood with great coldness and haughtiness, and the King had a great deal of trouble in persuading her to be civil to them. I saw this curious court the next day, when the Czar and Czarina came to visit the Queen. She received them in the state rooms of the castle, met them at the entrance of these rooms, and led the Empress to her audience chamber.

The King and the Emperor followed behind. As soon as the Emperor saw me, he recognized me, — having seen me five years ago, — took me up in his arms and kissed me all over my face. I boxed his ears, and made frantic efforts to get away from him, saying he had insulted me. This delighted him, and made him laugh heartily. They had told me beforehand what I was to say to him, so I spoke to him of his fleet and his victories. He was so pleased that he said he would willingly sacrifice one of his provinces to have such a child as I was. The Czarina too made much of me. The Queen and the Czarina sat on arm-chairs under a canopy, and I stood near my mother, the princesses of the blood standing opposite.

The Czarina was small, broad, and brown-looking, without the slightest dignity of appearance. You had only to look at her to detect her low origin. She might have passed for a German actress, she had decked herself out in such a manner. Her dress had been bought second-hand, and was trimmed with some dirty-looking silver embroidery; the bodice was covered with precious stones, arranged in such a manner as to represent the double eagle. She wore a dozen orders; and round the bottom of her dress hung quantities of relics and pictures of saints, which rattled when she walked, and reminded one of a smartly harnessed mule. The orders too made a great noise, knocking against each other.

The Czar, on the other hand, was tall and well grown, with a handsome face; but his expression was coarse, and impressed one with fear. He wore a simple sailor's dress. His wife, who spoke German very badly, called her court jester to her aid, and spoke Russian with her. This poor creature was a Princess Gallizin, who had been obliged to

undertake this sorry office to save her life; as she had been mixed up in a conspiracy against the Czar, and had twice been flogged with the knout!

At last we sat down to dinner, the Czar sitting near the Queen. It is well known that this sovereign had been poisoned when a young man; and that his nerves had never recovered from it, so that he was constantly seized with convulsions over which he had no control. He was suddenly seized with one of these attacks whilst he was dining, and frightened the Queen so much that she several times tried to get up and leave the table. After a while the Czar grew calmer, and begged the Queen to have no fear, as he would not hurt her. Then taking her hand in his, he pressed it so tightly that she screamed for mercy; at which he laughed, saying that she had much more delicate bones than his Catherine. A ball had been arranged after dinner; but he stole quietly away, and returned on foot to Monbijou.

The following day he visited all the sights of Berlin, amongst others the very curious collection of coins and antiques. Among these last named was a statue representing a heathen god. It was anything but attractive, but was the most valuable in the collection. The Czar admired it very much, and insisted on the Czarina kissing it. On her refusing, he said to her in bad German that she should lose her head if she did not at once obey him. Terrified at the Czar's anger, she immediately complied with his orders without the least hesitation. The Czar asked the King to give him this and other statues, a request which he could not refuse. The same thing happened about a cupboard inlaid with amber. It was the only one of its kind, and had cost King Frederick I. an enormous sum; and the consternation was general on its having to be sent to Petersburg.

This barbarous court happily left after two days. The Queen rushed at once to Monbijou, which she found in a state resembling that of the fall of Jerusalem. I never saw such a sight. Everything was destroyed, so that the Queen was obliged to rebuild the whole house.

Pictures of Court Life.

My father was greatly incensed at again finding himself duped by England. He returned to Potsdam soon after this affair was settled, and we shortly followed him.

Immediately after our arrival my father had a violent attack of gout, which troubled him for some time. This illness, added to his displeasure at his disappointed hopes, made his temper unbearable. I was called nothing else by him but the "English *canaille*," and he ill-treated me and my brother in a shocking manner. We were not allowed to leave him for one single moment during the whole day. We took all our meals near his bedside; and to torment us still more, he let us have only those things to eat for which we had an absolute dislike. But good or bad, we were obliged to swallow them down and run the risk of being ill for the rest of the day. Not a single day passed without some unfortunate occurrence, and we could not lift up our eyes without beholding some unhappy being who was being tormented. The King was of too impatient a nature to remain long in bed, so he sat in an arm-chair, in which he had himself wheeled about the castle. He held a crutch in each hand to support himself, and we followed this triumphal car like wretched prisoners expecting their sentence.

On one occasion, when his temper was more than usually bad, he told the Queen that he had received letters from Anspach, in which the margrave announced his arrival at Berlin for the beginning of May. He was coming there for the purpose of marrying my sister; and one of his ministers would arrive previously with the betrothal ring. My father asked my sister whether she were pleased at this prospect, and how she would arrange her household. Now my sister had always made a point of telling him whatever came into her head, even the greatest home-truths, and he had never taken her outspokenness amiss. On this occasion, therefore, relying on former experience, she answered him as follows: "When I have a house of my own I shall take care to have a well-appointed dinner-table, — better than yours is; and if I have any children of my own I shall not plague them as you do yours, and force them to eat things they thoroughly dislike!"

"What is amiss with my dinner-table?" the King inquired, getting very red in the face.

"You ask what is the matter with it," my sister replied: "there is not enough on it for us to eat, and what there is is cabbage and carrots, which we detest."

Her first answer had already angered my father, but now

he gave vent to his fury. But instead of punishing my sister, he poured it all on my mother, my brother, and myself. To begin with, he threw his plate at my brother's head, who would have been struck had he not got out of the way; a second one he threw at me, which I also happily escaped; then torrents of abuse followed these first signs of hostility. He reproached the Queen with having brought up her children so badly. "You will curse your mother," he said to my brother, "for having made you such a good-for-nothing creature. A man was once condemned to death in Carthage for various crimes," he continued, "and as he was being led to the place of execution, he asked to be allowed to speak to his mother. Whilst pretending to whisper to her, he bit a piece out of her ear; saying at the same time, 'I treat you like this, that you may serve as an example to all mothers that do not bring up their children virtuously.' You can do the same," my father continued, still addressing himself to my brother; and with this remark he let himself be wheeled away in his chair. As my brother and I passed near him to leave the room, he hit out at us with his crutch. Happily we escaped the blow, for it would certainly have struck us down; and we at last escaped without harm from the room. I had been so upset by this scene that I trembled all over, and was obliged to sit down to avoid fainting. My mother, who came after us, comforted us as best she could, and endeavored to persuade us to return to the King. We were, however, not the least inclined to do this: the scene with the plates and the crutch had frightened us too much. At length we were obliged to do so, and we found the King conversing quietly with his officers.

I felt quite ill nevertheless, and fainted away in the Queen's room. My mother's maid exclaimed, on seeing me, "Good gracious, your Royal Highness, what is the matter? you look dreadful!" I looked in the glass, and saw that my face and neck were covered with red spots. I told her I had been very much agitated, and that this was the result. I fainted again several times. The red spots disappeared as soon as I was in the cold air, appearing again in the heat of the room. I was obliged to keep about as best I could, as I was unable to get to bed. That night I was attacked by violent fever, which left me so weak next morning that I was obliged to ask my mother to excuse me from coming to her. She sent me word that dead or alive I must go to her. I then

sent word that I had a rash which made it impossible. She however repeated her command, and I was carried into her room, where I went from one fainting-fit into another. In this condition I was dragged to the King. My sister, seeing that I was ready to give up the ghost, said to the King, "I beseech you, dear father, let my sister return to her room: she has fever, and cannot even stand." The King asked me if this were true. "You look very ill," he said, "but I will cure you;" and he forced me to drink a whole goblet full of very strong old Rhine wine. My rash had gone in, and I was fighting with death. I had no sooner drunk the wine than I began to be delirious, and begged my mother to have me taken to my room. This she granted on condition that I would leave it again in the evening.

I laid myself down without taking off my head-dress; but no sooner was I in bed than the violence of the fever deprived me of my reason. The doctor who was called in pronounced me to be suffering from an inflammatory fever, and gave me three remedies not at all suitable to my present illness. From time to time I recovered consciousness, and then I prayed that God would take me to himself. Amidst bitter tears I said to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, "The many sufferings I have been through have made me indifferent to this world, and now Providence will grant me the highest bliss. I am the cause of all my mother's and brother's sorrows: my death will put an end to these. If I die, promise me to say two things in my name to the King: first, that I beg he will restore me his affections, and secondly, implore him to be kinder towards my mother and my brother." I lay for thirty-six hours between life and death, and at last small-pox declared itself.

The King had never once inquired after me since the commencement of my illness. As soon, however, as he heard the nature of my complaint, he sent his court surgeon to find out if I really had small-pox. This rude personage said many unkind things to me in the King's name, besides being most repulsive in his own behavior. At any other time this would have provoked my anger, but I was now far too ill to notice his insolence. Upon the doctor's confirming the statement that I had the small-pox, I was put into quarantine. All communication with my rooms was cut off, and nobody about the King and Queen was allowed to come near me. I felt that I was being treated like a plague-stricken creature. My

governess and my maid were the only attendants I had. Though I lay in an icy cold room, deserted by the whole world, I had the comfort of my brother's visits. He had had the small-pox, and came daily to spend with me what spare time he had. The Queen sent incessantly to inquire after me, but was not allowed to see me. For nine days I was as ill as I could be. All the symptoms seemed to point towards a fatal termination, and those who saw me thought I should be marked for life. I escaped death, however, and not a trace remained of this fearful malady.

Meanwhile M. von Bremer, who had been sent by the Margrave of Anspach, arrived at Berlin. My sister's betrothal by proxy then took place, the ceremony being of the simplest description. The King had got rid of his gout and of his bad temper, preserving the latter towards me alone. That charming Holzendorf never entered my room without bringing me some disagreeable message from him. This bad man was in the very highest favor, and everybody bowed before him. He used his advantages, however, to do as much harm as he could, particularly to the Queen, my brother, and myself. He was Seckendorf's creature; and that says volumes.

My father was now kinder towards my brother, but merely because he thought it politic to be so; and because Grumkow, into whose hands he had completely fallen, advised him to be so. Count Finkenstein and Colonel Kalkstein were in Grumkow's way, and prevented his carrying out his plans. They were therefore to be got rid of, under the pretext that my brother no longer required governors. He persuaded the King to agree to their discharge, and succeeded. The two governors were dismissed in an honorable manner, both of them receiving a good pension for their services. They were replaced by two officers who had not the slightest power over my brother. . . .

My sister's wedding took place amidst great pomp and rejoicing. She took her departure with her husband a fortnight afterwards, and I was then set at liberty.

We did not remain long in Berlin, but joined the King at Wusterhausen, where the quarrels began afresh. Not a day passed without some scene or other. The King's anger against my brother and myself reached such a pitch that, with the exception of the hours for our meals, we were banished both from his presence and the Queen's. He scarcely allowed us

the necessaries of life, and we were tormented with hunger from morning till night. Our only food was coffee and milk; and during dinner and supper time we were honored with epithets anything but pleasing. Of an afternoon we went secretly to see the Queen; and whilst we were with her she always had her spies watching to inform her in good time of the King's approach. One day whilst we were with her, she had not, through some carelessness or other, had early enough notice of my father's return. There was only one door to the room in which we were, so that we had to make up our minds at once what to do. My brother hid himself in a cupboard, and I slipped under my mother's bed. We had scarcely had time to do so before the King entered the room. He was unfortunately very tired, sat down, and went to sleep for two hours. I was in a most uncomfortable position, and nearly smothered hiding under that low bed. I peeped out from time to time to discover if the King was still asleep. Anybody who had witnessed this occurrence must have laughed.

At last the King woke up, and left the room; we crept from our hiding-places, and implored the Queen never to expose us to a similar "comedy" again. I often begged the Queen to allow me to write to the King, asking him the reason of his anger against me, and begging his forgiveness. She would not let me do so, however. She said it would be of no use: "Your father would only grant you his favor on condition that you married either the Margrave of Schwedt or the Duke of Weissenfels." I quite saw the force of these arguments, and had to submit.

A few peaceful days followed these storms, but alas, only to make way for still worse. The King went to Libnow, where he met the King of Poland and his son. In spite of all the difficulties that had been placed in his way, my father still hoped to arrange a marriage between me and the King of Poland. The Crown Prince of Poland persistently turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of both sovereigns, and was not to be induced to sign the marriage contract. My father, finding himself forced to give up this plan, deemed it right at once to solemnly betroth me, during the King of Poland's visit, to the Duke of Weissenfels.

MARY ELEANOR WILKINS.

WILKINS, MARY ELEANOR, a noted American novelist and writer of short stories; born at Randolph, Mass., in 1862. Her work, which has excited much attention, is almost wholly concerned with description and analysis of rural New England life and thought. Her collections of short stories comprise "The Adventures of Ann" (1886): "A Humble Romance" (1887); "A New England Nun" (1891); "The Pot of Gold" (1892); "Young Lucretia" (1892); "Silence, and Other Stories" (1898). Her longer fictions are "Jane Field" (1893); "Pembroke" (1894); "The Long Arm (with J. E. Chamberlin) (1895); "Madelon" (1896); "Jerome: a Poor Man" (1897). She has also written "Giles Corey-Yeoman," a play (1893); "Once upon a Time, and other Child Verses" (1897).

TWO OLD LOVERS.[1]

(From "A Humble Romance.")

LEYDEN was emphatically a village of cottages, and each of them built after one of two patterns: either the front door was on the right side, in the corner of a little piazza extending a third of the length of the house, with the main roof jutting over it, or the piazza stretched across the front, and the door was in the centre.

The cottages were painted uniformly white, and had blinds of a bright spring-green color. There was a little flower-garden in front of each; the beds were laid out artistically in triangles, hearts, and rounds, and edged with box; boys'-love, sweet-williams, and pinks were the fashionable and prevailing flowers.

There was a general air of cheerful though humble prosperity about the place, which it owed, and indeed its very existence also, to the three old weather-beaten boot-and-shoe factories which arose stanchly and importantly in the very midst of the natty little white cottages.

[1] Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Bros.

Years before, when one Hiram Strong put up his three factories for the manufacture of the rough shoe which the working-man of America wears, he hardly thought he was also gaining for himself the honor of founding Leyden. He chose the site for his buildings mainly because they would be easily accessible to the railway which stretched to the city, sixty miles distant. At first the workmen came on the cars from the neighboring towns, but after a while they became tired of that, and one after another built for himself a cottage, and established his family and his household belongings near the scene of his daily labors. So gradually Leyden grew. A built his cottage like C, and B built his like D. They painted them white, and hung the green blinds, and laid out their flower-beds in front and their vegetable-beds at the back. By and by came a church and a store and a post-office to pass, and Leyden was a full-fledged town.

That was a long time ago. The shoe-factories had long passed out of the hands of Hiram Strong's heirs; he himself was only a memory on the earth. The business was not quite as wide-awake and vigorous as when in its first youth; it droned a little now; there was not quite so much bustle and hurry as formerly. The factories were never lighted up of an evening on account of overwork, and the workmen found plenty of time for pleasant and salutary gossip over their cutting and pegging. But this did not detract in the least from the general cheerfulness and prosperity of Leyden. The inhabitants still had all the work they needed to supply the means necessary for their small comforts, and they were contented. They too had begun to drone a little like the factories. "As slow as Leyden" was the saying among the faster-going towns adjoining theirs. Every morning at seven the old men, young men, and boys, in their calico shirt-sleeves, their faces a little pale — perhaps from their indoor life — filed unquestioningly out of the back doors of the white cottages, treading still deeper the well-worn foot-paths stretching around the sides of the houses, and entered the factories. They were great, ugly wooden buildings, with wings which they had grown in their youth jutting clumsily from their lumbering shoulders. Their outer walls were black and grimy, streaked and splashed and patched with red paint in every variety of shade, accordingly as the original hue was tempered with smoke or the beatings of the storms of many years.

The men worked peacefully and evenly in the shoe-shops all day; and the women stayed at home and kept the little white cottages tidy, cooked the meals, and washed the clothes, and did the sewing. For recreation the men sat on the piazza in front of Barker's store of an evening, and gossiped or discussed politics; and the women talked over their neighbors' fences, or took their sewing into their neighbors' of an afternoon.

People died in Leyden as elsewhere; and here and there was a little white cottage whose narrow foot-path leading round to its back door its master would never tread again.

In one of these lived Widow Martha Brewster and her daughter Maria. Their cottage was one of those which had its piazza across the front. Every summer they trained morning-glories over it, and planted their little garden with the flower-seeds popular in Leyden. There was not a cottage in the whole place whose surroundings were neater and gayer than theirs, for all they were only two women, and two old women at that; for Widow Martha Brewster was in the neighborhood of eighty, and her daughter, Maria Brewster, near sixty. The two had lived alone since Jacob Brewster died and stopped going to the factory, some fifteen years ago. He had left them this particular white cottage, and a snug little sum in the savings-bank besides, for the whole Brewster family had worked and economized all their long lives. The women had corded boots at home, while the man had worked in the shop, and never spent a cent without thinking of it overnight.

Leyden folks all thought that David Emmons would marry Maria Brewster when her father died. "David can rent his house, and go to live with Maria and her mother," said they, with an affectionate readiness to arrange matters for them. But he did not. Every Sunday night at eight o'clock punctually, the form of David Emmons, arrayed in his best clothes, with his stiff white dickey, and a nosegay in his button-hole, was seen to advance up the road towards Maria Brewster's, as he had been seen to advance every Sunday night for the last twenty-five years, but that was all. He manifested not the slightest intention of carrying out people's judicious plans for his welfare and Maria's.

She did not seem to pine with hope deferred; people could not honestly think there was any occasion to pity her for her

lover's tardiness. A cheerier woman never lived. She was literally bubbling over with jollity. Round-faced and black-eyed, with a funny little bounce of her whole body when she walked, she was the merry feature of the whole place.

Her mother was now too feeble, but Maria still corded boots for the factories as of old. David Emmons, who was quite sixty, worked in them, as he had from his youth. He was a slender, mild-faced old man, with a fringe of gray yellow beard around his chin; his head was quite bald. Years ago he had been handsome, they said, but somehow people had always laughed at him a little, although they all liked him. "The slowest of all the slow Leydenites" outsiders called him, and even the "slow Leydenites" poked fun at this exaggeration of themselves. It was an old and well-worn remark that it took David Emmons an hour to go courting, and that he was always obliged to leave his own home at seven in order to reach Maria's at eight, and there was a standing joke that the meeting-house passed him one morning on his way to the shop.

David heard the chaffing, of course — there is very little delicacy in matters of this kind among country people — but he took it all in good part. He would laugh at himself with the rest, but there was something touching in his deprecatory way of saying sometimes, "Well, I don't know how 't is, but it don't seem to be in my natur' to do any other way. I suppose I was born without the faculty of gittin' along quick in this world. You 'll have to git behind and push me a leetle, I reckon."

He owned his little cottage, which was one of the kind which had the piazza on the right side. He lived entirely alone. There was a half-acre or so of land beside his house, which he used for a vegetable garden. After and before shop hours, in the dewy evenings and mornings, he dug and weeded assiduously between the green ranks of corn and beans. If David Emmons was slow, his vegetables were not. None of the gardens in Leyden surpassed his in luxuriant growth. His corn tasselled out and his potato patch was white with blossoms as soon as anybody's.

He was almost a vegetarian in his diet; the products of his garden spot were his staple articles of food. Early in the morning would the gentle old bachelor set his pot of green things boiling, and dine gratefully at noon, like mild Robert Herrick, on pulse and herbs. His garden supplied also his

sweetheart and her mother with all the vegetables they could use. Many times in the course of a week could David have been seen slowly moving towards the Brewster cottage with a basket on his arm well stocked with the materials for an innocent and delicious repast.

But Maria was not to be outdone by her old lover in kindly deeds. Not a Saturday but a goodly share of her weekly baking was deposited, neatly covered with a white crash towel, on David's little kitchen table. The surreptitious air with which the back-door key was taken from its hiding-place (which she well knew) under the kitchen blind, the door unlocked and entered, and the good things deposited, was charming, although highly ineffectual. "There goes Maria with David's baking," said the women, peering out of their windows as she bounced, rather more gently and cautiously than usual, down the street. And David himself knew well the ministering angel to whom these benefits were due when he lifted the towel and discovered with tearful eyes the brown loaves and flaky pies — the proofs of his Maria's love and culinary skill.

Among the younger and more irrevent portions of the community there was considerable speculation as to the mode of courtship of these old lovers of twenty-five years' standing. Was there ever a kiss, a tender clasp of the hand, those usual expressions of affection between sweethearts?

Some of the more daring spirits had even gone so far as to commit the manifest impropriety of peeping in Maria's parlor windows; but they had only seen David sitting quiet and prim on the little slippery horse-hair sofa, and Maria by the table, rocking slowly in her little cane-seated rocker. Did Maria ever leave her rocker and sit on that slippery horse-hair sofa by David's side? They never knew; but she never did. There was something laughable, and at the same time rather pathetic, about Maria and David's courting. All the outward appurtenances of "keeping company" were as rigidly observed as they had been twenty-five years ago, when David Emmons first cast his mild blue eyes shyly and lovingly on red-cheeked, quick-spoken Maria Brewster. Every Sunday evening, in the winter, there was a fire kindled in the parlor, the parlor lamp was lit at dusk all the year round, and Maria's mother retired early, that the young people might "sit up." The "sitting up" was no very formidable affair now, whatever it might

have been in the first stages of the courtship. The need of sleep over-balanced sentiment in those old lovers, and by ten o'clock at the latest Maria's lamp was out, and David had wended his solitary way to his own home.

Leyden people had a great curiosity to know if David had ever actually popped the question to Maria, or if his natural slowness was at fault in this as in other things. Their curiosity had been long exercised in vain, but Widow Brewster, as she waxed older, grew loquacious, and one day told a neighbor, who had called in her daughter's absence, that "David had never reely come to the p'int. She supposed he would some time; for her part, she thought he had better; but then, after all, she knowed Maria did n't care, and maybe 't was jest as well as 't was, only sometimes she was afeared she should never live to see the weddin' if they was n't spry." Then there had been hints concerning a certain pearl-colored silk which Maria, having a good chance to get at a bargain, had purchased some twenty years ago, when she thought, from sundry remarks, that David was coming to the point; and it was further intimated that the silk had been privately made up ten years since, when Maria had again surmised that the point was about being reached. The neighbor went home in a state of great delight, having by skilful manœuvring actually obtained a glimpse of the pearl-colored silk.

It was perfectly true that Maria did not lay David's tardiness in putting the important question very much to heart. She was too cheerful, too busy, and too much interested in her daily duties to fret much about anything. There was never at any time much of the sentimental element in her composition, and her feeling for David was eminently practical in its nature. She, although the woman, had the stronger character of the two, and there was something rather mother-like than lover-like in her affection for him. It was through the protecting care which chiefly characterized her love that the only pain to her came from their long courtship and postponement of marriage. It was true that, years ago, when David had led her to think, from certain hesitating words spoken at parting one Sunday night, that he would certainly ask the momentous question soon, her heart had gone into a happy flutter. She had bought the pearl-colored silk then.

Years after, her heart had fluttered again, but a little less wildly this time. David almost asked her another Sunday

night. Then she had made up the pearl-colored silk. She used to go and look at it fondly and admiringly from time to time; once in a while she would try it on and survey herself in the glass, and imagine herself David's bride — a faded bride, but a happy and a beloved one.

She looked at the dress occasionally now, but a little sadly, as the conviction that she should never wear it was forcing itself upon her more and more. But the sadness was always more for David's sake than her own. She saw him growing an old man, and the lonely, uncared-for life that he led filled her heart with tender pity and sorrow for him. She did not confine her kind offices to the Saturday baking. Every week his little house was tidied and set to rights, and his mending looked after.

Once, on a Sunday night, when she spied a rip in his coat, that had grown long from the want of womanly fingers constantly at hand, she had a good cry after he had left and she had gone into her room. There was something more pitiful to her, something that touched her heart more deeply, in that rip in her lover's Sunday coat than in all her long years of waiting.

As the years went on, it was sometimes with a sad heart that Maria stood and watched the poor lonely old figure moving slower than ever down the street to his lonely home; but the heart was sad for him always, and never for herself. She used to wonder at him a little sometimes, though always with the most loyal tenderness, that he should choose to lead the solitary, cheerless life that he did, to go back to his dark, voiceless home, when he might be so sheltered and cared for in his old age. She firmly believed that it was only owing to her lover's incorrigible slowness, in this as in everything else. She never doubted for an instant that he loved her. Some women might have tried hastening matters a little themselves, but Maria, with the delicacy which is sometimes more inherent in a steady, practical nature like hers than in a more ardent one, would have lost her self-respect forever if she had done such a thing.

So she lived cheerfully along, corded her boots, though her fingers were getting stiff, humored her mother, who was getting feebler and more childish every year, and did the best she could for her poor, foolish old lover.

When David was seventy, and she sixty-eight, she gave away the pearl-colored silk to a cousin's daughter who was

going to be married. The girl was young and pretty and happy, but she was poor, and the silk would make over into a grander wedding dress for her than she could hope to obtain in any other way.

Poor old Maria smoothed the lustrous folds fondly with her withered hands before sending it away, and cried a little, with a patient pity for David and herself. But when a tear splashed directly on to the shining surface of the silk, she stopped crying at once, and her sorrowful expression changed into one of careful scrutiny as she wiped the salt drop away with her handkerchief, and held the dress up to the light to be sure that it was not spotted. A practical nature like Maria's is sometimes a great boon to its possessor. It is doubtful if anything else can dry a tear as quickly.

Somehow Maria always felt a little differently towards David after she had given away her wedding dress. There had always been a little tinge of consciousness in her manner towards him, a little reserve and caution before people. But after the wedding dress had gone, all question of marriage had disappeared so entirely from her mind, that the delicate considerations born of it vanished. She was uncommonly hale and hearty for a woman of her age; there was apparently much more than two years' difference between her and her lover. It was not only the Saturday's bread and pie that she carried now and deposited on David's little kitchen table, but, openly and boldly, not caring who should see her, many a warm dinner. Every day, after her own house-work was done, David's house was set to rights. He should have all the comforts he needed in his last years, she determined. That they were his last years was evident. He coughed, and now walked so slowly from feebleness and weakness that it was a matter of doubt to observers whether he could reach Maria Brewster's before Monday evening.

One Sunday night he stayed a little longer than usual — the clock struck ten before he started. Then he rose, and said, as he had done every Sunday evening for so many years, "Well, Maria, I guess it 's about time for me to be goin'."

She helped him on with his coat, and tied on his tippet. Contrary to his usual habit, he stood in the door, and hesitated a minute — there seemed to be something he wanted to say.

"Maria."

"Well, David?"

"I 'm gittin' to be an old man, you know, an' I 've allus

been slow-goin'; I could n't seem to help it. There has been a good many things I have n't got around to." The old cracked voice quavered painfully.

"Yes, I know, David, all about it; you could n't help it. I would n't worry a bit about it if I were you."

"You don't lay up anything agin me, Maria?"

"No, David."

"Good-night, Maria.

"Good-night, David. I will fetch you over some boiled dinner to-morrow."

She held the lamp at the door till the patient, tottering old figure was out of sight. She had to wipe the tears from her spectacles in order to see to read her Bible when she went in.

Next morning she was hurrying up her housework to go over to David's — somehow she felt a little anxious about him this morning — when there came a loud knock at her door. When she opened it, a boy stood there, panting for breath; he was David's next neighbor's son.

"Mr. Emmons is sick," he said, "an' wants you. I was goin' for milk, when he rapped on the window. Father an' mother 's in thar, an' the doctor. Mother said, tell you to hurry."

The news had spread rapidly; people knew what it meant when they saw Maria hurrying down the street, without her bonnet, her gray hair flying. One woman cried when she saw her. "Poor thing!" she sobbed, "poor thing!"

A crowd was around David's cottage when Maria reached it. She went straight in through the kitchen to his little bedroom, and up to his side. The doctor was in the room, and several neighbors. When he saw Maria, poor old David held out his hand to her and smiled feebly. Then he looked imploringly at the doctor, then at the others in the room. The doctor understood, and said a word to them, and they filed silently out. Then he turned to Maria. "Be quick," he whispered.

She leaned over him. "Dear David," she said, her wrinkled face quivering, her gray hair straying over her cheeks.

He looked up at her with a strange wonder in his glazing eyes. "Maria" — a thin, husky voice, that was more like a wind through dry corn-stalks, said — "Maria, I 'm — dyin', an' — I allers meant to — have asked you — to — marry me."

EMMA (HART) WILLARD.

Willard, Emma (Hart), an American educator, historian, and poet; born at New Berlin, Conn., February 23, 1787; died at Troy, N. Y., April 15, 1870. She was educated in the Academy in Hartford, Conn., and at sixteen began to teach. She was principal of various schools in Vermont and New York until 1821, at which time she founded the Troy Female Seminary. In 1809 she was married to Dr. John Willard, United States Marshal for Vermont. She wrote many popular school-books, and lectured extensively on questions of educational interest. She was the author of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and much other verse. Among her educational works are "History of the United States" (1828); "Universal History in Perspective" (1837).

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled, heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll —
I feel Thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

Willis, Nathaniel Parker, an American poet and miscellaneous writer; born at Portland, Maine, January 20, 1806; died at Idlewild-on-the-Hudson, January 20, 1867. After leaving college he formed a connection with the "New York Mirror," to which he contributed a series of letters under the title of "Pencillings by the Way," describing his observations in Europe, whither he went in 1833. Returning to the United States, he wrote his "Letters from Under a Bridge." After five years he established the "Corsair," a weekly journal of literature. During a second stay in England he published "Loiterings of Travel," produced two plays, "Bianca Visconti" and "Tortesa the Usurer," and wrote the descriptive matter for an illustrated work, "The Scenery of the United States." The publication of the "Corsair" was abandoned, and Willis aided George P. Morris in establishing the "Evening Mirror," a daily newspaper. His health broke down, and he again went abroad, having been made an attaché of the American Legation at Berlin. Returning to New York, the daily "Evening Mirror" was given up, and the weekly "Home Journal" took its place. The prose writings of Willis include "Pencillings by the Way" (1835); "Letters from Under a Bridge" (1840); "Rural Letters" (1849); "People I Have Met" (1850); "Life Here and There" (1850); "Hurry-graphs" (1851); "A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean" (1853); "Fun-jottings" (1853); "A Health Trip to the Tropics" (1853); "Out-doors at Idlewild" (1853); "Famous Persons and Places" (1854); "The Rag Bag" 1855; "Paul Fane," a novel (1857); "The Convalescent," the last being written in 1859.

When Tom Moore Sang.

(From "Pencillings by the Way.")

"Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington (of whom he was a

lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written), he made his compliments with a gayety and an ease, combined with a kind of worshipping deference, that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favorite; and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward); and to every one he said something which from any one else would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

Dinner was announced; the Russian handed down "miladi;" and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is panelled reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would think him not a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he sits tall; and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears. . . .

Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language; and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but perhaps the word "gentlemanly" describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key; but if I may so phrase it, it is fused with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass.

Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which probably suggested his sobriquet of "Bacchus," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with gray, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gayety; which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments

THOMAS MOORE

against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, — the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the upper lip, a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he were disguising his pleasure at applause while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression; and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates, — everything but feels. Fascinating beyond all men as he is, Moore looks like a worldling.

This description may be supposed to have occupied the hour after Lady Blessington retired from the table; for with her vanished Moore's excitement, and everybody else seemed to feel that light had gone out of the room. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws from every person around her his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

We went up to coffee: and Moore brightened again over his *chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta; and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally; and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and for one, I could have taken him into my heart with delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon; and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and start-

ing your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered, by chance, to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

We all sat round the piano; and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang "When First I Met Thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart.

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"

David and Absalom.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air; as glossy now,
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed beside him; and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir. —
A slow step startled him? He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, — and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
Who left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off

The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son; and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill, —
Like a rich harpstring, — yearning to caress thee;
And hear thy sweet '*my father*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life shall pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung:
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee;
And thy dark sin! — Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hand convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently — and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

Dedication Hymn.

The perfect world by Adam trod
Was the first temple — built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

He hung its starry roof on high —
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

The mountains in their places stood —
The sea — the sky — and "all was good;"
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

Lord! 't is not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for thee;
But in thy sight our off'ring stands —
A humbler temple, made with hands.

André's Request to Washington.

It is not the fear of death
That damps my brow,
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now:
I can die with a lip unstirred
And a quiet heart —
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look —
My sister's kiss;
I can think of love — yet brook
A death like this!
I can give up the young fame
I burned to win —
All — but the spotless name
I glory in.

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy for the hour I live —
Calmness to die.

By all the brave should cherish,
By my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death!

The Belfry Pigeon.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air:
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There 's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell —
Chime of the hour or funeral knell —
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer, —
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred;
Or rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filmèd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,

I tread like thee the crowded street:
But unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar;
Or at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop forgetful to thy nest.

Love in a Cottage.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine,
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier —
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry;
Your vine is a nest for flies;
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease;
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady;
His foot's an invisible thing;
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

JOHN WILSON.

Wilson, John, a Scottish essayist, poet, and novelist; born at Paisley, May 18, 1785; died at Edinburgh, April 3, 1854. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and at Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1807. He was noted for his imposing stature, physical strength, and fondness for athletic exercises. Owing to pecuniary reverses he was compelled to earn a livelihood. He went to Edinburgh, and became a member of the Scottish bar; and in 1820 was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In 1817 "Blackwood's Magazine" was established at Edinburgh, and Wilson was from the first its leading spirit, though Blackwood was its actual editor. For the somewhat mythical editor the name of "Christopher North" was adopted, and this name came to be applied to Wilson, and was in a manner adopted by him. Wilson's connection with "Blackwood's Magazine" continued from October, 1817, till September, 1852, when appeared his last contribution, "Christopher Under Canvas." His health failing in 1851, the Government granted him a literary pension. Among his "Blackwood" articles are the series entitled "Noctes Ambrosianæ" and "Recreations of Christopher North." Besides the various "Blackwood" papers, the principal works of Wilson are "The Isle of Palms, and Other Poems" (1812); "The City of the Plague, and Other Poems" (1816); "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life" (1822); "The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay" (1823); "The Foresters" (1825).

Moss-side.

(From "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.")

Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing gray. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labor, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life;

but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment which unconsciously cheers the hearth-stone of the blameless poor. With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned: Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thraldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons were farm-servants in the neighborhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them, or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens — its low holms encircled by the rocky walls of some bonny burn — its green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees, — its yellow corn-fields — its bare pastoral hillsides, and all

its healthy moors, on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-flying bees. Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark color of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps, lured thither by some green barley-field for its undisturbed nest, rose singing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moorland; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover, the beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and Heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed, by tearful eyes, along the moor. The daughter, who was out at service, came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work

in their grief, and their servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick, — sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potato-field beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk, — sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn or psalm. One after the other, they continued going up to the bedside, and then coming away, sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible of the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropt with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes will wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for Heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert, with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, "While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words — all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told — and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their

hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears; yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror. There were wandering and wavering and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the lawn and sunny side of the Birk-knowe. She was too much exhausted — there was too little life — too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favorite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third Psalm: —

> "The Lord 's my Shepherd, I 'll not want,
> He makes me down to lie
> In pastures green: he leadeth me
> The quiet waters by."

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bed-side, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while in silence. In about a quarter of an hour they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel and toil of humanity." In a short, silent half hour the potatoes and oatcakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert lifted up his toil-hardened, but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting.

There was silence — not a word was said — their meal was before them, — God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal, a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned his head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time a half-upbraiding look on his face that was returning to its former color. "I feared" — said the youth with a tear in his eye — "I feared that the brute's voice and the trampling of the horse's feet would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand as if afraid, at the moment, to read it; at length he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonor." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bed-side, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our bairn is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bed-side.

Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away

a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter; "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a riband and an ivory comb she had brought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. — And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy nearest in age to his dying sister looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bedroom, and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and, when she wakes, I hope — I believe — that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honored minister took the book: —

> "He waled a portion with judicious care:
> And, Let us worship God, he said, with solemn air."

A chapter was read — a prayer said; — and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than that she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply; but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. We have all some little thing of our own, a few pounds — and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring. We need fear nothing, want nothing; blessed be God for all his mercies."

Gilbert went into the sick-room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie £1500. "The sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe that with it I may buy this very farm on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose Providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all."

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews; and you may sit now oftener in your arm-chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep thrashing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light before the late dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

WOODROW WILSON.

Wilson, Thomas Woodrow, an American historian; born at Staunton, Va., December 28, 1856. He was graduated from Princeton College in 1879; he studied law, and practised as an attorney at Atlanta, Ga., for two years. From 1883 to 1885 he studied history and politics at Johns Hopkins University, and taught history at Bryn Mawr College, 1885–86, serving there as professor of history and political science, 1886–88. After a year as professor of the same studies at Wesleyan University he accepted the chair of jurisprudence at Princeton College (1890). Among his works are "Congressional Government: A Study in American Politics" (1885); "The State" (1889); "Division and Reunion, 1829–89" (one of the Epochs of American History series, 1893); "An Old Master, and Other Political Essays" (1893); "George Washington" (1896); "Mere Literature, and Other Essays" (1896).

Structure of Southern Society (1829–1841).[1]

(From "Epochs of American History.")

The existence of slavery in the South fixed classes there in a hard crystallization, and rendered it impossible that the industrial revolution, elsewhere working changes so profound, should materially affect the structure of her own society. Wherever slaves perform all the labor of a community, and all free men refrain, as of course, from the meaner sorts of work, a stubborn pride of class privilege will exist, and a watchful jealousy of interference from any quarter, either with that privilege itself or with any part of the life which environs and supports it. Wherever there is a vast multitude of slaves, said Burke, with his habitual profound insight into political forces, "those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as

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broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more liberal and noble. I do not mean to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but . . . the fact is so. . . . In such a people the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible." Southern society had from the first resolutely, almost passionately, resisted change. It steadily retained the same organization, the same opinions, and the same political principles throughout all the period of seventy-two years that stretched from the establishment of the federal government to the opening of the war for its preservation.

The structure of Southern society unquestionably created an aristocracy, but not such an aristocracy as the world had seen before. It was, so to say, a democratic aristocracy. It did not create a system which jeoparded liberty among those who were free, or which excluded democratic principles from the conduct of affairs. It was an aristocracy, not of blood, but of influence, and of influence exercised among equals. It was based upon wealth, but not upon the use of wealth. Wealth gave a man broad acres, numerous slaves, an easy, expansive life of neighborly hospitality, position, and influence in his county, and, if he chose to extend it, in his State; but power consisted of opportunity, and not of the pressure of the wealthy upon the poor, the coercive and corrupting efficacy of money. It was, in fact, not a money wealth: it was not founded upon a money economy. It was a wealth of resource and of leisured living.

The life of a Southern planter was in no sense a life of magnificence or luxury. It was a life of simple and plain abundance: a life companioned with books not infrequently, oftentimes ornamented with household plate and handsome family portraits; but there was none of the detail of luxury. A generous plenty of the larger necessaries and comforts and a leisure simply employed, these were its dominant features. There was little attention to the small comforts which we call conveniences. There were abounding hospitality and generous intercourse; but the intercourse was free, unstudied in its manners, straightforward, hearty, unconstrained, and full of a truly democratic instinct and sentiment of equality. Many of

the most distinguished Southern families were without ancient lineage; had gained position and influence by their own honorable successes in the New World; and the small farmer, as well as the great planter, enjoyed full and unquestioned membership in the free citizenship of the State.

As Burke said, all who were free enjoyed rank, and title to be respected. There was a body of privileged persons, but it could scarcely be called a class, for it embraced all free men of any substance or thrift. Of course not all of Southern society was rural. There was the population of the towns, the lawyers and doctors and tradesmen and master mechanics, among whom the professional men and the men of culture led and in a sense controlled, but where the mechanic and the tradesmen also had full political privilege. The sentiments that characterized the rural population, however, also penetrated and dominated the towns. There was throughout Southern society something like a reproduction of that solidarity of feeling and of interest which existed in the ancient classical republics, set above whose slaves there was a proud but various democracy of citizenship and privilege. Such was the society which, by the compulsion of its own nature, had always resisted change, and was to resist it until change and even its own destruction were forced upon it by war.

The same period witnessed a very notable development in the intellectual life and literary activity of the country. It was a time when the world at large was quivering under the impact of new forces, both moral and intellectual. The year 1830 marks not only a period of sharp political revolution in Europe, but also a season of awakened social conscience everywhere. Nowhere were the new forces more profoundly felt than in England, where political progress has always managed to be beforehand with revolution. In 1828 the Corporation and Test Acts were repealed; in 1829 Catholic emancipation was effected; in 1832 the first reform bill was passed; in 1833 slavery was abolished throughout the British Empire; in 1834 the system of poor relief was reformed; in 1835 the long needed re-constitution of the government of municipal corporations was accomplished; and in 1836 the Act for the commutation of tithes was adopted. Everywhere philanthropic movements showed the spirit of the age; and in these movements the United States were particularly forward; for their liberal constitutions had already secured the political changes

with which foreign nations were busy. Americans were among the first to undertake a serious and thorough-going reform of the system of prison discipline. It was the fame of the new penitentiary system of the United States that brought De Tocqueville and Beaumont to this country in 1831, on that tour which gave us the inimitable "Democracy in America." In the same year William Lloyd Garrison established his celebrated paper, "The Liberator," and the anti-slavery movement assumed a new shape, to which additional importance was given in 1833 by the formation of the Anti-Slavery Society. Everywhere a new thoughtfulness and humanity entered into legislation, purging institutions of old wrongs, enlarging the views of statesmen and the liberties of the people. The general spiritual ferment manifested itself in such religious movements as that which came to be known as Transcendentalism; in such social schemes as those of Robert Owen and the distinguished group of enthusiasts who established Brook Farm; in a child-like readiness on the part of all generous or imaginative minds to accept any new fad of doctrine that promised plausibly the regeneration of society.

It was to be expected that an age in which both the minds and the hearts of men were being subjected to new excitements and stirred to new energies should see new life enter also into literature. A whole generation of new writers of originality and power, accordingly, came suddenly into prominence in this decade. Hawthorne began to publish in 1828, Poe in 1829, Whittier in 1831, Longfellow in 1833, Bancroft in 1834, Emerson and Holmes in 1836. Prescott was already giving promise of what he was to do in his essays in the "North American Review." It was just without this decade, in 1841, that Lowell's first volume of youthful poems was given to the public. Law writings, too, were being published which were to become classical. Kent's "Commentaries on American Law" appeared between 1826 and 1830; Mr. Justice Story began to publish in 1833, and by 1838 had practically completed his great contributions to legal literature; Wheaton's "Elements of International Law" was published in 1836. Professor Lieber put forth his first works upon the theory of law and politics in 1838. Henry C. Carey's "Rate of Wages" appeared in 1835, and his "Principles of Political Economy" between 1837 and 1840. These were the years also of Audubon's contributions to natural history, and of Asa Gray's first

essays in botany. In 1838 James Smithson provided the endowment of the Smithsonian Institution.

All this meant something besides a general quickening of thought. America was beginning to have a little more leisure. As the material resources of the Eastern States multiplied, and wealth and fortune became more diffused and common, classes slowly came into existence who were not wholly absorbed by the struggle for a livelihood. There began to be time for the cultivation of taste. A higher standard of comfort and elegance soon prevailed, of which books were a natural accompaniment. Miss Martineau did not find European culture in the United States when she visited them in 1834, but she found almost universal intelligence and an insatiable intellectual curiosity. Native writers embodied the new ideals of the nation, and spoke a new and whimsical wit. The country brought forth its own historians and story-tellers, as well as its own mystics, like Emerson, and its own singers to a cause, like Whittier. "You are a new era, my man, in your huge country," wrote Carlyle to Emerson.

Newspapers, too, began to take on a new form. The life of the nation had grown too hasty, too various and complex, too impatient to know the news and to canvass all new opinions, to put up any longer with the old and cumbersome sheets of the style inherited from colonial times. Papers like the "Sun" and the "Herald" were established in New York, which showed an energy and shrewdness in the collection of news, and an aggressiveness in assuming the leadership in opinion, that marked a revolution in journalism. They created the omnipresent reporter and the omniscient editor who now help and hinder, stimulate and exasperate, us so much. It was a new era, and all progress had struck into a new pace.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

WINTHROP, THEODORE, an American novelist; born at New Haven, Conn., September 22, 1828; killed in battle near Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861. He was graduated at Yale in 1848, and in 1854 he began the study of law at New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1855. He, however, turned his thoughts to literature rather than to law, and wrote several novels; two of them, "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent," were accepted for publication. But the Civil War broke out, the novels were laid aside, and Winthrop himself volunteered in the army. His military career was a brief one. At the "affair" of Big Bethel, Winthrop was shot down, and died upon the spot. Not long before this he had sent to the "Atlantic Monthly" his story, "Love and Skates," which, however, did not appear until after his death. His works are "Cecil Dreeme" (1861); "John Brent" (1862); "The Canoe and the Saddle" (1862); "Edwin Brothertoft" (1862); "Life in the Open Air" (1863). A volume containing his "Life and Poems," edited by his sister, was published in 1884.

A GALLOP OF THREE.

(From "John Brent.")

WE were off, we Three on our Gallop to save and to slay.

Pumps and Fulano took fire at once. They were ready to burst into their top speed, and go off in a frenzy.

"Steady, steady," cried Brent. "Now we 'll keep this long easy lope for a while, and I 'll tell you my plan. — They have gone to the southward, — those two men. They could not get away in any other direction. I have heard Murker say he knows all the country between here and the Arkansaw. Thank Heaven! so do I, foot by foot."

I recalled the sound of galloping hoofs I had heard in the night to the southward.

"I heard them, then," said I, "in my watch after Fulano's lariat was cut. The wind lulled, and there came a sound of

horses, and another sound, which I then thought a fevered fancy of my own, — a far-away scream of a woman."

Brent had been quite unimpassioned in his manner until now. He groaned as I spoke of the scream.

"O Wade! O Richard!" he said, "why did you not know the voice? It was she. They have terrible hours the start."

He was silent a moment, looking sternly forward. Then he began again; and as he spoke, his iron-gray edged on with a looser rein.

"It is well you heard them: it makes their course unmistakable. We know we are on their track. Seven or eight full hours! It is long odds of a start. But they are not mounted as we are mounted. They did not ride as we shall ride. They had a woman to carry, and their mules to drive. They will fear pursuit, and push on without stopping. But we shall catch them; we shall catch them before night, so help us God!"

"You are aiming for the mountains?" I asked.

"For Luggernel Alley," he said.

I remembered how, in our very first interview, a thousand miles away at the Fulano mine, he had spoken of this spot. All the conversation then, all the talk about my horse, came back to me like a Delphic prophecy suddenly fulfilled. I made a good omen of this remembrance.

"For Luggernel Alley," said Brent. "Do you recollect my pointing out a notch in the sierra, yesterday, when I said I would like to spend a honeymoon there, if I could find a woman brave enough for this plains life?"

He grew very white as he spoke, and again Pumps led off by a neck, we ranging up instantly.

"They will make for the Luggernel Springs. The alley is the only gate through the mountains towards the Arkansaw. If they can get by there, they are safe. They can strike off New Mexico way; or keep on to the States out of the line of emigration or any Mormon pursuit. The Springs are the only water to be had at this season, without digging, anywhere in that quarter. They must go there. We are no farther from the spot than we were at Bridger. We have been travelling along the base of the triangle. We have only lost time. And now that we are fairly under way, I think we might shake out another reef. A little faster, friends — a little faster yet!"

It was a vast desert level where we were riding. Here and

there a scanty tuft of grass appeared, to prove that Nature had tried her benign experiment, and wafted seeds hither to let the scene be verdant, if it would. Nature had failed. The land refused any mantle over its brown desolation. The soil was disintegrated, igneous rock, fine and well beaten down as the most thoroughly laid macadam.

Behind was the rolling region where the Great Trail passes; before and far away, the faint blue of the sierra. Not a bird sang in the hot noon; not a cricket chirped. No sound except the beat of our horses' hoofs on the pavement. We rode side by side, taking our strides together. It was a waiting race. The horses travelled easily. They learned, as a horse with a self-possessed rider will, that they were not to waste strength in rushes. "Spend, but waste not," — not a step, not a breath, in that gallop for life! This must be our motto.

We three rode abreast over the sere brown plain on our gallop to save and to slay.

Far — ah, how terribly dim and distant! — was the sierra, a slowly lifting cloud. Slowly, slowly they lifted, those gracious heights, while we sped over the harsh levels of the desert. Harsh levels, abandoned or unvisited by verdancy. But better so: there was no long herbage to check our great pace over the smooth race-course; no thickets here to baffle us; no forests to mislead.

We galloped abreast, — Armstrong at the right. His weird, gaunt white held his own with the best of us. No whip, no spur, for that deathly creature. He went as if his master's purpose were stirring him through and through. That stern intent made his sinews steel, and put an agony of power into every stride. The man never stirred, save sometimes to put a hand to that bloody blanket bandage across his head and temple. He had told his story, he had spoken his errand, he breathed not a word; but with his lean, pallid face set hard, his gentle blue eyes scourged of their kindliness and fixed upon those distant mountains where his vengeance lay, he rode on like a relentless fate.

Next in the line I galloped. Oh, my glorious black! The great killing pace seemed mere playful canter to him, — such as one might ride beside a timid girl, thrilling with her first free dash over a flowery common, or a golden beach between sea and shore. But from time to time he surged a little forward with his great shoulders, and gave a mighty writhe of his

body, while his hind legs came lifting his flanks under me, and telling of the giant reserve of speed and power he kept easily controlled. Then his ear would go back, and his large brown eye, with its purple-black pupil, would look round at my bridle hand and then into my eye, saying as well as words could have said it, "This is mere sport, my friend and master. You do not know me. I have stuff in me of which you do not dream. Say the word, and I can double this, treble it. Say the word! let me show you how I can spurn the earth." Then with the lightest love pressure on the snaffle, I would say, "Not yet! not yet! Patience, my noble friend! Your time will come."

At the left rode Brent, our leader. He knew the region; he made the plan; he had the hope; his was the ruling passion, — stronger than brotherhood, than revenge. Love made him leader of that galloping three. His iron-gray bent grandly, with white mane flapping the air like a signal flag of reprieve. Eager hope and kindling purpose made the rider's face more beautiful than ever. He seemed to behold Sidney's motto written on the golden haze before him, "Viam aut inveniam aut faciam." I felt my heart grow great when I looked at his calm features, and caught his assuring smile, — a gay smile but for the dark, fateful resolve beneath it. And when he launched some stirring word of cheer, and shook another ten of seconds out of the gray's mile, even Armstrong's countenance grew less deathly, as he turned to our leader in silent response. Brent looked a fit chieftain for such a wild charge over the desert waste; with his buckskin hunting-shirt and leggins with flaring fringes, his otter cap and eagle's plume, his bronze face with its close brown beard, his elate head, and his seat like a centaur.

So we galloped three abreast, neck and neck, hoof with hoof, steadily quickening our pace over the sere width of desert. We must make the most of the levels. Rougher work, cruel obstacles were before. All the wild, triumphant music I had ever heard came and sang in my ears to the flinging cadence of the resonant feet, tramping on hollow arches of the volcanic rock, over great vacant chasms underneath. Sweet and soft around us melted the hazy air of October; and its warm, flickering currents shook like a veil of gauzy gold between us and the blue bloom of the mountains far away, but nearing now and lifting step by step.

On we galloped — the avenger, the friend, the lover — on our errand to save and to slay.

It came afternoon, as we rode on steadily. The country grew rougher. The horses never flinched; but they sweated freely, and foam from their nostrils flecked their shoulders. By and by, with little pleasant admonitory puffs, a breeze drew down from the glimmering frosty edges of the sierra and cooled us. Horses and men were cheered and freshened, and lifted anew to their work.

We had seen and heard no life on the desert. Now, in the broken country, a coyote or two scuttled away as we passed. Sometimes a lean gray wolf would skulk out of a brake, canter after us a little way, and then squat on his haunches, staring at our strange speed. Flight and chase he could understand; but ours was not flight for safety, or chase for food. Men are queer mysteries to beasts. So our next companions found. Over the edge of a slope, bending away to a valley of dry scanty pasture at the left, a herd of antelopes appeared. They were close to us, within easy revolver shot. They sprang into graceful flight, some score of them, with tails up and black hoofs glancing. Presently, pausing for curiosity, they saw that we fled, not followed; and they in turn became pursuers, careering after us for a mile or more, until our stern business left their gambolling play far behind.

We held steadily for that notch in the blue sierra. The mountain lines grew sharper, the country where we travelled rougher, every stride. We came upon a wide tract covered with wild sage-bushes. These delayed and baffled us. It was a pigmy forest of trees, mature and complete, but no higher than the knee. Every dwarfed, stunted, gnarled bush had the trunk, limbs, twigs, and gray withered foliage, all in miniature, of some tree, hapless but sturdy, that has had a weather-beaten struggle for life on a storm-threshed crag by the shore, or on a granite side of a mountain, with short allowance of soil to eat and water to drink. Myriads of square miles of that arid region have no important vegetation except this wild sage or Artemisia, and a meaner brother, not even good to burn, — the greasewood.

One may ride through the tearing thickets of a forest primeval, as one may shoulder through a crowd of civilized barbarians at a spectacle. Our gallop over the top of this pigmy wood was as difficult as to find passage over the heads of the

same crowd, tall men and short, men hatted with slouched hats, wash-bowls, and stove-pipes. It was a rough scramble. It checked our speed and chafed our horses. Sometimes we could find natural pathways for a few rods. Then these strayed aside or closed up, and we must plunge straight on. We lost time; moments we lost more precious than if every one were marked by a drop in a clepsydra, and each drop as it fell changed itself and tinkled in the basin, a priceless pearl.

"It worries me, this delay," I said to Brent.

"They lost as much — more time than we," he said.

And he crowded on more desperately, as a man rides for dearer than life — as a lover rides for love.

We tore along, breaking through and over the sage-bushes, each man where best he could. Fulano began to show me what leaps were in him. I gave him his head. No bridle would have held him. I kept my mastery by the voice, or rather by the perfect identification of his will with mine. Our minds acted together. "Save strength," I still warned him, "save strength, my friend, for the mountains and the last leaps!"

A little pathway in the sage-bushes suddenly opened before me, as a lane rifts in the press of hurrying legions 'mid the crush of a city thoroughfare. I dashed on a hundred yards in advance of my comrades.

What was this? The bushes trampled and broken down, just as we in our passage were trampling and breaking them. What?

Hoof-marks in the dust!

"The trail!" I cried; "the trail!"

They sprang toward me. Brent followed the line with his eye. He galloped forward with a look of triumph.

Suddenly I saw him fling himself half out of his saddle, and clutch at some object. Still going at speed and holding on by one leg alone, after the Indian fashion for sport or shelter against an arrow or a shot, he picked up something from the bushes, regained his seat, and waved his treasure to us. We ranged up and rode beside him over a gap in the sage.

A lady's glove! — that was what he had stooped to recover. An old buckskin riding-gauntlet, neatly stitched about the wrist, and pinked on the wristlet. A pretty glove, strangely, almost tragically, feminine in this desolation. A well-worn glove that had seen better days, like its mistress; but never

any day so good as this, when it proved to us that we were on the sure path of rescue.

"I take up the gauntlet," said Brent. "Gare à qui le touche!"

We said nothing more; for this unconscious token, this silent cry for help, made the danger seem more closely imminent. We pressed on. No flinching in any of the horses. Where we could, we were going at speed. Where they could, the horses kept side by side, nerving each other. Companionship sustained them in that terrible ride.

And now in front the purple sierra was growing brown, and rising up a distinct wall, cleft visibly with dell, gully, ravine, and cañon. The saw-teeth of the ridge defined themselves sharply into peak and pinnacle. Broad fields of cool snow gleamed upon the summits.

We were ascending now all the time into subalpine regions. We crossed great sloping savannas, deep in dry, rustling grass, where a nation of cattle might pasture. We plunged through broad wastes of hot sand. We flung ourselves down and up the red sides of water-worn gullies. We took breakneck leaps across dry quebradas in the clay. We clattered across stony arroyos, longing thirstily for the gush of water that had flowed there not many months before.

The trail was everywhere plain. No prairie craft was needed to trace it. Here the chase had gone but a few hours ago; here across grassy slopes, trampling the grass as if a mower had passed that way; here plowing wearily through the sand; here treading the red, crumbling clay; here breaking down the side of a bank; here leaving a sharp hoof-track in the dry mud of a fled torrent. Everywhere a straight path, pointing for that deepening gap in the Sierra, Luggernel Alley, the only gate of escape.

Brent's unerring judgment had divined the course aright. On he led, charging along the trail, as if he were trampling already on the carcasses of the pursued. On he led and we followed, drawing nearer, nearer to our goal.

Our horses suffered bitterly for water. Some five hours we had ridden without a pause. Not one drop or sign of water in all that arid waste. The torrents had poured along the dry watercourses too hastily to let the scanty alders and willows along their line treasure up any sap of growth. The wild sage bushes had plainly never tasted fluid more plenteous than sel-

dom dewdrops doled out on certain rare festal days, enough to keep their meagre foliage a dusty gray. No pleasant streamlet lurked anywhere under the long dry grass of the savannas. The arroyos were parched and hot as rifts in lava.

It became agonizing to listen to the panting and gasping of our horses. Their eyes grew staring and bloodshot. We suffered, ourselves, hardly less than they. It was cruel to press on. But we must hinder a crueler cruelty. Love against Time, — Vegeance against Time! We must not flinch for any weak humanity to the noble allies that struggled on with us, without one token of resistance.

Fulano suffered least. He turned his brave eye back, and beckoned me with his ear to listen, while he seemed to say: "See, this is my Endurance! I hold my Power ready still to show."

And he curved his proud neck, shook his mane like a banner and galloped the grandest of all.

We came to a broad strip of sand, the dry bed of a mountain torrent. The trail followed up this disappointing path. Heavy plowing for the tired horses! How would they bear the rough work down the ravine yet to come?

Suddenly our leader pulled up and sprang from the saddle.

"Look!" he cried, "how those fellows spent their time and saved ours. Thank heaven for this! We shall save her, surely, now."

They had dug a pit deep in the thirsty sand, and found a lurking river buried there. Nature never questioned what manner of men they were that sought. Murderers flying from vengeance and planning now another villain outrage, — still impartial Nature did not change her laws for them. Sunshine, air, water, life, — these boons of hers, — she gave them freely. That higher boon of death, if they were to receive, it must be from some other power, greater than the undiscriminating force of Nature.

Good luck and good omen, this well of water in the sand! It proved that our chase had suffered as we, and had been delayed as we. Before they had dared to pause and waste priceless moments here, their horses must have been drooping terribly. The pit was nearly five feet deep. A good hour's work, and no less, had dug it with such tools as they could bring. I almost laughed to think of the two, slowly bailing out the sliding sand with a tin plate, perhaps, and a frying-

pan, while a score of miles away upon the desert we three were riding hard upon their tracks to follow them the fleeter for this refreshment they had left. "Sic vos non vobis!" I was ready to say triumphantly; but then I remembered the third figure in their group, — a woman, like a Sibyl, growing calmer as her peril grew, — and succor seemed to withdraw. And the pang of this picture crushed back into my heart any thoughts but a mad anxiety, and a frenzy to be driving on.

We drank thankfully of this well by the wayside. No gentle beauty hereabouts to enchant us to delay. No grand old tree, the shelter and the landmark of the fountain, proclaiming an oasis near. Nothing but bare, hot sand. But the water was pure, cool, and bright. It had come underground from the sierra, and still remembered its parent snows. We drank and were grateful — almost to the point of pity. Had we been but avengers, like Armstrong, my friend and I could well-nigh have felt mercy here, and turned back pardoning. But rescue was more imperative than vengeance. Our business tortured us, as with the fanged scourge of Tisiphone, while we dallied. We grudged these moments of refreshment. Before night fell down the west, and night was soon to be climbing up the east, we must overtake — and then?

I wiped the dust and spume away from Fulano's nostrils and breathed him a moment. Then I let him drain deep, delicious draughts from the stirrup-cup. He whinnied thanks and undying fealty, — my noble comrade! He drank like a reveller. When I mounted again, he gave a jubilant curvet and bound. My weight was a feather to him. All those leagues of our hard, hot gallop were nothing.

The brown sierra here was close at hand. Its glittering, icy summits, above the dark and sheeny walls, far above the black phalanxes of clambering pines, stooped forward and hung over us as we rode. We were now at the foot of the range, where it dipped suddenly down upon the plain. The gap, our goal all day, opened before us, grand and terrible. Some giant force had clutched the mountains, and riven them narrowly apart. The wild defile gaped, and then wound away and closed, lost between its mighty walls, a thousand feet high, and bearing two brother pyramids of purple cliffs aloft far above the snow line. A fearful portal into a scene of the throes and agonies of earth! and my excited eyes seemed to

read, gilded over its entrance, in the dead gold of that hazy October sunshine, words from Dante's inscription, —

> "Per me si va tra la perduta gente:
> Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!" [1]

"Here we are," said Brent, speaking hardly above his breath. "This is Luggernel Alley at last, thank God! In an hour, if the horses hold out, we shall be at the Springs; that is, if we can go through this breakneck gorge at the same pace. My horse began to flinch a little before the water. Perhaps that will set him up. How are yours?"

"Fulano asserts that he has not begun to show himself yet. I may have to carry you *en croupe* before we are done."

Armstrong said nothing, but pointed impatiently down the defile. The gaunt white horse moved on quicker at this gesture. He seemed a tireless machine, not flesh and blood, — a being like his master, living and acting by the force of a purpose alone.

Our chief led the way into the cañon.

Yes, John Brent, you were right when you called Luggernel Alley a wonder of our continent.

I remember it now, — I only saw it then; — for those strong scenes of nature assault the soul whether it will or no, fight in against affirmative or negative resistance, and bide their time to be admitted as dominant over the imagination. It seemed to me then that I was not noticing how grand the precipices, how stupendous the cleavages, how rich and gleaming the rock faces in Luggernel Alley. My business was not to stare about, but to look sharp and ride hard; and I did it.

Yet now I can remember, distinct as if I beheld it, every stride of that pass; and everywhere, as I recall foot after foot of that fierce chasm, I see three men with set faces, — one deathly pale and wearing a bloody turban, — all galloping steadily on, on an errand to save and to slay.

Terrible riding it was! A pavement of slippery, sheeny rock; great beds of loose stones; barricades of mighty bowlders, where a cliff had fallen an æon ago, before the days of the road-maker race; crevices where an unwary foot might catch; wide rifts where a shaky horse might fall, or a timid horseman drag him down. Terrible riding! A pass where a

[1] "Through me one goes among the lost folk:
Leave behind all hope, ye who enter!"

calm traveller would go quietly picking his steps, thankful if each hour counted him a safe mile.

Terrible riding! Madness to go as we went! Horse and man — any moment either might shatter every limb. But man and horse — neither can know what he can do, until he has dared and done. On we went, with the old frenzy growing tenser. Heart almost broken with eagerness.

No whipping or spurring. Our horses were a part of ourselves. While we could go, they would go. Since the water, they were full of leap again. Down in the shady Alley, too, evening had come before its time. Noon's packing of hot air had been dislodged by a mountain breeze drawing through. Horses and men were braced and cheered to their work; and in such riding as that, the man and the horse must think together and move together, — eye and hand of the rider must choose and command, as bravely as the horse executes.

The blue sky was overhead, the red sun upon the castellated walls a thousand feet above us, the purpling chasm opened before. It was late; these were the last moments. But we should save the lady yet.

"Yes," our hearts shouted to us, "we shall save her yet."

An arroyo, the channel of a dry torrent, followed the pass. It had made its way as water does, not straightway, but by that potent feminine method of passing under the frowning front of an obstacle, and leaving the dull rock staring there, while the wild creature it would have held is gliding away down the valley. This zigzag channel baffled us; we must leap it without check wherever it crossed our path. Every second now was worth a century. Here was the sign of horses, passed but now. We could not choose ground. We must take our leaps on that cruel rock wherever they offered.

Poor Pumps!

He had carried his master so nobly! There were so few miles to do! He had chased so well; he merited to be in at the death.

Brent lifted him at a leap across the arroyo.

Poor Pumps!

His hind feet slipped on the time-smoothed rock. He fell short. He plunged down a dozen feet among the rough bowlders of the torrent bed. Brent was out of the saddle almost before he struck, raising him.

No, he would never rise again. Both his fore legs were

broken at the knee. He rested there, kneeling on the rocks where he fell.

Brent groaned. The horse screamed horribly, horribly, — there is no more agonized sound, — and the scream went echoing high up the cliffs where the red sunlight rested.

It costs a loving master much to butcher his brave and trusty horse, the half of his knightly self; but it costs him more to hear him shriek in such misery. Brent drew his pistol to put poor Pumps out of pain.

Armstrong sprang down and caught his hand.

"Stop!" he said in his hoarse whisper.

He had hardly spoken since we started. My nerves were so strained that this mere ghost of a sound rang through me like a death yell, a grisly cry of merciless and exultant vengeance. I seemed to hear its echoes, rising up and swelling in a flood of thick uproar, until they burst over the summit of the pass and were wasted in the crannies of the towering mountain flanks above.

"Stop!" whispered Armstrong. "No shooting! They 'll hear. The knife!"

He held out his knife to my friend.

Brent hesitated one heart-beat. Could he stain his hand with his faithful servant's blood?

Pumps screamed again.

Armstrong snatched the knife and drew it across the throat of the crippled horse.

Poor Pumps! He sank and died without a moan. Noble martyr in the old, heroic cause!

I caught the knife from Armstrong. I cut the thong of my girth. The heavy California saddle, with its macheers and roll of blankets, fell to the ground. I cut off my spurs. They had never yet touched Fulano's flanks. He stood beside me quiet, but trembling to be off.

"Now, Brent! up behind me!" I whispered, — for the awe of death was upon us.

I mounted. Brent sprang up behind. I ride light for a tall man. Brent is the slightest body of an athlete I ever saw.

Fulano stood steady till we were firm in our seats.

Then he tore down the defile.

Here was that vast reserve of power; here the tireless spirit; here the hoof striking true as a thunderbolt, where the brave eye saw footing; here that writhing agony of speed; here

the great promise fulfilled, the great heart thrilling to mine, the grand body living to the beating heart. Noble Fulano!

I rode with a snaffle. I left it hanging loose. I did not check or guide him. He saw all. He knew all. All was his doing.

We sat firm, clinging as we could, as we must. Fulano dashed along the resounding pass.

Armstrong pressed after; the gaunt white horse struggled to emulate his leader. Presently we lost them behind the curves of the Alley. No other horse that ever lived could have held with the black in that headlong gallop to save.

Over the slippery rocks, over the sheeny pavement, plunging through the loose stones, staggering over the barricades, leaping the arroyo, down, up, on, always on, — on went the horse, we clinging as we might.

It seemed one beat of time, it seemed an eternity, when between the ring of the hoofs I heard Brent whisper in my ear.

"We are there."

The crags flung apart, right and left. I saw a sylvan glade. I saw the gleam of gushing water.

Fulano dashed on, uncontrollable!

There they were, — the Murderers.

Arrived but one moment!

The lady still bound to that pack-mule branded A. & A.

Murker just beginning to unsaddle.

Larrap not dismounted, in chase of the other animals as they strayed to graze.

The men heard the tramp and saw us, as we sprang into the glade.

Both my hands were at the bridle.

Brent, grasping my waist with one arm, was awkward with his pistol.

Murker saw us first. He snatched his six-shooter and fired.

Brent shook with a spasm. His pistol arm dropped.

Before the murderer could cock again, Fulano was upon him!

He was ridden down. He was beaten, trampled down upon the grass, — crushed, abolished.

We disentangled ourselves from the *mêlée*.

Where was the other?

The coward, without firing a shot, was spurring Arm-

strong's Flathead horse blindly up the cañon, whence we had issued.

We turned to Murker.

Fulano was up again, and stood there shuddering. But the man?

A hoof had battered in the top of his skull; blood was gushing from his mouth; his ribs were broken; all his body was a trodden, massacred carcass.

He breathed once, as we lifted him.

Then a tranquil, childlike look stole over his face, — that well-known look of the weary body, thankful that the turbulent soul has gone. Murker was dead.

Fulano, and not we, had been executioner. *His* was the stain of blood.

WILLIAM WIRT.

WIRT, WILLIAM, an American lawyer, patriot, and orator; born at Bladensburg, Maryland, November 8, 1772; died at Washington, D. C., February 8, 1834. His father was from Switzerland, his mother a German. He was educated in neighboring classical schools, studied law, was admitted to the bar of Virginia in 1792, and practised in several places, finally in Richmond. He was a member of the House of Delegates, and United States Attorney for Virginia. From 1817 to 1829 he was United States Attorney-General. In 1829 he removed to Baltimore, and in 1832 was nominated for President of the United States by the Anti-Masons. His most famous speeches are those as counsel for the Government against Aaron Burr. He published "Letters of a British Spy" (1803) — in the character of a travelling Englishman; "The Rainbow," consisting of essays from the "Richmond Enquirer;" the two arguments in the Burr trial; a number of "Addresses," and "The Life of Patrick Henry" (1817). He was co-author with George Tucker and others of a series of essays published collectively in 1812 under the title "The Old Bachelor." His "Life" was written by J. P. Kennedy (1849).

BURR AND BLENNERHASSET.

(From "Speech in Kennedy's Memoirs of Wirt.")

THE conduct of Aaron Burr has been considered in relation to the overt act on Blennerhasset's Island only; whereas it ought to be considered in connection with the grand design; the deep plot of seizing Orleans, separating the Union, and establishing an independent empire in the West, of which the prisoner was to be the chief. It ought to be recollected that these were his objects, and that the whole Western country, from Beaver to Orleans, was the theatre of his treasonable operations. It is by this first reasoning that you are to consider whether he be a principal or an accessory, and not by limiting your inquiries to the circumscribed and narrow spot in the island where the acts charged happened to be performed.

Having shown, I think, on the *ground of law*, that the prisoner cannot be considered as an accessory, let me press the inquiry whether, on the ground of *reason*, he be a principal or an accessory: and remember that his project was to seize New Orleans, separate the Union, and erect an independent empire in the West, of which he was to be the chief. This was the destination of the plot and the conclusion of the drama. Will any man say that Blennerhasset was the principal, and Burr but an accessory? Who will believe that Burr, the author and projector of the plot, who raised the forces, who enlisted the men, and who procured the funds for carrying it into execution, was made a cat's-paw of? Will any man believe that Burr, who is a soldier, bold, ardent, restless, and aspiring, the great actor whose brain conceived and whose hand brought the plot into operation, that he should sink down into an accessory, and that Blennerhasset should be elevated into a principal? He would startle at once at the thought. Aaron Burr, the contriver of the whole conspiracy, to everybody concerned in it, was as the sun to the planets which surrounded him. Did he not bind them in their respective orbits, and give them their light, their heat, and their motion? Yet he is to be considered an accessory, and Blennerhasset is to be the principal!

Who Aaron Burr is we have seen in part, already. I will add that, beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the mainspring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks and descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank and titles and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses he presents the object adapted to his taste. His recruiting officers are appointed. Men are engaged throughout the continent. Civil life is, indeed, quiet upon its surface, but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which, with the slightest touch of his match, produce an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and in the autumn of 1806 he goes forth, for the last time, to apply this match. On this occasion he meets with Blennerhasset.

Who is Blennerhasset? A native of Ireland; a man of

A Burr

letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhasset's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our Western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest is not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhasset, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own cour-

age; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents, that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another — this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while *he* by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and, having already ruined Blennerhasset in fortune, character, and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

OWEN WISTER.

WISTER, OWEN, an American writer of short stories, a grandson of the celebrated Fanny Kemble; born at Philadelphia in 1860. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1882, and from the Harvard Law School in 1888. Since then he has practised his profession in Philadelphia, but has spent much time in the frontier region of the Southwest. His work includes "The New Swiss Family Robinson" (1882); "The Dragon of Wantley," a romance (1892); "Red Men and White," a collection of tales of adventure (1896); "Lin McLean" (1898).

MISS ELAINE LOSES HER HEART.[1]

(From "The Dragon of Wantley.")

DOWNSTAIRS the Grace was said, and the company was soon seated and ready for their mid-day meal.

"Our fare," said Father Anselm pleasantly to Sir Godfrey, who sat on his right, "is plain, but substantial."

"Oh — ah, very likely," replied the Baron, as he received a wooden basin of black-bean broth.

"Our drink is — "

The Baron lifted his eye hopefully.

"— remarkably pure water," Father Anselm continued. "Clement!" he called to the monk whose turn it was that day to hand the dishes, "Clement, a goblet of our well-water for Sir Godfrey Disseisin. One of the large goblets, Clement. We are indeed favored, Baron, in having such a pure spring in the midst of our home."

"Oh — ah!" observed the Baron again, and politely nerved himself for a swallow. But his thoughts were far away in his own cellar over at Wantley, contemplating the casks whose precious gallons the Dragon had consumed. Could it be the strength of his imagination, or else why was it that through

[1] By permission of J. B. Lippincott Co.

the chilling, unwelcome liquid he was now drinking he seemed to detect a lurking flavor of the very wine those casks had contained, his favorite Malvoisie?

Father Anselm noticed the same taste in his own cup, and did not set it down to imagination, but afterwards sentenced Brother Clement to bread and water during three days, for carelessness in not washing the Monastery table-service more thoroughly.

"This simple food keeps you in beautiful health, Father," said Mistletoe, ogling the swarthy face of the Abbot with an affection that he duly noted.

"My daughter," he replied, gravely, "bodily infirmity is the reward of the glutton. I am well, thank you."

Meanwhile, Elaine did not eat much. Her thoughts were busy, and hurrying over recent events. Perhaps you think she lost her heart in the last chapter, and cannot lose it in this one unless it is given back to her. But I do not agree with you; and I am certain that, if you suggested such a notion to her, she would become quite angry, and tell you not to talk such foolish nonsense. People are so absurd about hearts, and all that sort of thing! No: I do not really think she has lost her heart yet; but as she sits at table these are the things she is feeling: —

1. Not at all hungry.
2. Not at all thirsty.
3. What a hateful person that Father Anselm is!
4. Poor, poor young man!
5. Not that she thinks of him in *that* way, of course. The idea! Horrid Father Anselm!
6. Any girl at all — no, not girl, *anybody* at all — who had human justice would feel exactly as she did about the whole matter.
7. He was very good-looking, too.
8. Did he have — yes, they were blue. Very, very dark blue.
9. And a moustache? Well, yes.

Here she laughed, but no one noticed her idling with her spoon. Then her eyes filled with tears, and she pretended to be absorbed with the black-bean broth, though, as a matter of fact, she did not see it in the least.

10. Why had he come there at all?
11. It was a perfect shame, treating him so.

12. Perhaps they were not blue, after all. But, oh! what a beautiful sparkle was in them!

After this, she hated Father Anselm worse than ever. And the more she hated him, the more some very restless delicious something made her draw long breaths. She positively must go upstairs and see what He was doing and what He really looked like. This curiosity seized hold of her and set her thinking of some way to slip away unseen. The chance came through all present becoming deeply absorbed in what Sir Godfrey was saying to Father Anselm.

"Such a low, coarse, untaught brute as a dragon," he explained, "cannot possibly distinguish good wine from bad."

"Of a surety, no!" responded the monk.

"You agree with me upon that point?" said the Baron.

"Most certainly. Proceed."

"Well, I'm going to see that he gets nothing but the cider and small beer after this."

"But how will you prevent him, if he visit your cellar again?" Father Anselm inquired.

"I shall change all the labels, in the first place," the Baron answered.

"Ha! vastly well conceived," said Father Anselm. "You will label your Burgundy as if it were beer."

"And next," continued Sir Godfrey, "I shall shift the present positions of the hogsheads. That I shall do to-day, after relabelling. In the nothern corner of the first wine vault I shall —"

Just as he reached this point, it was quite wonderful how strict an attention every monk paid to his words. They leaned forward, forgetting their dinner, and listened with all their might. One of them, who had evidently received an education, took notes underneath the table. Thus it was that Elaine escaped observation when she left the refectory.

As she came upstairs into the hall where Geoffrey was caged, she stepped lightly and kept where she could not be seen by him. All was quiet when she entered; but suddenly she heard the iron bars of the cage begin to rattle and shake, and at the same time Geoffrey's voice broke out in rage.

"I'll twist you loose," he said, "you — (rattle, shake) — you — (kick, bang) —" And here the shocking young man used words so violent and wicked that Elaine put her hands tight over her ears. "Why, he is just as dreadful as papa,

just exactly!" she exclaimed to herself. "Whoever would have thought that that angelic face — but I suppose they are all like that sometimes." And she took her hands away again.

"Yes, I will twist you loose," he was growling hoarsely, while the kicks and wrenches grew fiercer than ever, "or twist myself stark, staring blind — and — "

"Oh, sir!" she said, running out in front of the cage.

He stopped at once, and stood looking at her. His breastplate and gauntlets were down on the floor, so his muscles might have more easy play in dealing with the bars. Elaine noticed that the youth's shirt was of very costly Eastern silk.

"I was thinking of getting out," he said at length, still standing and looking at her.

"I thought I might — that is — you might — " began Miss Elaine, and stopped. Upon which another silence followed.

"Lady, who sent you here?" he inquired.

"Oh, they don't know!" she replied, hastily; and then, seeing how bright his face became, and hearing her own words, she looked down, and the crimson went over her cheeks as he watched her.

"Oh, if I could get out!" he said, desperately. "Lady, what is your name, if I might be so bold."

"My name, sir, is Elaine. Perhaps there is a key somewhere," she said.

"And I am called Geoffrey," he said, in reply.

"I think we might find a key," Elaine repeated.

She turned towards the other side of the room, and there hung a great bunch of brass keys dangling from the lock of a heavy door.

Ah, Hubert! thou art more careless than Brother Clement, I think, to have left those keys in such a place!

Quickly did Elaine cross to that closed door, and laid her hand upon the bunch. The door came open the next moment, and she gave a shriek to see the skin of a huge lizard-beast fall forward at her feet, and also many cups and flagons, that rolled over the floor, dotting it with little drops of wine.

Hearing Elaine shriek, and not able to see from his prison what had befallen her, Geoffrey shouted out in terror to know if she had come to any hurt.

"No," she told him; and stood eyeing first the crocodile's hide and then the cups, setting her lips together very firmly.

"And they were not even dry," she said after a while. For she began to guess a little of the truth.

"Not dry? Who?" inquired Geoffrey.

"Oh, Geoffrey!" she burst out in deep anger, and then stopped, bewildered. But his heart leaped to hear her call his name.

"Are there no keys?" he asked.

"Keys? Yes!" she cried, and, running with them back to the bars, began trying one after another in trembling haste till the lock clicked pleasantly, and out marched young Geoffrey.

Now what do you suppose this young man did when he found himself free once more, and standing close by the lovely young person to whom he owed his liberty? Did he place his heels together, and let his arms hang gracefully, and so bow with respect and a manner at once dignified and urbane, and say, "Miss Elaine, permit me to thank you for being so kind as to let me out of prison?" That is what he ought to have done, of course, if he had known how to conduct himself like a well-brought-up young man. But I am sorry to have to tell you that Geoffrey did nothing of the sort, but, instead of that, behaved in a most outrageous manner. He did not thank her at all. He did not say one single word to her. He simply put one arm round her waist and gave her a kiss!

"Geoffrey!" she murmured, "don't!"

But Geoffrey did, with the most astonishing and complacent disobedience.

"Oh, Geoffrey!" she whispered, looking the other way, "how wrong of you! And of me!" she added a little more softly still, escaping from him suddenly, and facing about.

"I don't see that," said Geoffrey. "I love you, Elaine. Elaine, darling, I —"

"Oh, but you must n't!" answered she, stepping back as he came nearer.

This was simply frightful! And so sudden. To think of her — Elaine! — but she could n't think at all. Happy? Why, how wicked! How had she ever —

"No, you must not," she repeated, and backed away still farther.

"But I will!" said this lover, quite loudly, and sprang so quickly to where she stood that she was in his arms again, and this time without the faintest chance of getting out of them until he should choose to free her.

It was no use to struggle now, and she was still, like some wild bird. But she knew that she was really his, and was glad of it. And she looked up at him and said, very softly, "Geoffrey, we are wasting time."

"Oh, no, not at all," said Geoffrey.

"But we are."

"Say that you love me."

"But have n't I — ah, Geoffrey, please don't begin again."

"Say that you love me."

She did.

Then, taking his hand, she led him to the door she had opened. He stared at the crocodile, at the wine-cups, and then he picked up a sheet of iron and a metal torch.

"I suppose it is their museum," he said; "don't you?"

"Their museum! Geoffrey, think a little."

"They seem to keep very good wine," he remarked, after smelling at the demijohn.

"Don't you see? Can't you understand?" she said.

"No, not a bit. What 's that thing, do you suppose?" he added, giving the crocodile a kick.

"Oh, me, but men are simple, men are simple!" said Elaine, in despair. "Geoffrey, listen! That wine is my father's wine, from his own cellar. There is none like it in all England."

"Then I don't see why he gave it to a parcel of monks," replied the young man.

Elaine clasped her hands in hopelessness, gave him a kiss, and became mistress of the situation.

"Now, Geoffrey," she said, "I will tell you what you and I have really found out." Then she quickly recalled all the recent events. How her father's cellar had been broken into; how Mistletoe had been chained to a rock for a week and no dragon had come near her. She bade him remember how just now Father Anselm had opposed every plan for meeting the Dragon, and at last she pointed to the crocodile.

"Ha!" said Geoffrey, after thinking for a space. "Then you mean" —

"Of course I do," she interrupted. "The Dragon of Wantley is now downstairs with papa eating dinner, and pretending he never drinks anything stronger than water. What do you say to that, sir?"

"This is a foul thing!" cried the knight. "Here have I

been damnably duped. Here — " but speech deserted him. He glared at the crocodile with a bursting countenance, then drove his toe against it with such vigor that it sailed like a foot-ball to the farther end of the hall.

"Papa has been duped, and everybody," said Elaine. "Papa's French wine — "

"They swore to me in Flanders I should find a real dragon here," he continued, raging up and down, and giving to the young lady no part of his attention. She began to fear he was not thinking of her.

"Geoffrey — " she ventured.

"They swore it. They had invited me to hunt a dragon with them in Flanders, — Count Faux Pas and his Walloons. We hunted day and night, and the quest was barren. They then directed me to this island of Britain, in which they declared a dragon might be found by any man who so desired. They lied in their throats. I have come leagues for nothing." Here he looked viciously at the distant hide of the crocodile. "But I shall slay the monk," he added. "A masquerading caitiff! Lying varlets! And all for nothing! The monk shall die, however."

"Have you come for nothing, Geoffrey?" murmured Elaine.

"Three years have I been seeking dragons in all countries, chasing deceit over land and sea. And now once more my dearest hope falls empty and stale. Why, what's this?" A choking sound beside him stopped the flow of his complaints.

"Oh, Geoffrey, — oh, miserable me!" The young lady was dissolved in tears.

"Elaine — dearest — don't."

"You said you had come for n-nothing, and it was all st-stale."

"Ha, I am a fool, indeed! But it was the Dragon, dearest. I had made so sure of an honest one in this adventure."

"Oh, oh!" went Miss Elaine with her head against his shoulder.

"There, there! You're sweeter than all the dragons in the world, my little girl," said he. And although this does not appear to be a great compliment, it comforted her wonderfully in the end; for he said it in her ear several times without taking his lips away. "Yes," he continued, "I was a fool. By your father's own word you're mine. I have caught

the Dragon. Come, my girl! We 'll down to the refectory forthwith and denounce him."

With this, he seized Elaine's hand and hastily made for the stairs.

"But hold, Geoffrey, hold! Oh — I am driven to act not as maidens should," sighed Elaine. "He it is who ought to do the thinking. But, dear me! he does not know how. Do you not see we should both be lost, were you to try any such wild plan?"

"Not at all. Your father would give you to me."

"Oh, no, no, Geoffrey; indeed, papa would not. His promise was about a dragon. A live or a dead dragon must be brought to him. Even if he believed you now, even if that dreadful Father Anselm could not invent some lie to put us in the wrong, you and I could never — that is — papa would not feel bound by his promise simply because you did that. There must be a dragon somehow."

"How can there be a dragon if there is not a dragon?" asked Geoffrey.

"Wait, wait, Geoffrey! Oh, how can I think of everything all at once?" and Elaine pressed her hands to her temples.

"Darling," said the knight, with his arms once more around her, "let us fly now."

"Now? They would catch us at once."

"Catch us! not they! with my sword — "

"Now, Geoffrey, of course you are brave. But do be sensible. You are only one. No! I won't even argue such nonsense. They must never know about what we have been doing up here; and you must go back into that cage at once."

"What, and be locked up, and perhaps murdered to-night, and never see your face again?"

"But you shall see me again, and soon. That is what I am thinking about."

"How can you come in here, Elaine?"

"You must come to me. I have it! To-night, at half-past eleven, come to the cellar-door at the Manor, and I will be there to let you in. Then we can talk over everything quietly. I have no time to think now."

"The cellar! at the Manor! And how, pray, shall I get out of that cage?"

"Cannot you jump from the little window at the back?"

Geoffrey ran in to see. "No," he said, returning; "it is many spans from the earth."

Elaine had hurried into the closet, whence she returned with a dusty coil of rope. "Here, Geoffrey; quickly! put it about your waist. Wind it so. But how clumsy you are!"

He stood smiling down at her, and she very deftly wound the cord up and down, over and over his body, until its whole length lay comfortably upon him.

"Now, your breastplate, quick!"

She helped him put his armor on again; and, as they were engaged at that, singing voices came up the stairs from the distant dining-hall.

"The Grace," she exclaimed; "they will be here in a moment."

Geoffrey took a last kiss, and bolted into his cage. She, with the keys, made great haste to push the crocodile and other objects once more into their hiding-place. Cups and flagons and all rattled back without regard to order, as they had already been flung not two hours before. The closet-door shut, and Elaine hung the keys from the lock as she had found them.

"Half-past eleven," she said to Geoffrey, as she ran by his cage towards the stairs.

"One more, darling, — please, one! through the bars!" he besought her, in a voice so tender, that for my part I do not see how she had the heart to refuse him. But she continued her way, and swiftly descending the stairs, was found by the company, as they came from the hall, busily engaged in making passes with Sir Godfrey's sword, which he had left leaning near the door.

"A warlike daughter, Sir Godfrey!" said Father Anselm.

"Ah, if I were a man to go on a Crusade!" sighed Miss Elaine.

"Hast thou, my daughter," said Father Anselm, "thought better of thy rash intentions concerning this Dragon?"

"I am travelling towards better thoughts, Father," she answered.

But Sir Francis did not wholly believe the young lady; and was not at rest until Sir Godfrey assured him her good conduct should be no matter of her own choosing.

"You see," insinuated the Abbot, "so sweet a maid as yours would be a treat for the unholy beast. A meal like that

would incline him to remain in a neighborhood where such dainties were to be found."

"I 'll have no legends and fool's tricks," exclaimed the Baron. "She shall be locked in her room to-night."

"Not if she can help it," thought Miss Elaine. Her father had imprudently spoken too loud.

"'T were a wise precaution," murmured Father Anselm. "What are all the vintages of this earth by the side of a loving daughter?"

"Quite so, quite so!" Sir Godfrey assented. "Don't you think," he added, wistfully, "that another Crusade may come along soon?"

"Ah, my son, who can say? Tribulation is our meted heritage. Were thy thoughts more high, the going of thy liquors would not cause thee such sorrow. Learn to enjoy the pure cold water."

"Good afternoon," said the Baron.

When all the guests had departed and the door was shut safe behind them, the Father and his holy companions broke into loud mirth. "The Malvoisie is drunk up," said they; "to-night we 'll pay his lordship's cellars another visit."

GEORGE WITHER.

WITHER, GEORGE, an English soldier and poet; born at Brentworth, Hampshire, June 11, 1588; died at London, May 2, 1667. For a volume of metrical satires on the manners of the time, "Abuses Stript and Whipt" (1613), he was cast into prison, where he wrote "The Shepherd's Hunting" (1615), and, perhaps, "Fidelia." Some of his volumes are: "The Motto" (1618); "Faire Virtue, or the Mistress of Philarète" (1622); "Hymns and Songs of the Church" (1623); and "Hallelujah" (1641). His best-known song is "Shall I, Wasting in Despair." He was an ardent Puritan, and was made major-general in Surrey by Cromwell.

THE AUTHOR'S RESOLUTION IN A SONNET.

(From "The Mistress of Philarète.")

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
  Be she fairer than the day,
  Or the flowery meads in May,
  If she be not so to me,
  What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved, pined,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
  Be she meeker, kinder than
  Turtle-dove or pelican:
  If she be not so to me,
  What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deserving known
Make me quite forget mine own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo.
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me (this believe),
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

For Summer-Time.

Now the glories of the year
May be viewèd at the best,
And the earth doth now appear
In her fairest garments dressed:
Sweetly smelling plants and flowers
Do perfume the garden bowers;
Hill and valley, wood and field,
Mixed with pleasure profits yield.

Much is found where nothing was;
Herds on every mountain go;
In the meadows flowery grass
Makes both milk and honey flow.
Now each orchard banquets giveth;
Every hedge with fruit relieveth;
And on every shrub and tree
Useful fruits or berries be.

Walks and ways which winter marred,
By the winds are swept and dried;
Moorish grounds are now so hard
That on them we safe may ride;

SUMMER TIME

"Now the glories of the year
May be viewed at the best"

From a Painting by L. P. Lamy

Warmth enough the sun doth lend us,
From his heat the shades defend us.
And thereby we share in these,
Safety, profit, pleasure, ease.

Other blessings, many more,
At this time enjoyed may be,
And in this my song therefore
Praise I give, O Lord! to thee:
Grant that this my free oblation
May have gracious acceptation,
And that I may well employ
Everything which I enjoy.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Wolfe, Charles, a British poet; born at Dublin, December 14, 1791; died at Cork, February 21, 1823. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1814, was tutor there, and, taking orders in 1817, became curate at Ballyclog, and subsequently rector at Donoughmore. He wrote an ode on the death of Sir John Moore, which has become celebrated. His "Remains," with a Memoir, were published by Archdeacon John Russell (1825).

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him —
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone —
  But we left him alone in his glory.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Woodworth, Samuel, an American poet and journalist; born at Scituate, Mass., January 13, 1785; died at New York, December 9, 1842. He served an apprenticeship in a newspaper office in Boston; worked for a year as a journeyman; then went to New Haven, where he started a weekly journal, "The Belles Lettres Repository," of which he was editor, publisher, printer, and sometimes carrier; but the journal lived only eight weeks. In 1809 he went to New York, where he engaged in several literary enterprises. He conducted a weekly journal entitled "The War," edited a Swedenborgian monthly magazine, and wrote "The Champions of Freedom," a novel, founded on the War of 1812. He put forth numerous patriotic songs, and composed several melodramas, among which is "The Forest Rose," which was popular in its day. In 1823, in conjunction with George P. Morris, he established the "New York Mirror," with which, however, his connection was brief. Toward the close of his life he was disabled by paralysis, and received a substantial complimentary benefit at the National Theatre. He was intimate with the literary men of his day, and Halleck's poem "To a Poet's Daughter" was written in the album of the daughter of Woodworth. His permanent reputation as a poet rests wholly upon "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

AUTHOR OF THE

"OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

Only 100 Copies printed and stone destroyed.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-flowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old-oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far-removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy returns to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

We are One.

Oh, we are one, and who presumes
To sever hearts like ours,
Would scatter frosts where Eden blooms,
And wither all its flowers:
But should no bands unite our hands,
Till weary life be done,
The ties which join this heart to thine
Will ever make us one.

Yes, pride and rank may sever hands,
But cannot change the heart,
Nor polar snows, nor Afric's sands,
Congenial spirits part.
Our souls shall meet, in union sweet,
Though seas between us run,
Till pride relents and Fate consents
To make us truly one.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Woolson, Constance Fenimore, an American novelist; born at Claremont, N. H., March 5, 1838; died at Venice, Italy, January 24, 1894. She was the daughter of Charles Jarvis Woolson, and a great-niece of James Fenimore Cooper. She was educated at Cleveland and New York. From 1873 to 1878 she resided in Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas, and in 1879 she went to Europe, where she afterward resided. Her winters were spent in Italy. Her literary field includes sketches, poems, stories, and novels, which appeared in "Harper's" and other magazines. Her books are "Castle Nowhere: Lake Country Sketches" (1875); "Two Women" (1877); "Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches" (1880); "Anne" (1882); "For the Major" (1883); "East Angels" (1886); "Jupiter Lights" (1889); "The Old Stone House" (1893); "Horace Chase" (1894); "The Front Yard, and Other Italian Stories" (1895); "Dorothy" (1896); "Mentone, Cairo, and Corfu" (1896).

Peter the Parson.[1]

(From "Castle Nowhere.")

Reaching his room, the parson hung up his cloak and hat, and sat down quietly with folded hands. Clad in dressing-gown and slippers, in an easy-chair, before a bright fire, — a revery, thus, is the natural ending for a young man's day. But here the chair was hard and straight-backed, there was no fire, and the candle burned with a feeble blue flame; the small figure in its limp black clothes, with its little gaitered feet pressed close together on the cold floor as if for warmth, its clasped hands, its pale face and blue eyes fixed on the blank expanse of the plastered wall, was pathetic in its patient discomfort. After a while a tear fell on the clasped hands and startled their coldness with its warmth. The parson brushed the token of weakness hastily away, and rising, threw himself

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at the foot of the large wooden cross with his arms clasping its base. In silence for many moments he lay thus prostrate; then, extinguishing the candle, he sought his poor couch. But later in the night, when all Algonquin slept, a crash of something falling was heard in the dark room, followed by the sound of a scourge mercilessly used, and murmured Latin prayers, — the old cries of penitence that rose during night-vigils from the monasteries of the Middle Ages. And why not English words? Was there not something of affectation in the use of these mediæval phrases? Maybe so; but at least there was nothing affected in the stripes made by the scourge. The next morning all was as usual in the little room, save that the picture of Santa Margarita was torn in twain, and the bracket and vase shattered to fragments on the floor below.

At dawn the parson rose, and, after a conscientious bath in the tub of icy water brought in by his own hands the previous evening, he started out with his load of prayer-books, his face looking haggard and blue in the cold morning light. Again he entered the chapel, and having arranged the books and dusted the altar, he attired himself in his robes and began the service at half-past six precisely. "From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same," he read, and in truth the sun was just rising. As the evening prayer was "vespers," so this was "matins," in the parson's mind. He had his "vestments" too, of various ritualistic styles, and washed them himself, ironing them out afterwards with fear and difficulty in Mrs. Malone's disorderly kitchen, poor little man! No hand turned the latch, no step came across the floor this morning; the parson had the service all to himself, and, as it was Friday, he went through the Litany, omitting nothing, and closing with a hymn. Then, gathering up his books, he went home to breakfast.

"How peaked yer do look, sir!" exclaimed ruddy Mrs. Malone, as she handed him a cup of muddy coffee. "What, no steak? Do, now; for I ain't got nothin' else. Well, if yer won't — But there 's nothin' but the biscuit, then. Why, even Father O'Brien himself 'lows meat for the sickly, Friday or no Friday."

"I am not sickly, Mrs. Malone," replied the little parson, with dignity.

A young man with the figure of an athlete sat at the lower end of the table, tearing the tough steak voraciously with his

strong teeth, chewing audibly, and drinking with a gulping noise. He paused as the parson spoke, and regarded him with wonder not unmixed with contempt.

"You ain't sickly?" he repeated. "Well, if you ain't, then I 'd like to know who is, that 's all."

"Now, you jest eat your breakfast, Steve, and let the parson alone," interposed Mrs. Malone. "Sorry to see that little picture all tore, sir," she continued, turning the conversation in her blundering good-nature. "It was a moighty pretty picture, and looked uncommonly like Rosie Ray."

"It was a copy of an Italian painting, Mrs. Malone," the parson hastened to reply; "Santa Margarita."

"O, I dare say; but it looked iver so much like Rosie, for all that!"

A deep flush had crossed the parson's pale face. The athlete saw it, and muttered to himself angrily, casting surly sidelong glances up the table, and breathing hard; the previous evening he had happened to pass the Chapel of St. John and St. James as its congregation of one was going in the door. . . .

After dinner, which he did not eat, as the greasy dishes offended his palate, the parson shut himself up in his room to prepare his sermon for the coming Sunday. It made no difference whether there would be any one to hear it or not, the sermon was always carefully written and carefully delivered, albeit short, according to the ritualistic usage, which esteems the service all, the sermon nothing. His theme on this occasion was "The General Councils of the Church;" and the sermon, an admirable production of its kind, would have been esteemed, no doubt, in English Oxford or in the General Theological Seminary of New York City. He wrote earnestly and ardently, deriving a keen enjoyment from the work; the mechanical part also was exquisitely finished, the clear sentences standing out like the work of a sculptor. Then came vespers; and the congregation this time was composed of two, or, rather, three persons, — the girl, the owner of the dog, and the dog himself. The man entered during service with a noisy step, managing to throw over a bench, coughing, humming, and talking to his dog; half of the congregation was evidently determined upon mischief. But the other half rose with the air of a little queen, crossed the intervening space with an open prayer-book, gave it to the man, and, seating herself near

by, fairly awed him into good behavior. Rose Ray was beautiful; and the lion lay at her feet. As for the dog, with a wave of her hand she ordered him out, and the beast humbly withdrew. It was noticeable that the parson's voice gained strength as the dog disappeared.

"I ain't going to stand by and see it, Rosie," said the man, as, the service over, he followed the girl into the street. "That puny little chap!"

"He cares nothing for me," answered the girl, quickly.

"He shan't have a chance to care, if I know myself. You're free to say 'no' to me, Rosie, but you ain't free to say 'yes' to him. A regular coward! That's what he is. Why, he ran away from my dog this very afternoon, — ran like he was scared to death!"

"You set the dog on him, Steve."

"Well, what if I did? He needn't have run; any other man would have sent the beast flying."

"Now, Steve, do promise me that you won't tease him any more," said the girl, laying her hand upon the man's arm as he walked by her side. His face softened.

"If he had any spirit he'd be ashamed to have a girl beggin' for him not to be teased. But never mind that; I'll let him alone fast enough, Rosie, if you will too."

"If I will," repeated the girl, drawing back, as he drew closer to her side; "what can you mean?"

"O, come now! You know very well you're always after him, — a goin' to his chapel where no one else goes hardly, — a listenin' to his preachin', — and a havin' your picture hung up in his room."

It was a random shaft, sent carelessly, more to finish the sentence with a strong point than from any real belief in the athlete's mind.

"What!"

"Leastways so Mrs. Malone said. I took breakfast there this morning."

The girl was thrown off her guard, her whole face flushed with joy; she could not for the moment hide her agitation. "My picture!" she murmured, and clasped her hands. The light from the Pine-Cone crossed her face, and revealed the whole secret. Steven Long saw it, and fell into a rage. After all, then, she did love the puny parson!

"Let him look out for himself, that's all," he muttered

with a fierce gesture, as he turned towards the saloon door. (He felt a sudden thirst for vengeance, and for whiskey.) "I 'll be even with him, and I won't be long about it neither. You 'll never have the little parson alive, Rose Ray! He 'll be found missin' some fine mornin', and nobody will be to blame but you either." He disappeared, and the girl stood watching the spot where his dark, angry face had been. After a time she went slowly homeward, troubled at heart; there was neither law nor order at Algonquin, and not without good cause did she fear.

The next morning, as the parson was coming from his solitary matin service through thick-falling snow, this girl met him, slipped a note into his hand, and disappeared like a vision. The parson went homeward, carrying the folded paper under his cloak pressed close to his heart. "I am only keeping it dry," he murmured to himself. This was the note: —

"Respected Sir, — I must see you, you air in danger. Please come to the Grotter this afternoon at three and I remain yours respectful, Rose Ray."

The Rev. Herman Warriner Peters read these words over and over; then he went to breakfast, but ate nothing, and, coming back to his room, he remained the whole morning motionless in his chair. At first the red flamed in his cheek, but gradually it faded, and gave place to a pinched pallor; he bowed his head upon his hands, communed with his own heart, and was still. As the dinner-bell rang he knelt down on the cold hearth, made a little funeral pyre of the note torn into fragments, watched it slowly consume, and then, carefully collecting the ashes, he laid them at the base of the large cross.

At two o'clock he set out for the Grotto, a cave two miles from the village along the shore, used by the fishermen as a camp during the summer. The snow had continued falling, and now lay deep on the even ground; the pines were loaded with it, and everything was white save the waters of the bay, heaving sullenly, dark, and leaden, as though they knew the icy fetters were nearly ready for them. The parson walked rapidly along in his awkward, halting gait; overshoes he had none, and his cloak was but a sorry substitute for the blankets and skins worn by the miners. But he did not feel cold when he opened the door of the little cabin which had been built out in front of the cave, and found himself face to face with the

beautiful girl who had summoned him there. She had lighted a fire of pine knots on the hearth, and set the fishermen's rough furniture in order; she had cushioned a chair-back with her shawl, and heated a flat stone for a foot-warmer.

"Take this seat, sir," she said, leading him thither.

The parson sank into the chair and placed his old soaked gaiters on the warm stone; but he said not one word.

"I thought perhaps you 'd be tired after your long walk, sir," continued the girl, "and so I took the liberty of bringing something with me." As she spoke she drew into view a basket, and took from it delicate bread, chicken, cakes, preserved strawberries, and a little tin coffee-pot which, set on the coals, straightway emitted a delicious fragrance; nothing was forgotten, — cream, sugar, nor even snowy napkins.

The parson spoke not a word.

But the girl talked for both, as with flushed cheeks and starry eyes she prepared the tempting meal, using many pretty arts and graceful motions, using in short every power she possessed to charm the silent guest. The table was spread, the viands arranged, the coffee poured into the cup; but still the parson spoke not, and his blue eyes were almost stern as he glanced at the tempting array. He touched nothing.

"I thought you would have liked it all," said the girl at last, when she saw her little offerings despised. "I brought them all out myself — and I was so glad thinking you 'd like them — and now — " Her voice broke, and the tears flowed from her pretty soft eyes. A great tenderness came over the parson's face.

"Do not weep," he said, quickly. "See, I am eating. See, I am enjoying everything. It is all good, nay, delicious." And in his haste he partook of each dish, and lifted the coffee-cup to his lips. The girl's face grew joyous again, and the parson struggled bravely against his own enjoyment; in truth, what with the warm fire, the easy-chair, the delicate food, the fragrant coffee, and the eager, beautiful face before him, a sense of happiness came over him in long surges, and for the moment his soul drifted with the warm tide.

"You *do* like it, don't you?" said the girl with delight, as he slowly drank the fragrant coffee, his starved lips lingering over the delicious brown drops. Something in her voice jarred on the trained nerves and roused them to action again.

"Yes, I do like it, — only too well," he answered; but the

tone of his voice had altered. He pushed back his chair, rose, and began pacing to and fro in the shadow beyond the glow of the fire.

"Thou glutton body!" he murmured. "But thou shalt go empty for this." Then, after a pause, he said in a quiet, even tone, "You had something to tell me, Miss Ray."

The girl's face had altered; but rallying, she told her story earnestly, — of Steven Long, his fierce temper, his utter lawlessness, and his threats.

"And why should Steven Long threaten me?" said the parson. "But you need not answer," he continued in an agitated voice. "Say to Steven Long, — say to him," he repeated in louder tones, "that I shall never marry. I have consecrated my life to my holy calling."

There was a long silence; the words fell with crushing weight on both listener and speaker. We do not realize even our own determinations, sometimes, until we have told them to another. The girl rallied first; for she still hoped.

"Mr. Peters," she said, taking all her courage in her hands and coming towards him, "is it wrong to marry?"

"For me — it is."

"Why?"

"Because I am a priest."

"Are you a Catholic, then?"

"I am a Catholic, although not in the sense you mean. Mine is the true Catholic faith which the Anglican Church has kept pure from the errors of Rome, and mine it is to make my life accord with the high office I hold."

"Is it part of your high office to be cold — and hungry — and wretched?"

"I am not wretched."

"You are; now, and at all times. You are killing yourself."

"No; else I had died long, long ago."

"Well, then, of what use is your poor life as you now live it, either to yourself or any one else? Do you succeed among the miners? How many have you brought into the church?"

"Not one."

"And yourself? Have you succeeded, so far, in making yourself a saint?"

"God knows I have not," replied the parson, covering his face with his hands as the questions probed his sore, sad heart. "I have failed in my work, I have failed in myself, I am of all men most miserable! — most miserable!"

The girl sprang forward and caught his arm, her eyes full of love's pity. "You know you love me," she murmured; "why fight against it? For I — I love you!"

What did the parson do?

He fell upon his knees, but not to her, and uttered a Latin prayer, short but fervid.

"All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," he murmured, "would not be to me so much as this!" Then he rose.

"Child," he said, "you know not what you do." And, opening the door, he went away into the snowy forest. But the girl's weeping voice called after him, "Herman, Herman." He turned; she had sunk upon the threshold. He came back and lifted her for a moment in his arms.

"Be comforted, Rosamond," he said, tenderly. "It is but a fancy; you will soon forget me. You do not really love me, — such a one as I," he continued, bringing forward, poor heart! his own greatest sorrow with unpitying hand. "But thank you, dear, for the gentle fancy." He stood a moment, silent; then touched her dark hair with his quivering lips and disappeared.

Sunday morning the sun rose unclouded, the snow lay deep on the ground, the first ice covered the bay; winter had come. At ten o'clock the customary service began in the Chapel of St. John and St. James, and the little congregation shivered, and whispered that it must really try to raise money enough for a stove. The parson did not feel the cold, although he looked almost bloodless in his white surplice. The Englishwoman was there, repentant, — the sick child had not rallied under the new ministration; Mrs. Malone was there, from sheer good-nature; and several of the villagers and two or three miners had strolled in because they had nothing else to do, Brother Saul having returned to the mine. Rose Ray was not there. She was no saint, so she stayed at home and wept like a sinner.

The congregation, which had sat silent through the service, fell entirely asleep during the sermon on the "General Councils." Suddenly, in the midst of a sentence, there came a noise that stopped the parson and woke the sleepers. Two or three miners rushed into the chapel and spoke to the few men present. "Come out," they cried, — "come out to the mine. The thief 's caught at last! and who do you think it is? Saul,

Brother Saul himself, the hypocrite! They tracked him to his den, and there they found the barrels and sacks and kegs, but the stuff he 's made away with, most of it. He took it all, every crumb, and us a starving!"

"We 've run in to tell the town," said another. "We 've got him fast, and we 're going to make a sample of him. Come out and see the fun."

"Yes," echoed a third, who lifted a ruffianly face from his short, squat figure, "and we 'll take our own time, too. He 's made us suffer, and now he shall suffer a bit, if I know myself."

The women shuddered as, with an ominous growl, all the men went out together.

"I misdoubt they 'll hang him," said Mrs. Malone, shaking her head as she looked after them.

"Or worse," said the miner's wife.

Then the two departed, and the parson was left alone. Did he cut off the service? No. Deliberately he finished every word of the sermon, sang a hymn, and spoke the final prayer; then, after putting everything in order, he too left the little sanctuary; but he did not go homeward, he took the road to the mine.

"Don't-ee go, sir, don't!" pleaded the Englishwoman, standing in her doorway as he passed. "You won't do no good, sir."

"Maybe not," answered the parson, gently, "but at least I must try."

He entered the forest; the air was still and cold, the snow crackled under his feet, and the pine-trees stretched away in long white aisles. He looked like a pygmy as he hastened on among the forest giants, his step more languid than usual from sternest vigil and fasting.

"Thou proud, evil body, I have conquered thee!" he had said in the cold dawning. And he had; at least, the body answered not again.

The mine was several miles away, and to lighten the journey the little man sang a hymn, his voice sounding through the forest in singular melody. It was an ancient hymn that he sang, written long ago by some cowled monk, and it told in quaint language of the joys of "Paradise! O Paradise!" He did not feel the cold as he sang of the pearly gates.

In the late afternoon his halting feet approached the mine;

as he drew near the clearing he heard a sound of many voices shouting together, followed by a single cry, and a momentary silence more fearful than the clamor. The tormentors were at work. The parson ran forward, and, passing the log-huts which lay between, came out upon the scene. A circle of men stood there around a stake. Fastened by a long rope, crouched the wretched prisoner, his face turned to the color of dough, his coarse features drawn apart like an animal in terror, and his hoarse voice never ceasing its piteous cry, "Have mercy, good gentlemen! Dear gentlemen, have mercy!"

At a little distance a fire of logs was burning, and from the brands scattered around it was evident that the man had served as a target for the fiery missiles; in addition he bore the marks of blows, and his clothes were torn and covered with mud as though he had been dragged roughly over the ground. The lurid light of the fire cast a glow over the faces of the miners; behind rose the Iron Mountain, dark in shadow; and on each side stretched out the ranks of the white-pine trees, like ghosts assembled as silent witnesses against the cruelty of man. The parson rushed forward, broke through the circle, and threw his arms around the prisoner at the stake, protecting him with his slender body.

"If ye kill him, ye must kill me also," he cried, in a ringing voice.

On the border, the greatest crime is robbery. A thief is worse than a murderer; a life does not count so much as life's supplies. It was not for the murderer that the Lynch law was made, but for the thief. For months these Algonquin miners had suffered loss; their goods, their provisions, their clothes, and their precious whiskey had been stolen, day after day, and all search had proved vain; exasperated, several times actually suffering from want, they had heaped up a great store of fury for the thief, — fury increased tenfold when, caught at last, he proved to be no other than Brother Saul, the one man whom they had trusted, the one man whom they had clothed and fed before themselves, the one man from whom they had expected better things. An honest, bloodthirsty wolf in his own skin was an animal they respected; indeed, they were themselves little better. But a wolf in sheep's clothing was utterly abhorrent to their peculiar sense of honor. So they gathered around their prey, and esteemed it rightfully theirs; whiskey had sharpened their enjoyment.

To this savage band, enter the little parson. "What! are ye men?" he cried. "Shame, shame, ye murderers!"

The miners stared at the small figure that defied them, and for the moment their anger gave way before a rough sense of the ludicrous.

"Hear the little man," they cried. "Hurrah, Peter! Go ahead!"

But they soon wearied of his appeal and began to answer back.

"What are clothes or provisions to a life?" said the minister.

"Life ain't worth much without 'em, Parson," replied a miner. "He took all we had, and we 've gone cold and hungry 'long of him, and he knowed it. And all the time we was a giving him of the best, and a believing his praying and his preaching."

"If he is guilty, let him be tried by the legal authorities."

"We 're our own legal 'thorities, Parson."

"The country will call you to account."

"The country won't do nothing of the kind. Much the country cares for us poor miners, frozen up here in the woods! Stand back, Parson. Why should you bother about Saul? You always hated him."

"Never! never!" answered the parson, earnestly.

"You did too, and he knowed it. 'T was because he was dirty, and could n't mince his words as you do."

The parson turned to the crouching figure at his side. "Friend," he said, "if this is true, — and the heart is darkly deceitful and hides from man his own worst sins, — I humbly ask your forgiveness."

"O come! None of your gammon," said another miner, impatiently. "Saul did n't care whether you liked him or not, for he knowed you was only a coward."

"'Fraid of a dog! 'Fraid of a dog!" shouted half a dozen voices; and a frozen twig struck the parson's cheek, and drew blood.

"Why, he 's got blood!" said one. "I never thought he had any."

"Come, Parson," said a friendly miner, advancing from the circle, "we don't want to hurt *you*, but you might as well understand that we 're the masters here."

"And if ye are the masters, then be just. Give the crimi-

nal to me; I will myself take him to the nearest judge, the nearest jail, and deliver him up."

"He 'll be more likely to deliver *you* up, I reckon, Parson."

"Well, then, send a committee of your own men with me —"

"We 've got other things to do besides taking long journeys over the ice to 'commodate thieves, Parson. Leave the man to us."

"And to torture? Men, men, ye would not treat a beast so!"

"A beast don't steal our food and whiskey," sang out a miner.

"Stand back! stand back!" shouted several voices. "You 're too little to fight, Parson."

"But not too little to die," answered the minister, throwing up his arms towards the sky.

For an instant his words held the men in check; they looked at each other, then at him.

"Think of yourselves," continued the minister. "Are ye without fault? If ye murder this man, ye are worse than he is."

But here the minister went astray in his appeal, and ran against the views of the border.

"Worse! Worse than a sneaking thief! Worse than a praying hypocrite who robs the very men that feed him! Look here, we won't stand that! Sheer off, or take the consequences." And a burning brand struck the parson's coat, and fell on the head of the crouching figure at his side, setting fire to its hair. Instantly the parson extinguished the light flame, and drew the burly form closer within his arms, so that the two stood as one. "Not one, but both of us," he cried.

A new voice spoke next, the voice of the oldest miner, the most hardened reprobate there. "Let go that rascal, Parson. He 's the fellow that lamed you last spring. He set the trap himself; I seen him a doing it."

Involuntarily, for a moment, Herman Peters drew back; the trap set at the chapel door, the deliberate, cruel intention, the painful injury, and its lifelong result, brought the angry color to his pale face. The memory was full of the old bitterness.

But Saul, feeling himself deserted, dragged his miserable body forward, and clasped the parson's knees. With desper-

ate hands he clung, and he was not repulsed. Without a word the parson drew him closer, and again faced the crowd.

"Why, the man 's a downright fool!" said the old miner. "That Saul lamed him for life, and all for nothing, and still he stands by him. The man 's mad!"

"I am not mad," answered the parson, and his voice rung out clear and sweet. "But I am a minister of the great God who has said to men, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' O men! O brothers! look back into your own lives. Have ye no crimes, no sins to be forgiven? Can ye expect mercy when ye give none? Let this poor creature go, and it shall be counted unto you for goodness. Ye, too, must some time die; and when the hour comes, as it often comes, in lives like yours, with sudden horror, ye will have this good deed to remember. For charity — which is mercy — shall cover a multitude of sins."

He ceased, and there was a momentary pause. Then a stern voice answered, "Facts won't alter, Parson. The man is a thief, and must be punished. Your talk may do for women-folks, not for us."

"Women-folks!" repeated the ruffian-faced man who had made the women shudder at the chapel. "He 's a sly fox, this parson! He did n't go out to meet Rosie Ray at the Grotter yesterday, O no!"

"Liar!" shouted a man, who had been standing in the shadow on the outskirts of the crowd, taking, so far, no part in the scene. He forced himself to the front; it was Steven Long, his face dark with passion.

"No liar at all, Steve," answered the first. "I seen 'em there with my own eyes; they had things to eat and everything. Just ask the parson."

"Yes, ask the parson," echoed the others; and with the shifting humor of the border, they stopped to laugh over the idea. "Ask the parson."

Steven Long stepped forward and confronted the little minister. His strong hands were clinched, his blood was on fire with jealousy. The bull-dog followed his master, and smelled around the parson's gaiters, — the same poor old shoes, his only pair, now wet with melted snow. The parson glanced down apprehensively.

"'Fraid of a dog! 'Fraid of a dog!" shouted the miners, again laughing uproariously. The fun was better than they had anticipated.

"Is it true?" demanded Steven Long, in a hoarse voice. "Did you meet that girl at the Grotter yesterday?"

"I did meet Rosamond Ray at the Grotto yesterday," answered the parson; "but—"

He never finished the sentence. A fragment of iron ore struck him on the temple. He fell, and died, his small body lying across the thief, whom he still protected even in death.

The murder was not avenged; Steven Long was left to go his own way. But as the thief was also allowed to depart unmolested, the principles of border justice were held to have been amply satisfied.

The miners attended the funeral in a body, and even deputed one of their number to read the Episcopal burial service over the rough pine coffin, since there was no one else to do it. They brought out the chapel prayer-books, found the places, and followed as well as they could; for "he thought a deal of them books. Don't you remember how he was always carrying 'em backward and forward, poor little chap!"

The Chapel of St. John and St. James was closed for the season. In the summer a new missionary arrived; he was not ritualistic, and before the year was out he married Rosamond Ray.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth, William, an eminent English poet; born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, April 7, 1770; died at Rydal Mount, Westmoreland, April 23, 1850. In 1787 he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1791. Soon afterward he went to France, where he remained about a year. His friends urged him to enter the Church; but he wished to devote himself to poetry. In 1798 Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, accompanied by Coleridge, went to Germany. Returning after a few months, Wordsworth took up his residence at Grasmere, in the Lake region, and finally, in 1813, at Rydal Mount, his home for the remaining thirty-seven years of his life, which was singularly devoid of external incident. In 1813 he received the appointment of Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland. This position he resigned in 1842, in favor of his son. Southey, dying in 1843, was succeeded as Poet Laureate by Wordsworth, who was succeeded by Tennyson. The Life of Wordsworth has been written by his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth (1851), and by Frederick Myers in "English Men of Letters" (1882). Wordsworth's first volume appeared in 1793; in 1798 was published the "Lyrical Ballads," one of which was Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," all the others being by Wordsworth. From time to time he made excursions in Wales, Scotland, Switzerland, and Italy, of all of which he put forth "Memorials" in verse. Among his best-known works were: "An Evening Walk" (1793); "Lyrical Ballads" (1798); two volumes of "Poems" (1807); "The Excursion" (1814); new edition of "Poems" (1815); "The White Doe of Rylstone" (1815); "Thanksgiving Ode" (1816); "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner" (1819); "Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems" (1835); "Sonnets" (1838); "The Prelude" (1850); etc.

Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey,

On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour.

Five years have passed: five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a soft inland murmur. · Once again

Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, — hardly hedge-rows, — little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure; such perhaps
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life, —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft —
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills: when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements, all gone by)
To me was all in all: I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur: other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth: but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity;
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains: and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, — both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh, yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,

When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, — when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, — oh, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance, —
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together: and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service; rather say
With warmer love — oh, with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
  And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
  Half hidden from the eye! —
Fair as a star, when only one
  Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
  The difference to me!

Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower.

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
  On earth was never sown:

This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round;
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell:
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake — the work was done;—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

She was a Phantom of Delight.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn:
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet:
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine:
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

The Solitary Reaper.

Behold her, single in the field,
  Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
  Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

"She was a phantom of delight,
. . . . . .
A lovely apparition"

From a Painting by V. Corcos

No nightingale did ever chaunt
  More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
  Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
  Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
  And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
  As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
  And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listened, motionless and still;
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills:
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

The World is too much with Us.

The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon, —
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers, —
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I 'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Ode to Duty.

Stern daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth;

Glad hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,—
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday; —
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm; —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! —
But there's a tree, — of many, one, —
A single field which I have looked upon:
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whether is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows.
He sees it in his joy;

The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pygmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind, —
Mighty prophet! seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height, —
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest, —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast; —
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise:
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing. —

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

To the Small Celandine.

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there 's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There 's a flower that shall be mine, —
'T is the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I 'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower! I 'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'T was a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,

Spreading out thy glossy breast
  Like a careless Prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we 've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them, — I aver
  That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
  Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home:
Spring is coming, thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
Careless of thy neighborhood,
  Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
  In the lane; — there 's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 't is good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
  Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien:
  They have done as worldlings do, —
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
  Of a joyous train ensuing;
Serving at my heart's command,
  Tasks that are no tasks renewing, —
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

We are Seven.

— A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

The Pet Lamb.

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'T was little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the Maiden turned away:
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young One? what? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young One, rest; what is 't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain-storms! the like thou need'st not fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young One, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessèd day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yean
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,
Then I 'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough;
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest! — Poor creature, can it be
That 't is thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe, — our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep — and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one-half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Wotton, Sir Henry, an English diplomat, poet, and miscellaneous writer; born at Bocton or Boughton, Malherbe, Kent, in 1568; died at Eton, in December, 1639. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and afterward spent several years on the Continent. Upon his return he attached himself to the Earl of Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. Upon the accession, in 1603, of James I., Wotton was made Ambassador to Venice, where he wrote a tractate on "The State of Christendom," which, however, was not printed during his lifetime. About 1618 he took holy orders, in order to render himself eligible for the position of Provost of Eton College, which he filled until his death. In 1624 he put forth a very creditable work on "The Elements of Architecture." He was also a friend of Izaak Walton, with whom he sometimes went a-fishing, and who wrote his "Life" and edited the scanty "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" (1651).

To His Mistress,

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents! What 's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own!
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my Mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind —
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of State, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains, the harmless day,
With a religious book or friend; —

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Wyatt, Sir Thomas, an English poet and diplomatist; born in Kent in 1503; died at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, October 11, 1542. He was knighted in 1536, was High Sheriff of Kent in 1537, and Ambassador to the Court of Charles V. in 1537 and 1539–40. His poems, stilted to modern ears and not abounding in the poetical element, have some very happy refrains, and here and there some remarkable lines.

Song: The Lover's Lute cannot be Blamed though it Sing of His Lady's Unkindness.

Blame not my Lute! for he must sound
  Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
  To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch thy change,
    Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas! doth not offend,
  Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend
  To sing to them that heareth me;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
    Blame not my Lute!

My Lute and strings may not deny,
  But as I strike they must obey:
Break not them then so wrongfully,
  But wreak thyself some other way;
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
    Blame not my Lute!

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsèd faith must needs be known;
The faults so great, the case so strange,
Of right it must abroad be blown:
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute!

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deservèd to have blame,
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same;
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert, their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!

Farewell! Unknown; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again;
And if perchance this sely rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my Lute!

How the Lover Perisheth in His Delight as the Fly in the Fire.

Some fowels there be who have so perfect sight,
Against the sun their eyes for to defend;
And some, because the light doth them offend,
Never appear but in the dark or night;
Others rejoice to see the fire so bright,
And ween to play in it, as they pretend,
But find contrary of it, that they intend.
Alas! of that sort may I be by right;
For to withstand her look I am not able:
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place;
So followeth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swoln and unstable,
My destiny to behold her doth me lead;
And yet I know I run into the glead.

A Renouncing of Love.

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws for ever;
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more:
Senec, and Plato, call me from thy lore,
To perfect wealth, my wit for to endeavor.
In blind error when I did persèver,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store;
But 'scape forth thence, since liberty is lever.
Therefore, farewell: go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority;
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts:
For, hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

The Lover Prayeth not to be Disdained, Refused, Mistrusted, nor Forsaken.

Disdain me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so suddenly;
Since well ye wot that in my heart
I mean ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why,
For think me not to be unjust;
Since that by lot of fantasy,
This careful knot needs knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be
That fain would spot my steadfastness;
Believe them not, since that ye see,
The proof is not as they express.

Forsake me not, till I deserve;
Nor hate me not, till I offend;
Destroy me not, till that I swerve:
But since ye know what I intend.

Disdain me not, that am your own;
Refuse me not, that am so true;
Mistrust me not, till all be known;
Forsake me not now for no new.

JOHANN RUDOLF WYSS.

Wyss, Johann Rudolf, a Swiss poet, editor, and juvenile writer; born in Berne, Switzerland, March 13, 1781; died there, March 31, 1830. He became Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berne and Chief Librarian of his native town. He edited "Der Alpenrosen" from 1811 for about twenty years, and for this periodical he wrote many poems, chiefly relating to Swiss history and legend. He was the author of the national song of Switzerland, "Rufst du, mein Vaterland," but his title to a place in the hearts of the boys and girls of every nation must rest upon a book whose fame has been second only to that of De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," — "The Swiss Family Robinson" (1813). This book was begun by his father, but was left in a very crude and unsatisfactory state, and to the subject of this sketch the credit of its authorship really belongs. "The Swiss Family Robinson" has been translated into every European language, and has gone through hundreds of editions. In 1815 Wyss published "Idyls, Traditions, Legends, and Tales of Switzerland."

The Shipwreck.

(From "The Swiss Family Robinson.")

The tempest had raged for six days, and on the seventh seemed to increase. The ship had been so far driven from its course, that no one on board knew where we were. Every one was exhausted with fatigue and watching. The shattered vessel began to leak in many places, the oaths of the sailors were changed to prayers, and each thought only how to save his own life. "Children," said I, to my terrified boys, who were clinging round me, "God can save us if he will. To him nothing is impossible; but if he thinks it good to call us to him, let us not murmur: we shall not be separated." My excellent wife dried her tears, and from that moment became more tranquil. We knelt down to pray for the help of our Heavenly Father; and the fervor and emotion of my innocent

boys proved to me that even children can pray, and find in prayer consolation and peace.

We rose from our knees strengthened to bear the afflictions that hung over us. Suddenly we heard amid the roaring of the waves the cry of "Land! land!" At that moment the ship struck on a rock; the concussion threw us down. We heard a loud cracking, as if the vessel was parting asunder; we felt that we were aground, and heard the captain cry, in a tone of despair, "We are lost! Launch the boats!" These words were a dagger to my heart, and the lamentations of my children were louder than ever. I then recollected myself, and said, "Courage, my darlings, we are still above water, and the land is near. God helps those who trust in him. Remain here, and I will endeavor to save us."

I went on deck, and was instantly thrown down, and wet through by a huge sea; a second followed. I struggled boldly with the waves, and succeeded in keeping myself up, when I saw, with terror, the extent of our wretchedness. The shattered vessel was almost in two; the crew had crowded into the boats, and the last sailor was cutting the rope. I cried out, and prayed them to take us with them; but my voice was drowned in the roar of the tempest, nor could they have returned for us through waves that ran mountains high. All hope from their assistance was lost; but I was consoled by observing that the water did not enter the ship above a certain height. The stern, under which lay the cabin which contained all that was dear to me on earth, was immovably fixed between two rocks. At the same time I observed, towards the south, traces of land, which, though wild and barren, was now the haven of my almost expiring hopes; no longer being able to depend on any human aid. I returned to my family, and endeavored to appear calm. "Take courage," cried I, "there is yet hope for us; the vessel, in striking between the rocks, is fixed in a position which protects our cabin above the water, and if the wind should settle to-morrow, we may possibly reach the land."

This assurance calmed my children, and as usual, they depended on all I told them; they rejoiced that the heaving of the vessel had ceased, as, while it lasted, they were continually thrown against each other. My wife, more accustomed to read my countenance, discovered my uneasiness, and by a sign, I explained to her that I had lost all hope. I felt great consola-

tion in seeing that she supported our misfortune with truly Christian resignation.

"Let us take some food," said she; "with the body, the mind is strengthened; this must be a night of trial."

Night came, and the tempest continued its fury, tearing away the planks from the devoted vessel with a fearful crashing. It appeared absolutely impossible that the boats could have outlived the storm.

My wife had prepared some refreshment, of which the children partook with an appetite that we could not feel. The three younger ones retired to their beds, and soon slept soundly. Fritz, the eldest, watched with me. "I have been considering," said he, "how we could save ourselves. If we only had some cork jackets, or bladders, for mamma and my brothers — you and I don't need them — we could then swim to land."

"A good thought," said I; "I will try during the night to contrive some expedient to secure our safety." We found some small empty barrels in the cabin, which we tied two together with our handkerchiefs, leaving a space between for each child, and fastened this new swimming apparatus under their arms. My wife prepared the same for herself. We then collected some knives, string, tinder-box, and such little necessaries as we could put in our pockets; thus, in case the vessel should fall to pieces during the night, we hoped we might be enabled to reach land.

At length Fritz, overcome with fatigue, lay down and slept with his brothers. My wife and I, too anxious to rest, spent that dreadful night in prayer, and in arranging various plans. How gladly we welcomed the light of day, shining through an opening. The wind was subsiding, the sky serene, and I watched the sun rise with renewed hope. I called my wife and children on deck. The younger ones were surprised to find we were alone. They inquired what had become of the sailors, and how we should manage the ship alone.

"Children," said I, "One more powerful than man has protected us till now, and will extend a saving arm to us, if we do not give way to complaint and despair. Let all hands set to work. Remember that excellent maxim, God helps those who help themselves. Let us all consider what is best to do now."

"Let us leap into the sea," cried Fritz, "and swim to the shore."

"Very well for you," replied Ernest, "who can swim; but we should be all drowned. Would it not be better to construct a raft, and go all together?"

"That might do," added I, "if we were strong enough for such a work, and if a raft was not always so dangerous a conveyance. But away, boys, look about you, and seek for anything that may be useful to us."

We all dispersed to different parts of the vessel. For my own part, I went to the provision-room, to look after the casks of water and other necessaries of life; my wife visited the live stock and fed them, for they were almost famished; Fritz sought for arms and ammunition, Ernest for the carpenter's tools. Jack had opened the captain's cabin, and was immediately thrown down by two large dogs, who leaped upon him so roughly that he cried out as if they were going to devour him. However, hunger had rendered them so docile that they licked his hands, and he soon recovered his feet, seized the largest by the ears, and mounting his back, gravely rode up to me as I was coming from the hold. I could not help laughing; I applauded his courage, but recommended him always to be prudent with animals of that kind, who are often dangerous when hungry.

My little troop began to assemble. Fritz had found two fowling-pieces, some bags of powder and shot, and some balls in horn flasks. Ernest was loaded with an axe and hammer, a pair of pincers, a large pair of scissors, and an auger showed itself half out of his pocket.

Francis had a large box under his arm, from which he eagerly produced what he called little pointed hooks. His brothers laughed at his prize. "Silence," said I; "the youngest has made the most valuable addition to our stores. These are fish-hooks, and may be more useful for the preservation of our lives than anything the ship contains. However, Fritz and Ernest have not done amiss."

"For my part," said my wife, "I only contribute good news; I have found a cow, an ass, two goats, six sheep, and a sow with young. I have fed them, and hope we may preserve them."

"Very well," said I to my little workmen; "I am satisfied with all but master Jack, who, instead of anything useful, has contributed two great eaters, who will do us more harm than good."

"They can help us to hunt when we get to land," said Jack.

"Yes," replied I, "but can you devise any means of our getting there?"

"It does not seem at all difficult," said the spirited little fellow; "put us each into a great tub, and let us float to shore. I remember sailing capitally that way on godpapa's great pond at S——."

"A very good idea, Jack; good counsel may sometimes be given, even by a child. Be quick, boys, give me the saw and auger, with some nails; we will see what we can do." I remembered seeing some empty casks in the hold. We went down, and found them floating. This gave us less difficulty in getting them upon the lower deck, which was but just above the water. They were of strong wood, bound with iron hoops, and exactly suited my purpose; my sons and I therefore began to saw them through the middle. After long labor, we had eight tubs, all the same height. We refreshed ourselves with wine and biscuit, which we had found in some of the casks. I then contemplated with delight my little squadron of boats, ranged in a line, and was surprised that my wife still continued depressed. She looked mournfully on them. "I can never venture in one of these tubs," said she.

"Wait a little, till my work is finished," replied I, "and you will see it is more to be depended on than this broken vessel."

I sought out a long flexible plank, and arranged eight tubs on it, close to each other, leaving a piece at each end to form a curve upwards, like the keel of a vessel. We then nailed them firmly to the plank, and to each other. We nailed a plank at each side, of the same length as the first, and succeeded in producing a sort of boat, divided into eight compartments, in which it did not appear difficult to make a short voyage over a calm sea.

But, unluckily, our wonderful vessel proved so heavy, that our united efforts could not move it an inch. I sent Fritz to bring me the jack-screw, and in the meantime sawed a thick round pole into pieces; then raising the forepart of our work by means of the powerful machine, Fritz placed one of these rollers under it.

Ernest was very anxious to know how this small machine could accomplish more than our united strength. I explained

to him, as well as I could, the power of the lever of Archimedes, with which he declared he could move the world, if he had but a point to rest it on, and I promised my son to take the machine to pieces when we were on shore, and explain the mode of operation. I then told them that God, to compensate for the weakness of man, had bestowed on him reason, invention, and skill in workmanship. The result of these had produced a science, which, under the name of *Mechanics*, taught us to increase and extend our limited powers incredibly by the aid of instruments.

Jack remarked that the jack-screw worked very slowly.

"Better slowly than not at all," said I. "It is a principle in mechanics, that what is gained in time is lost in power. The jack is not meant to work rapidly, but to raise heavy weights; and the heavier the weight, the slower the operation. But can you tell me how we can make up for this slowness?"

"Oh, by turning the handle quicker, to be sure!"

"Quite wrong; that would not aid us at all. Patience and Reason are the two fairies, by whose potent help I hope to get our boat afloat."

I quickly proceeded to tie a strong cord to the after part of it, and the other end to a beam in the ship, which was still firm, leaving it long enough for security; then introducing two more rollers underneath, and working with the jack, we succeeded in launching our bark, which passed into the water with such velocity, that but for our rope it would have gone out to sea. Unfortunately, it leaned so much on one side that none of the boys would venture into it. I was in despair, when I suddenly remembered it only wanted ballast to keep it in equilibrium. I hastily threw in anything I got hold of that was heavy, and soon had my boat level, and ready for occupation. They now contended who should enter first, but I stopped them, reflecting that these restless children might easily capsize our vessel. I remembered that savage nations made use of an out-rigger, to prevent their canoe oversetting, and this I determined to add to my work. I fixed two portions of a topsail yard, one over the prow, the other across the stern, in such a manner that they should not be in the way in pushing off our boat from the wreck. I forced the end of each yard into the bunghole of an empty brandy cask, to keep them steady during our progress.

It was now necessary to clear the way for our departure.

I got into the first tub, and managed to get the boat into the cleft in the ship's side, by way of a haven; I then returned, and with the axe and saw, cut away right and left all that could obstruct our passage. Then we secured some oars, to be ready for our voyage next day.

The day had passed in toil, and we were compelled to spend another night on the wreck, though we knew it might not remain till morning. We took a regular meal, for during the day we had scarcely time to snatch a morsel of bread and a glass of wine. More composed than on the preceding night, we retired to rest. I took the precaution to fasten the swimming apparatus across the shoulders of my three younger children and my wife, for fear another storm might destroy the vessel, and cast us into the sea. I also advised my wife to put on a sailor's dress, as more convenient for her expected toils and trials. She reluctantly consented, and after a short absence, appeared in the dress of a youth who had served as a volunteer in the vessel. She felt very timid and awkward in her new dress, but I showed her the advantage of the change, and at last she was reconciled, and joined in the laughter of the children at her strange disguise. She then got into her hammock, and we enjoyed a pleasant sleep, to prepare us for new labors.

At break of day we were awake and ready, and after morning prayer, I addressed my children thus: "We are now, my dear boys, with the help of God, about to attempt our deliverance. Before we go, provide our poor animals with food for some days; we cannot take them with us, but if our voyage succeed, we may return for them. Are you ready? Collect what you wish to carry away, but only things absolutely necessary for our actual wants." I planned that our first cargo should consist of a barrel of powder, three fowling-pieces, three muskets, two pair of pocket pistols, and one pair larger, ball, shot, and lead, as much as we could carry, with a bullet-mould; and I wished each of my sons, as well as their mother, should have a complete game-bag, of which there were several in the officers' cabins. We then set apart a box of portable soup, another of biscuit, an iron pot, a fishing-rod, a chest of nails, and one of carpenter's tools, also some sail-cloth to make a tent. In fact my boys collected so many things, we were compelled to leave some behind, though I exchanged all the useless ballast for necessaries.

When all was ready, we implored the blessing of God on our undertaking, and prepared to embark in our tubs. At this moment the cocks crowed a sort of reproachful farewell to us: we had forgotten them; I immediately proposed to take our poultry with us, geese, ducks, fowls, and pigeons, for, as I observed to my wife, if we could not feed them, they would, at any rate, feed us. We placed our ten hens and two cocks in a covered tub; the rest we set at liberty, hoping the geese and ducks might reach the shore by water, and the pigeons by flight.

We waited a little for my wife, who came loaded with a large bag, which she threw into the tub that contained her youngest son. I concluded it was intended to steady him, or for a seat, and made no observation on it. Here follows the order of our embarkation: In the first division sat the tender mother, the faithful and pious wife. In the second, our amiable little Francis, six years old, and of a sweet disposition.

In the third, Fritz, our eldest, fourteen or fifteen years old, a curly-headed, clever, intelligent, and lively youth.

In the fourth, the powder-cask, with the fowls and the sail-cloth.

Our provisions filled the fifth.

In the sixth, our heedless Jack, ten years old, enterprising, bold, and useful.

In the seventh, Ernest, twelve years of age, well-informed and rational, but somewhat selfish and indolent. In the eighth, myself, an anxious father, charged with the important duty of guiding the vessel to save my dear family. Each of us had some useful tools beside us; each held an oar, and had a swimming apparatus at hand, in case we were unfortunately upset. The tide was rising when we left, which I considered might assist my weak endeavors. We turned our out-riggers lengthwise, and thus passed from the cleft of the ship into the open sea. We rowed with all our might to reach the blue land we saw at a distance, but for some time in vain, as the boat kept turning round, and made no progress. At last I contrived to steer it, so that we went straight forward.

As soon as our dogs saw us depart, they leaped into the sea and followed us; I could not let them get into the boat, for fear they should upset it. I was very sorry, for I hardly expected that they would be able to swim to land; but by occasionally resting their forepaws on our out-riggers, they

managed to keep up with us. Turk was an English dog, and Flora of a Danish breed.

We proceeded slowly, but safely. The nearer we approached the land, the more dreary and unpromising it appeared. The rocky coast seemed to announce to us nothing but famine and misery. The waves, gently rippling against the shore, were scattered over with barrels, bales, and chests from the wreck. Hoping to secure some good provisions, I called on Fritz for assistance; he held a cord, hammer, and nails, and we managed to seize two hogsheads in passing, and fastening them with cords to our vessel, drew them after us to the shore.

As we approached, the coast seemed to improve. The chain of rocks was not entire, and Fritz's hawk-eye made out some trees, which he declared were the cocoa-nut tree; Ernest was delighted at the prospect of eating these nuts, so much larger and better than any grown in Europe. I was regretting not having brought the large telescope from the captain's cabin, when Jack produced from his pocket a smaller one, which he offered me with no little pride.

This was a valuable acquisition, as I was now enabled to make the requisite observations, and direct my course. The coast before us had a wild and desert appearance, — it looked better towards the left, but I could not approach that part for a current which drove us towards the rocky and barren shore. At length we saw, near the mouth of a rivulet, a little creek between the rocks, towards which our geese and ducks made, serving us for guides. This opening formed a little bay of smooth water, just deep enough for our boat. I cautiously entered it, and landed at a place where the coast was about the height of our tubs, and the water deep enough to let us approach. The shore spread inland, forming a gentle declivity of a triangular form, the point lost among the rocks, and the base to the sea.

All that were able leaped on shore in a moment. Even little Francis, who had been laid down in his tub like a salted herring, tried to crawl out, but was compelled to wait for his mother's assistance. The dogs, who had preceded us in landing, welcomed us in a truly friendly manner, leaping playfully around us; the geese kept up a loud cackling, to which the yellow-billed ducks quacked a powerful bass. This, with the cackling of the liberated fowls, and the chattering of the boys, formed a perfect Babel; mingled with these were the harsh

cries of the penguins and flamingoes, which hovered over our heads, or sat on the points of the rocks. They were in immense numbers, and their notes almost deafened us, especially as they did not accord with the harmony of our civilized fowls. However, I rejoiced to see these feathered creatures, already fancying them on my table, if we were obliged to remain in this desert region.

Our first care, when we stepped in safety on land, was to kneel down and thank God, to whom we owed our lives, and to resign ourselves wholly to his fatherly kindness.

A Permanent Home.

(From "The Swiss Family Robinson.")

The trees which I had chosen for my farm-house were about a foot in diameter in the trunk. They formed a long square, the long side facing the sea. The dimensions of the whole were about twenty-four feet by sixteen. I cut deep mortices in the trees, about ten feet distant from the ground, and again ten feet higher, to form a second story; I then placed in them strong poles: this was the skeleton of my house — solid, if not elegant; I placed over this a rude roof of bark, cut in squares and placed sloping, that the rain might run off. We fastened these with the thorn of the acacia, as our nails were too precious to be lavished. While procuring the bark, we made many discoveries. The first was that of two remarkable trees, — the *Pistacia terebinthus* and the *Pistacia atlantica;* the next, the thorny acacia, from which we got the substitute for nails.

The instinct of my goats led us also to find out, among the pieces of bark, that of the cinnamon, not perhaps equal to that of Ceylon, but very fragrant and agreeable. But this was of little value, compared to the turpentine and mastic I hoped to procure from the pistachios, to compose a sort of pitch to complete our intended boat.

We continued our work at the house, which occupied us several days. We formed the walls of thin laths interwoven with long pliant reeds for about six feet from the ground; the rest was merely a sort of light trellis-work, to admit light and air. The door opened on the front to the sea. The interior consisted simply of a series of compartments, proportioned to the guests they were to contain. One small apartment was for

ourselves, when we chose to visit our colony. On the upper story was a sort of hayloft for the fodder. We projected plastering the walls with clay; but these finishing touches we deferred to a future time, contented that we had provided a shelter for our cattle and fowls. To accustom them to come to this shelter of themselves, we took care to fill their racks with the food they liked best, mingled with salt; and this we proposed to renew at intervals, till the habit of coming to their houses was fixed. We all labored ardently, but the work proceeded slowly, from our inexperience; and the provisions we had brought were nearly exhausted. I did not wish to return to Falcon's Nest till I had completed my new establishment, and therefore determined to send Fritz and Jack to look after the animals at home, and bring back a fresh stock of provisions. Our two young couriers set out each on his favorite steed, Fritz leading the ass to bring back the load, and Jack urging the indolent animal forward with his whip.

During their absence, Ernest and I made a little excursion to add to our provision — if we could meet with them, some potatoes and cocoa-nuts. We ascended the stream for some time, which led us to a large marsh, beyond which we discovered a lake abounding with water-fowl. This lake was surrounded by tall, thick grass, with ears of a grain, which I found to be very good, though small, sort of rice. As to the lake itself, it is only a Swiss, accustomed from his infancy to look on such smooth, tranquil waters, that can comprehend the happiness we felt on looking upon this. We fancied we were once more in Switzerland, our own dear land; but the majestic trees and luxuriant vegetation soon reminded us we were no longer in Europe, and that the ocean separated us from our native home.

In the meantime, Ernest had brought down several birds, with a skill and success that surprised me. A little after, we saw Knip leap off the back of his usual palfrey, Flora, and, making his way through the rich grass, collect and carry rapidly to his mouth something that seemed particularly to please his palate. We followed him, and, to our great comfort, were able to refresh ourselves with that delicious strawberry called in Europe the Chili or pine-apple strawberry. We ate plentifully of this fruit, which was of enormous size; Ernest especially enjoyed them, but did not forget the absent; he filled Knip's little pannier with them, and I covered them

with large leaves, which I fastened down with reeds, lest he should take a fancy to help himself as we went home. I took, also, a specimen of rice, for the inspection of our good housekeeper, who would, I knew, rejoice in such an acquisition.

We proceeded round the lake, which presented a different scene on every side. This was one of the most lovely and fertile parts we had yet seen of this country. Birds of all kinds abounded; but we were particularly struck with a pair of black swans sailing majestically on the water. Their plumage was perfectly black and glossy, except the extremity of the wings, which was white. Ernest would have tried his skill again, but I forbade him to disturb the profound tranquillity of this charming region.

But Flora, who probably had not the same taste for the beauties of nature that I had, suddenly darted forward like an arrow, pounced upon a creature that was swimming quietly at the edge of the water, and brought it to us. It was a most curious animal. It resembled an otter in form, but was web-footed, had an erect bushy tail like the squirrel, small head, eyes and ears almost invisible. A long, flat bill, like that of a duck, completed its strange appearance. We were completely puzzled — even Ernest, the naturalist, could not give its name. I boldly gave it the name of the beast with a bill. I told Ernest to take it, as I wished to stuff and preserve it.

"It will be," said the little philosopher, "the first natural object for our museum."

"Exactly," replied I; "and when the establishment is fully arranged, we will appoint you curator."

But, thinking my wife would grow uneasy at our protracted absence, we returned by a direct road to the tent. Our two messengers arrived about the same time, and we all sat down together to a cheerful repast. Every one related his feats. Ernest dwelt on his discoveries, and was very pompous in his descriptions, and I was obliged to promise to take Fritz another time. I learnt, with pleasure, that all was going on well at Falcon's Nest, and that the boys had had the forethought to leave the animals with provisions for ten days. This enabled me to complete my farm-house. We remained four days longer, in which time I finished the interior, and my wife arranged in our own apartment the cotton mattresses, to be ready for our visits, and put into the houses the fodder and grain for their respective tenants. We then loaded our cart

and began our march. The animals wished to follow us, but Fritz, on Lightfoot, covered our retreat, and kept them at the farm till we were out of sight.

We did not proceed directly, but went towards the wood of monkeys. These mischievous creatures assaulted us with showers of the fir-apples; but a few shots dispersed our assailants.

Fritz collected some of these new fruits they had flung at us, and I recognized them as those of the stone Pine, the kernel of which is good to eat, and produces an excellent oil. We gathered a bag of these, and continued our journey till we reached the neighborhood of Cape Disappointment. There we ascended a little hill, from the summit of which we looked upon rich plains, rivers, and woods clothed with verdure and brilliant flowers, and gay birds that fluttered among the bushes. "Here, my children," cried I, "here we will build our summer-house. This is truly Arcadia." Here we placed our tent, and immediately began to erect a new building, formed in the same manner as the farm-house, but now executed more quickly. We raised the roof in the middle and made four sloped sides. The interior was divided into eating and sleeping apartments, stables, and a store-room for provisions; the whole was completed and provisioned in ten days; and we had now another mansion for ourselves, and a shelter for new colonies of animals. This new erection received the name of Prospect Hill to gratify Ernest, who thought it had an English appearance.

However, the end for which our expedition was planned was not yet fulfilled. I had not yet met with a tree likely to suit me for a boat. We returned then to inspect the trees, and I fixed on a sort of oak, the bark of which was closer than that of the European bark, resembling more that of the cork-tree. The trunk was at least five feet in diameter, and I fancied its coating, if I could obtain it whole, would perfectly answer my purpose. I cut a circle at the foot, and with a small saw cut the bark entirely through; Fritz, by means of the rope ladder we had brought with us, and attached to the lower branches of the tree, ascended, and cut a similar circle eighteen feet above mine. We then cut out, perpendicularly, a slip the whole length, and removing it, we had room to insert the necessary tools, and with wedges, we finally succeeded in loosening the whole. The first part was easy

enough, but there was greater difficulty as we advanced. We sustained it as we proceeded with ropes, and then gently let it down on the grass. I immediately began to form my boat while the bark was fresh and flexible. My sons, in their impatience, thought it would do very well if we nailed a board at each end of the roll; but this would have been merely a heavy trough, inelegant and unserviceable; I wished to have one that would look well by the side of the pinnace; and this idea at once rendered my boys patient and obedient. We began by cutting out at each end of the roll of bark a triangular piece of about five feet long; then, placing the sloping parts one over the other, I united them with pegs and strong glue, and thus finished the ends of my boat in a pointed form. This operation having widened it too much in the middle, we passed strong ropes round it and drew it into the form we required. We then exposed it to the sun, which dried and fixed it in the proper shape.

As many things were necessary to complete my work, I sent Fritz and Jack to Tent House for the sledge, to convey it there, that we might finish it more conveniently. I had the good fortune to meet with some very hard, crooked wood, the natural curve of which would be admirably suitable for supporting the sides of the boat. We found also a resinous tree, which distilled a sort of pitch easy to manage, and which soon hardened in the sun. My wife and Francis collected sufficient of it for my work. It was almost night when our two messengers returned. We had only time to sup and retire to our rest.

We were all early at work next morning. We loaded the sledge, placing on it the canoe, the wood for the sides, the pitch, and some young trees, which I had transplanted for our plantation at Tent House, and which we put into the boat. But before we set out, I wished to erect a sort of fortification at the pass of the rock, for the double purpose of securing us against the attacks of wild beasts or of savages, and for keeping inclosed, in the savannah beyond the rocks, some young pigs that we wished to multiply there, out of the way of our fields and plantations.

As we crossed the sugar-cane plantation, I saw some bamboos larger than any I had ever met with, and we cut down one for a mast to our canoe. We now had the river to our left and the chain of rocks to our right, which here approached the

river, leaving only a narrow pass. At the narrowest part of this we raised a rampart before a deep ditch, which could only be crossed by a drawbridge we placed there. Beyond the bridge we put a narrow gate of woven bamboos, to enable us to enter the country beyond when we wished. We planted the side of the rampart with dwarf palms, India fig, and other thorny shrubs, making a winding path through the plantation, and digging in the midst a hidden pitfall, known to ourselves by four low posts, intended to support a plank bridge when we wished to cross it. After this was completed, we built a little *chalet* of bark in that part of the plantation that faced the stream, and gave it the name of the Hermitage, intending it for a resting-place. After several days of hard labor, we returned to Prospect Hill and took a little relaxation. The only work we did was to prepare the mast and lay it on the sledge with the rest.

The next morning we returned to Tent House, where we immediately set to work on our canoe with such diligence that it was soon completed. It was solid and elegant, lined through with wood, and furnished with a keel. We provided it with brass rings for the bars and stays for the mast. Instead of ballast, I laid at the bottom a layer of stones covered with clay, and over this a flooring of boards. The benches for the rowers were laid across, and in the midst the bamboo mast rose majestically, with a triangular sail. Behind I fixed the rudder, worked by a tiller; and I could boast now of having built a capital canoe.

Our fleet was now in good condition. For distant excursions we could take the pinnace, but the canoe would be invaluable for the coasting service.

Our cow had, in the meantime, given us a young male calf, which I undertook to train for service, as I had done the buffalo, beginning by piercing its nostrils; and the calf promised to be docile and useful; and as each of the other boys had his favorite animal to ride, I bestowed the bull on Francis, and intrusted him with its education, to encourage him to habits of boldness and activity. He was delighted with his new charger, and chose to give him the name of Valiant.

We had still two months before the rainy season, and this time we devoted to completing the comforts of our grotto. We made all the partitions of wood, except those which divided us

from the stables, which we built of stone, to exclude any smell from the animals. We soon acquired skill in our work; we had a plentiful supply of beams and planks from the ship; and by practice we became very good plasterers. We covered the floors with a sort of well-beaten mud, smoothed it, and it dried perfectly hard. We then contrived a sort of felt carpet. We first covered the floor with sail-cloth; we spread over this wool and goats' hair mixed, and poured over it isinglass dissolved, rolling up the carpet and beating it well. When this was dry, we repeated the process, and in the end had a felt carpet. We made one of these for each room, to guard against any damp that we might be subject to in the rainy season.

The privations we had suffered the preceding winter increased the enjoyment of our present comforts. The rainy season came on; we had now a warm, well-lighted, convenient habitation, and abundance of excellent provision for ourselves and our cattle. In the morning we could attend to their wants without trouble, for the rain-water, carefully collected in clean vessels, prevented the necessity of going to the river. We then assembled in the dining-room to prayers. After that we went to our work-room. My wife took her wheel, or her loom, which was a rude construction of mine, but in which she had contrived to weave some useful cloth of wool and cotton, and also some linen, which she had made up for us. Everybody worked; the workshop was never empty. I contrived, with the wheel of a gun, to arrange a sort of lathe, by means of which I and my sons produced some neat furniture and utensils. Ernest surpassed us all in this art, and made some elegant little things for his mother.

After dinner, our evening occupations commenced; our room was lighted up brilliantly; we did not spare our candles, which were so easily procured, and we enjoyed the reflection in the elegant crystals above us. We had partitioned off a little chapel in one corner of the grotto, which we had left untouched, and nothing could be more magnificent than this chapel lighted up, with its colonnades, portico, and altars. We had divine service here every Sunday. I had erected a sort of pulpit, from which I delivered a short sermon to my congregation, which I endeavored to render as simple and as instructive as possible.

Jack and Francis had a natural taste for music. I made them flageolets of reeds, on which they acquired considerable

skill. They accompanied their mother, who had a very good voice; and this music in our lofty grotto had a charming effect.

We had thus made great steps towards civilization; and though condemned, perhaps, to pass our lives alone on this unknown shore, we might yet be happy. We were placed in the midst of abundance. We were active, industrious, and content; blessed with health and united by affection, our minds seemed to enlarge and improve every day. We saw around us on every side traces of the Divine wisdom and beneficence, and our hearts overflowed with love and veneration for that Almighty hand which so miraculously saved, and continued to protect us. I humbly trusted in Him either to restore us to the world, or send some beings to join us in this beloved island, where for two years we had seen no trace of man. To Him we committed our fate. We were happy and tranquil, looking with resignation to the future.

ΞΕΝΟΦΩΝ ὑφ' ἡμῶν τε καὶ εὐσεβέστατος εἰς Θεοὺς. Diog. Laert. de vita Xenoph. §. 1. inter Veterum Testimonia ad calcem Voluminis ultimi.
Εἰ ὡραῖός μοι φαίνεται ἄνθρωπος, καλὸν πάνυ καὶ ποθεινὸν ἰδέσθαι, ὅτος δ' ἦν ὁ Ξενοφῶν. Chionis Epist. §. 7. inter Vet. Testim. &c.

M. Burg. sculpt. Univ. Oxon.

XENOPHON.

Xenophon, a famous Grecian soldier and historian; born at Athens, probably about 431 B. C.; died, probably at Corinth, about 341 B. C. He was of good family, and became in youth a pupil of Socrates, and took down notes of his talk, which he long afterward wrote out in "Memorabilia of Socrates." Xenophon grew up to manhood during the long Peloponnesian War. That over, at about thirty he joined the Greek "Ten Thousand," who aided Cyrus "the Younger" in his disastrous attempt to wrest the Persian sceptre from the hands of his elder brother Artaxerxes. The story of this expedition, occupying a space of just two years, is told in the "Anabasis" of Xenophon, by far the most important of his works. He subsequently took up his residence at Scillus, a little town of Elis, under Spartan protection, where he lived for some forty years. Fifteen works were composed by Xenophon, all of which are still extant. They comprise the "Anabasis," the "Cyropædia," the "Memorabilia," the "Hellenics," and small essays on domestic economy, hunting, horsemanship, and the like.

Fort of the Taochi Stormed.

(From the "Anabasis.")

1. From hence the Greeks marched five days' journey, thirty parasangs, to the country of the Taochi, where provisions began to fail them; for the Taochi inhabited strong fastnesses, in which they had laid up all their supplies. 2. Having at length, however, arrived at one place which had no city or houses attached to it, but in which men and women and a great number of cattle were assembled, Cheirisophus, as soon as he came before it, made it the object of an attack; and when the first division that assailed it began to be tired, another succeeded, and then another; for it was not possible for them to surround it in a body, as there was a river about it. 3. When Xenophon came up with his rear-guard, peltasts, and heavy-armed men, Cheirisophus exclaimed, "You come

seasonably, for we must take this place, as there are no provisions for the army, unless we take it."

4. They then deliberated together, and Xenophon asking what hindered them from taking the place, Cheirisophus replied, "The only approach to it is the one which you see; but when any of our men attempt to pass along it, the enemy roll down stones over yonder impending rock, and whoever is struck, is treated as you behold;" and he pointed, at the same moment, to some of the men who had had their legs and ribs broken. 5. "But if they expend all their stones," rejoined Xenophon, "is there anything else to prevent us from advancing? For we see, in front of us, only a few men, and but two or three of them armed. 6. The space, too, through which we have to pass under exposure to the stones, is, as you see, only about a hundred and fifty feet in length; and of this about a hunderd feet is covered with large pine trees in groups, against which if the men place themselves, what would they suffer either from the flying stones or the rolling ones? The remaining part of the space is not above fifty feet, over which, when the stones cease, we must pass at a running pace." 7. "But," said Cheirisophus, "the instant we offer to go to the part covered with trees, the stones fly in great numbers." "That," cried Xenophon, "would be the very thing we want, for thus they will exhaust their stones the sooner. Let us then advance, if we can, to the point whence we shall have but a short way to run, and from which we may, if we please, easily retreat."

8. Cheirisophus and Xenophon, with Callimachus of Parrhasia, one of the captains, who had that day the lead of all the other captains of the rear-guard, then went forward, all the rest of the captains remaining out of danger. Next, about seventy of the men advanced under the trees, not in a body, but one by one, each sheltering himself as he could. 9. Agasias of Stymphalus, and Aristonymus of Methydria, who were also captains of the rear-guard, with some others, were at the same time standing behind, without the trees, for it was not safe for more than one company to stand under them. 10. Callimachus then adopted the following stratagem: he ran forward two or three paces from the tree under which he was sheltered, and when the stones began to be hurled, hastily drew back; and at each of his sallies more than ten cartloads of stones were spent. 11. Agasias, observing what Cal-

limachus was doing, and that the eyes of the whole army were upon him, and fearing that he himself might not be the first to enter the place, began to advance alone, (neither calling to Aristonymus who was next him, nor to Eurylochus of Lusia, both of whom were his intimate friends, nor to any other person,) and passed by all the rest. 12. Callimachus, seeing him rushing by, caught hold of the rim of his shield, and at that moment Aristonymus of Methydria ran past them both, and after him Eurylochus of Lusia, for all these sought distinction for valor, and were rivals to one another; and thus, in mutual emulation, they got possession of the place, for when they had once rushed in, not a stone was hurled from above. 13. But a dreadful spectacle was then to be seen; for the women, flinging their children over the precipice, threw themselves after them; and the men followed their example. Æneas of Stymphalus, a captain, seeing one of them, who had on a rich garment, running to throw himself over, caught hold of it with intent to stop him. 14. But the man dragged him forward, and they both went rolling down the rocks together, and were killed. Thus very few prisoners were taken, but a great number of oxen, asses, and sheep.

15. Hence they advanced, seven days' journey, a distance of fifty parasangs, through the country of the Chalybes. These were the most warlike people of all that they passed through, and came to close combat with them. They had linen cuirasses, reaching down to the groin, and, instead of skirts, thick cords twisted. 16. They had also greaves and helmets, and at their girdles a short faulchion, as large as a Spartan crooked dagger, with which they cut the throats of all whom they could master, and then, cutting off their heads, carried them away with them. They sang and danced when the enemy were likely to see them. They carried also a spear of about fifteen cubits in length, having one spike. 17. They stayed in their villages till the Greeks had passed by, when they pursued and perpetually harassed them. They had their dwellings in strong places, in which they had also laid up their provisions, so that the Greeks could get nothing from that country, but lived upon the cattle which they had taken from the Taochi.

18. The Greeks next arrived at the river Harpasus, the breadth of which was four plethra. Hence they proceeded through the territory of the Scythini, four days' journey, mak-

ing twenty parasangs, over a level tract, until they came to some villages, in which they halted three days, and collected provisions. 19. From this place they advanced four days' journey, twenty parasangs, to a large, rich, and populous city, called Gymnias, from which the governor of the country sent the Greeks a guide, to conduct them through a region at war with his own people. 20. The guide, when he came, said that he would take them in five days to a place whence they should see the sea; if not, he would consent to be put to death. When, as he proceeded, he entered the country of their enemies, he exhorted them to burn and lay waste the lands; whence it was evident that he had come for this very purpose, and not from any good will to the Greeks. 21. On the fifth day they came to the mountain; and the name of it was Theches. When the men who were in the front had mounted the height, and looked down upon the sea, a great shout proceeded from them; 22. and Xenophon and the rear-guard, on hearing it, thought that some new enemies were assailing the front, for in the rear, too, the people from the country that they had burnt were following them, and the rear-guard, by placing an ambuscade, had killed some, and taken others prisoners, and had captured about twenty shields made of raw ox-hides with the hair on. 23. But as the noise still increased, and drew nearer, and as those who came up from time to time kept running at full speed to join those who were continually shouting, the cries becoming louder as the men became more numerous, it appeared to Xenophon that it must be something of very great moment. 24. Mounting his horse, therefore, and taking with him Lycius and the cavalry, he hastened forward to give aid, when presently they heard the soldiers shouting, "The sea, the sea!" and cheering on one another. They then all began to run, the rear-guard as well as the rest, and the baggage-cattle and horses were put to their speed; 25. and when they had all arrived at the top, the men embraced one another, and their generals and captains, with tears in their eyes. Suddenly, whoever it was that suggested it, the soldiers brought stones, and raised a large mound, 26. on which they laid a number of raw ox-hides, staves, and shields taken from the enemy. The shields the guide himself hacked in pieces, and exhorted the rest to do the same. 27. Soon after, the Greeks sent away the guide, giving him presents from the common stock, a horse, a silver cup, a Persian robe,

and ten darics; but he showed most desire for the rings on their fingers, and obtained many of them from the soldiers. Having then pointed out to them a village where they might take up their quarters, and the road by which they were to proceed to the Macrones, when the evening came on he departed, pursuing his way during the night.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

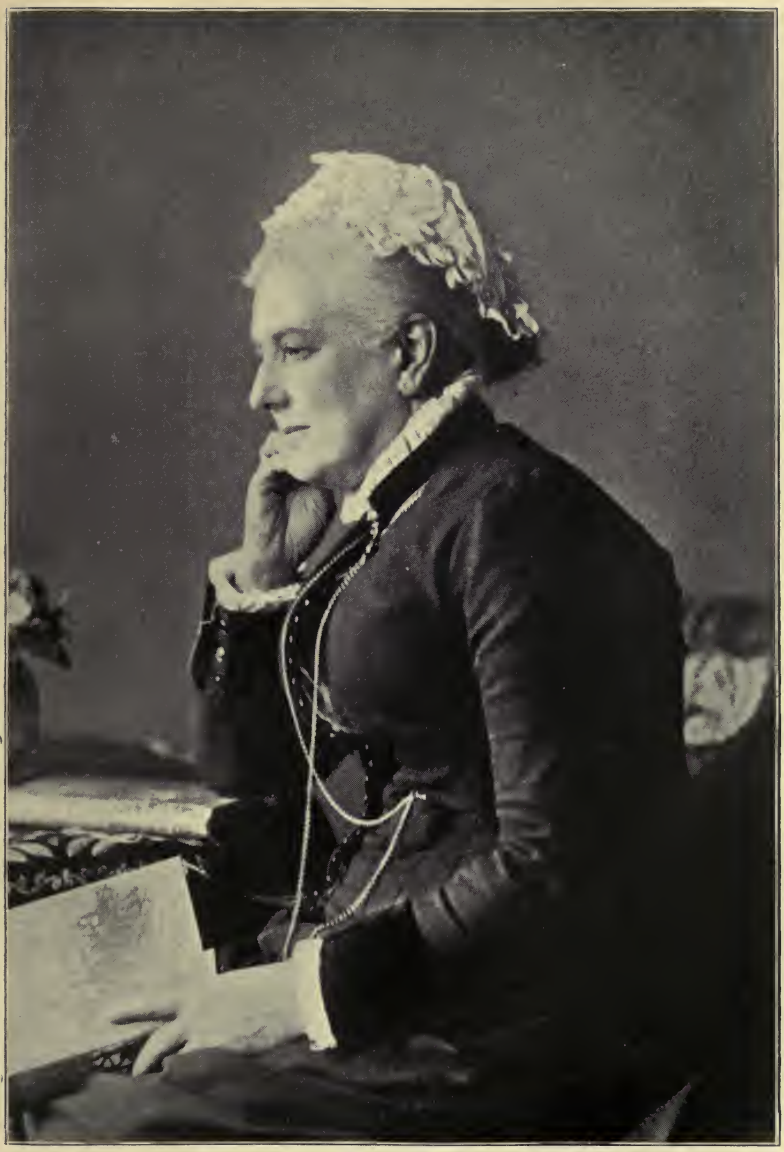
YONGE, CHARLOTTE MARY, an English novelist; born at Othobourne, Hampshire, August 11, 1823. She early devoted herself to literature, and was for forty-two years editor of the "Monthly Packet," a High Church periodical. The best-known of her earlier books are "The Heir of Redclyffe" (1853), and "The Daisy Chain." Among her many other works are "Kenneth" (1850); "The Two Guardians" (1852); "Heartsease" (1854); "The Lances of Lynwood" (1855); "Leonard, the Lion-Heart" (1856); "The Christmas Mummers" (1858); "The Trial: More Links of the Daisy Chain" (1864); "The Clever Woman of the Family" (1865); "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" (1866); "Cameos from English History" (1868); "The Chaplet of Pearls" (1868); "The Caged Lion" (1870); "Love and Life" (1880); "Lads and Lasses of Langley" (1881); "Stray Pearls: Memoirs of Margaret de Ribaumont" (1883); "Langley Adventures" (1884); "A Modern Telemachus" (1886); "Under the Storm" (1887); "Our New Mistress" (1888); "The Slaves of Sabinus" (1890); "The Reputed Changeling" (1890); "That Stick" (1892); "The Cross Roads" (1892); "Grisley Grisell" (1893); "An Old Woman's Outlook" (1893); "A Long Vacation" (1895); "The Pilgrimage of the Ben-Beriah" (1897); "John Keble's Parishes" (1898).

DEATH OF GUY MORVILLE.

(From "The Heir of Redclyffe.")

THE days passed at Recoara without much change for the better or worse. After the first week, Guy's fever had diminished; his pulse was lower, the drowsiness ceased, and it seemed as if there was nothing to prevent absolute recovery. But though each morning seemed to bring improvement, it never lasted; the fever, though not high, could never be entirely reduced, and strength was perceptibly wasting, in spite of every means of keeping it up.

There was not much positive suffering, very little even of headache, and he was cheerful, though speaking little, because



CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

he was told not to excite or exhaust himself. Languor and lassitude were the chief causes of discomfort; and as his strength failed, there came fits of exhaustion and oppression that tried him severely. At first, these were easily removed by stimulants; but remedies seemed to lose their effect, and the sinking was almost death-like.

"I think I could bear acute pain better!" he said one day; and more than once the sigh broke from him almost unconsciously, — "Oh for one breath of Redclyffe sea-wind!" Indeed, it seemed as if the close air of the shut-in-valley, at the end of a long hot day, was almost enough to overwhelm him, weak as he had become. Every morning, when Amabel let in the fresh breeze at the window, she predicted it would be a cool day, and do him good; every afternoon the wind abated, the sun shone full in, the room was stifling, the faintness came on, and after a few vain attempts at relieving it, Guy sighed that there was nothing for it but quiet, and Amy was obliged to acquiesce. As the sun set, the breeze sprung up, it became cooler, he fell asleep, awoke revived, was comfortable all the evening, and Amy left him at eleven or twelve, with hopes of his having a good night.

It seemed to her as if ages had passed in this way, when one evening two letters were brought in.

"From mamma!" said she; "and this one," holding it up, "is for you. It must have been hunting us everywhere. How many different directions!"

"From Markham," said Guy. "It must be the letter we were waiting for."

The letter to tell them Redclyffe was ready to receive them! Amabel put it down with a strange sensation, and opened her mother's. With a start of joy she exclaimed —

"They are coming — mamma and papa!"

"Then all is right!"

"If we do not receive a much better account," read Amy, "we shall set off early on Wednesday, and hope to be with you not long after you receive this letter."

"Oh, I am so glad! I wonder how Charlie gets on without her."

"It is a great comfort," said Guy.

"Now you will see what a nurse mamma is!"

"Now you will be properly cared for."

"How nice it will be! She will take care of you all night,

and never be tired, and devise everything I am too stupid for, and make you so comfortable!"

"Nay, no one could do that better than you, Amy. But it is joy indeed — to see mamma again — to know you are safe with her. Everything comes to make it easy!" The last words were spoken very low; and she did not disturb him by saying anything till he asked about the rest of the letter, and desired her to read Markham's to him.

This cost her some pain, for it had been written in ignorance of even Philip's illness, and detailed triumphantly the preparations at Redclyffe, hinting that they must send timely notice of their return, or they would disappoint the tenantry, who intended grand doings, and concluding with a short lecture on the inexpediency of lingering in foreign parts.

"Poor Markham," said Guy.

She understood; but these things did not come on her like a shock now, for he had been saying them more or less ever since the beginning of his illness; and fully occupied as she was, she never opened her mind to the future. After a long silence, Guy said —

"I am very sorry for him. I have been making Arnaud write to him for me."

"Oh, have you?"

"It was better for you not to do it; Arnaud has written for me at night. You will send it, Amy, and another to my poor uncle."

"Very well," said she, as he looked at her.

"I have told Markham," said he presently, "to send you my desk. There are all sorts of things in it, just as I threw them in when I cleared out my rooms at Oxford. I had rather nobody but you saw some of them. There is nothing of any importance, so you may look at them when you please, or not at all."

She gazed at him without answering. If there had been any struggle to retain him, it would have been repressed by his calmness; but the thought had not come on her suddenly, it was more like an inevitable fate seen at first at a distance, and gradually advancing upon her. She had never fastened on the hope of his recovery, and it had dwindled in an almost imperceptible manner. She kept watch over him, and followed his thoughts, without stretching her mind to suppose herself living without him; and was supported by the for-

getfulness of self, which gave her no time to realize her feelings.

"I should like to have seen Redclyffe bay again," said Guy, after a space. "Now that mamma is coming, that is the one thing. I suppose I had set my heart on it, for it comes back to me how I reckoned on standing on that rock with you, feeling the wind, hearing the surge, looking at the meeting of earth and sky, and the train of sunlight." He spoke slowly, pausing between each recollection, — "You will see it some day," he added. "But I must give it up; it is earth after all, and looking back."

Through the evening, he seemed to be dwelling on thoughts of his own, and only spoke to tell her of some message to friends at Redclyffe, or Hollywell, to mention little Marianne Dixon, or some other charge that he wished to leave. She thought he had mentioned almost every one with whom he had had any interchange of kindness at either of his homes, even to old nurse at Hollywell, remembering them all with quiet pleasure. At half-past eleven he sent her to bed, and she went submissively, cheered by thinking him likely to sleep.

As soon as she could conscientiously call the night over, she returned to him, and was received with one of the sweet, sunny, happy looks that had always been his peculiar charm, and, of late, had acquired an expression almost startling from their very beauty and radiance. It was hardly to be termed a smile, for there was very little, if any, movement of the lips, it was more like the reflection of some glory upon the whole countenance.

"You have had a good night?" she said.

"I have had my wish, I have seen Redclyffe;" then, seeing her look startled, "Of course, it was a sort of wandering; but I never quite lost the consciousness of being here, and it was very delightful. I saw the waves, each touched with light, — the foam — the sea-birds, floating in shade and light, — the trees — the Shag — the sky — oh! such a glory as I never knew — themselves — but so intensely glorious!"

"I am glad," said Amabel, with a strange participation of the delight it had given him.

"I don't understand such goodness!" he continued. "As if it were not enough to look to heaven beyond, to have this longing gratified, which I thought I ought to conquer. Oh, Amy! is not that being Fatherly?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Now after that, and with mamma's coming (for you will have her if I don't see her), I have but one wish unfulfilled."

"Ah! a clergyman."

"Yes; but if that is withheld, I must believe it is rightly ordered. We must think of that Sunday at Stylehurst and Christmas-day, and that last time at Munich."

"Oh, I am so glad we stayed at Munich for that!"

"Those were times, indeed! and many more. Yes; I have been a great deal too much favored already, and now to be allowed to die just as I should have chosen — "

He broke off to take what Amabel was preparing for him, and she felt his pulse. There was fever still, which probably supplied the place of strength, for he said he was very comfortable, and his eyes were as bright as ever; but the beats were weak and fluttering, and a thrill crossed her that *it* might be near; but she must attend to him, and could not think.

When it was time for her to go down to breakfast with Philip, Guy said, "Do you think Philip could come to me to-day? I want much to speak to him."

"I am sure he could."

"Then pray ask him to come, if it will not tire him very much."

Philip had, the last two mornings, risen in time to breakfast with Amabel, in the room adjoining his own; he was still very weak, and attempted no more than crossing the room, and sitting in the balcony to enjoy the evening air. He had felt the heat of the weather severely, and had been a good deal thrown back by his fatigue and agitation the day he wrote the letter, while also anxiety for Guy was retarding his progress, though he only heard the best side of his condition. Besides all this, his repentance both for his conduct with regard to Laura and the hard measure he had dealt to Guy was pressing on him increasingly; and the warm feelings, hardened and soured by early disappointment, regained their force, and grew into a love and admiration that made it still more horrible to perceive that he had acted ungenerously towards his cousin.

When he heard of Guy's desire to see him, he was pleased, said he was quite able to walk upstairs, had been thinking of offering to help her by sitting with him, and was very glad to hear he was well enough to wish for a visit. She saw she must prepare him for what the conversation was likely to be.

"He is very anxious to see you," she said. "He is wishing to set all in order. And if he does speak about — about dying, will you be so kind as not to contradict him?"

"There is no danger?" cried Philip, startling, with a sort of agony. "He is no worse? You said the fever was lower."

"He is rather better, I think; but he wishes so much to have everything arranged, that I am sure it will be better for him to have it off his mind. So, will you bear it, please, Philip?" ended she, with an imploring look, that reminded him of her childhood.

"How do you bear it?" he asked.

"I don't know — I can't vex him."

Philip said no more, and only asked when he should come.

"In an hour's time, perhaps, or whenever he was ready," she said, "for he could rest in the sitting-room before coming in to Guy."

He found mounting the stairs harder than he had expected; and, with aching knees and gasping breath, at length reached the sitting-room, where Amabel was ready to pity him, and made him rest on the sofa till he had fully recovered. She then conducted him in; and his first glance gave him infinite relief, for he saw far less change than was still apparent in himself. Guy's face was at all times too thin to be capable of losing much of its form; and as he was liable to be very much tanned, the brown, fixed on his face by the sunshine of his journey, had not gone off, and a slight flush on his cheeks gave him his ordinary coloring; his beautiful hazel eyes were more brilliant than ever; and though the hand he held out was hot and wasted, Philip could not think him nearly as ill as he had been himself, and was ready to let him talk as he pleased. He was reassured, too, by his bright smile, and the strength of his voice, as he spoke a few playful words of welcome and congratulation. Amy set a chair, and with a look to remind Philip to be cautious, glided into her own room, leaving the door open, so as to see and hear all that passed, for they were not fit to be left absolutely alone together.

Philip sat down; and after a little pause Guy began: —

"There were a few things I wanted to say, in case you should be my successor at Redclyffe."

A horror came over Philip; but he saw Amy writing at her little table, and felt obliged to refrain.

"I don't think of directing you," said Guy. "You will

make a far better landlord than I; but one or two things I should like."

"Anything you wish!"

"Old Markham. He has old-world notions and prejudices; but his soul is in the family and estate. His heart will be half broken for me, and if he loses his occupation, he will be miserable. Will you bear with him, and be patient while he lives, even if he is cross, and absurd in his objections, and jealous of all that is not me?"

"Yes — yes — if — "

"Thank you. Then there is Coombe Prior. I took Wellwood's pay on myself. Will you? And I should like him to have the living. Then there is the school to be built; and I thought of enclosing that bit of waste, to make gardens for the people; but that you 'll do much better. Well; don't you remember when you were at Redclyffe last year" (Philip winced) "telling Markham that bit of green by Sally's gate ought to be taken into the park? I hope you won't do that, for it is the only place the people have to turn out their cows and donkeys. And you won't cut them off from the steps from the Cove, for it saves the old people from being late for church? Thank you. As to the rest, it is pleasant to think it will be in such hands if — "

That "if" gave Philip some comfort, though it did not mean what he fancied. He thought of Guy's recovery; Guy referred to the possibility of Amabel's guardianship.

"Amy has a list of the old people who have had so much a week, or their cottages rent-free," said Guy. "If it comes to you, you will not let them feel the difference? And don't turn off the old keeper Brown; he is of no use, but it would kill him. And Ben Robinson, who was so brave in the shipwreck, a little notice now and then would keep him straight. Will you tell him I hope he will never forget that morning-service after the wreck? He may be glad to think of it when he is as I am now. You tell him, for he will mind more what comes from a man."

All this had been spoken with pauses for recollection, and for Philip's signs of assent. Amabel came to give him some cordial; and as soon as she had retreated he went on: —

"My poor uncle; I have written — that is, caused Arnaud to write to him. I hope this may sober him; but one great favor I have to ask of you. I can't leave him money, it would

only be a temptation; but will you keep an eye on him, and let Amy rely on you to tell her when to help him? I can't ask any one else, and she cannot do it for herself; but you would do it well. A little kindness might save him; and you don't know how generous a character it is, run to waste. Will you undertake this?"

"To be sure I will!"

"Thank you very much. You will judge rightly; but he has delicate feelings. Yes, really; and take care you don't run against them."

Another silence followed; after which Guy said, smiling with his natural playfulness, "One thing more. You are the lawyer of the family, and I want a legal opinion. I have been making Arnaud write my will. I have wished Miss Wellwood of St. Mildred's to have some money for a sisterhood she wants to establish. Now, should I leave it to herself or name trustees?"

Philip heard as if a flash of light was blinding him, and he interrupted, with an exclamation: —

"Tell me one thing! Was that the thousand pounds?"

"Yes. I was not at liberty to — "

He stopped, for he was unheard. At the first word Philip had sunk on his knees, hiding his face on the bed-clothes, in an agony of self-abasement, before the goodness he had been relentlessly persecuting.

"It was that?" he said, in a sort of stifled sob. "Oh, can you forgive me?"

He could not look up; but he felt Guy's hand touch his head, and heard him say, "That was done long ago. Even as you pardoned my fierce rage against you, which I trust is forgiven above. It has been repented!"

As he spoke there was a knock at the door, and, with the instinctive dread of being found in his present posture, Philip sprang to his feet. Amabel went to the door, and was told that the physician was downstairs with two gentlemen; and a card was given her, on which she read the name of an English clergyman.

"There, again!" said Guy. "Everything comes to me. Now it is all quite right."

Amabel was to go and speak to them, and Guy would see Mr. Morris, the clergyman, as soon as the physician had made his visit. "You must not go down," he then said to Philip.

"You will wait in the sitting-room, won't you? We shall want you again, you know;" and his calm brightness was a contrast to Philip's troubled look. "All is clear between us now," he added, as Philip turned away.

Long ago, letters had been written to Venice, begging that if an English clergyman should travel that way he might be told how earnestly his presence was requested; this was the first who had answered the summons. He was a very young man, much out of health, and travelling under the care of a brother, who was in great dread of his doing anything to injure himself. Amabel soon perceived that, though kind and right-minded, he could not help them, except as far as his office was concerned. He was very shy, only just in priest's orders; he told her he had never had this office to perform before, and seemed almost to expect her to direct him; while his brother was so afraid of his over-exerting himself, that she could not hope he would take charge of Philip.

However, after the physician had seen Guy, she brought Mr. Morris to him, and came forward, or remained in her room, according as she was wanted. She thought her husband's face was at each moment acquiring more unearthly beauty, and feeling with him, she was raised above thought or sensation of personal sorrow.

When the first part of the service was over, and she exchanged a few words, out of Guy's hearing, with Mr. Morris, he said to her, as from the very fulness of his heart, "One longs to humble one's self to him. How it puts one to shame to hear such repentance with such a confession!"

The time came when Philip was wanted. Amabel had called in Anne and the clergyman's brother, and went to fetch her cousin. He was where she had left him in the sitting-room, his face hidden in his arms, crossed on the table, the whole man crushed, bowed down, overwhelmed with remorse.

"We are ready. Come, Philip."

"I cannot; I am not worthy," he answered, not looking up.

"Nay, you are surely in no uncharitableness with him now," said she, gently.

A shudder expressed his no.

"And if you are sorry — that is repentance — more fit now than ever — Won't you come? Would you grieve him now?"

"You take it on yourself, then," said Philip, almost sharply, raising his haggard face.

She did not shrink, and answered, "A broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

It was a drop of balm, a softening drop. He rose, and trembling from head to foot, from the excess of his agitation, followed her into Guy's room.

The rite was over, and stillness succeeded the low tones, while all knelt in their places. Amabel arose first, for Guy, though serene, looked greatly exhausted; and as she sprinkled him with vinegar, the others stood up. Guy looked for Philip, and held out his hand. Whether it was his gentle force, or of Philip's own accord, Amabel could not tell; but as he lay with that look of perfect peace and love, Philip bent down over him and kissed his forehead.

"Thank you!" he faintly whispered. "Good-night. God bless you and my sister."

Philip went, and he added to Amy, "Poor fellow! It will be worse for him than for you. You must take care of him."

She hardly heard the last words, for his head sunk on one side in a death-like faintness, the room was cleared of all but herself, and Anne fetched the physician at once.

At length it passed off, and Guy slept. The doctor felt his pulse, and she asked his opinion of it. Very low and unequal, she was told: his strength was failing, and there seemed to be no power of rallying it, but they must do their best to support him with cordials, according to the state of his pulse. The physician could not remain all night himself, but would come as soon as he could on the following day.

Amabel hardly knew when it was that he went away; the two Mr. Morrises went to the other hotel; and she made her evening visit to Philip. It was all like a dream, which she could afterwards scarcely remember, till night had come on, and for the first time she found herself allowed to keep watch over her husband.

He had slept quietly for some time, when she roused him to give him some wine, as she was desired to do constantly. He smiled, and said, "Is no one here but you?"

"No one."

"My own sweet wife, my Verena, as you have always been. We have been very happy together."

"Indeed we have," said she, a look of suffering crossing her face, as she thought of their unclouded happiness.

"It will not be so long before we meet again."

"A few months, perhaps" — said Amabel, in a stifled voice, "like your mother — "

"No, don't wish that, Amy. You would not wish it to have no mother."

"You will pray — " She could say no more, but struggled for calmness.

"Yes," he answered, "I trust you to it and to mamma for comfort. And Charlie — I shall not rob him any longer. I only borrowed you for a little while," he added, smiling. "In a little while we shall meet. Years and months seem alike now. I am sorry to cause you so much grief, my Amy, but it is all as it should be, and we have been very happy."

Amy listened, her eyes intently fixed on him, unable to repress her agitation, except by silence. After some little time, he spoke again. "My love to Charlie — and Laura — and Charlotte, my brother and sisters. How kindly they have made me one of them! I need not ask Charlotte to take care of Bustle, and your father will ride Deloraine. My love to him, and earnest thanks, for you above all, Amy. And dear mamma! I must look now to meeting her in a brighter world; but tell her how I have felt all her kindness since I first came in my strangeness and grief. How kind she was! how she helped me and led me, and made me know what a mother was. Amy, it will not hurt you to hear it was your likeness to her that first taught me to love you. I have been so very happy, I don't understand it."

He was again silent, as in contemplation, and Amabel's overcoming emotion had been calmed and chastened down again, now that it was no longer herself that was spoken of. Both were still, and he seemed to sleep a little. When next he spoke, it was to ask if she could repeat their old favorite lines in "Sintram." They came to her lips, and she repeated them in a low, steady voice.

"When death is coming near
And thy heart shrinks in fear,
And thy limbs fail,
Then raise thy hands and pray
To Him who smooths the way
Through the dark vale.

"Seest thou the eastern dawn?
Hear'st thou, in the red morn,
The angel's song?

Oh! lift thy drooping head,
Thou, who in gloom and dread
Hast lain so long.

"Death comes to set thee free,
Oh! meet him cheerily,
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end."

"In eternal peace," repeated Guy; "I did not think it would have been so soon. I can't think where the battle has been. I never thought my life could be so bright. It was a foolish longing, when first I was ill, for the cool waves of Redclyffe bay and that shipwreck excitement, if I was to die. This is far better. Read me a psalm, Amy, 'Out of the deep.'"

There was something in his perfect happiness that would not let her grieve, though a dull heavy sense of consternation was growing on her. So it went on through the night — not a long, nor a dreary one — but more like a dream. He dozed and woke, said a few tranquil words, and listened to some prayer, psalm, or verse, then slept again, apparently without suffering, except when he tried to take the cordials, and this he did with such increasing difficulty, that she hardly knew how to bear to cause him so much pain, though it was the last lingering hope. He strove to swallow them, each time with the mechanical "Thank you," so affecting when thus spoken; but at last he came to, "It is of no use; I cannot."

Then she knew all hope was gone, and sat still, watching him. The darkness lessened, and twilight came. He slept, but his breath grew short, and unequal; and as she wiped the moisture on his brow, she knew it was the death damp.

Morning light came on — the church bell rang out matins — the white hills were tipped with rosy light. His pulse was almost gone — his hand was cold. At last he opened his eyes. "Amy!" he said, as if bewildered, or in pain.

"Here, dearest!"

"I don't see."

At that moment the sun was rising, and the light streamed in at the open window, and over the bed; but it was "another dawn than ours" that he beheld, as his most beautiful of all

smiles beamed over his face, and he said, "Glory in the Highest! — peace — good-will" — A struggle for breath gave an instant's look of pain; then he whispered so that she could but just hear — "The last prayer." She read the Commendatory Prayer. She knew not the exact moment, but even as she said "Amen" she perceived it was over. The soul was with Him with whom dwell the spirits of just men made perfect; and there lay the earthly part with a smile on the face. She closed the dark fringed eyelids — saw him look more beautiful than in sleep — then, laying her face down on the bed, she knelt on. She took no heed of time, no heed of aught that was earthly. How long she knelt she never knew, but she was roused by Anne's voice in a frightened sob — "My lady, my lady — come away! Oh, Miss Amabel, you should not be here."

She lifted her head, and Anne afterwards told Mary Ross, "She should never forget how my lady looked. It was not grief: it was as if she had been a little way with her husband, and was just called back."

She rose — looked at his face again — saw Arnaud was at hand — let Anne lead her into the next room, and shut the door.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

Young, Arthur, a distinguished English writer on agriculture and social economy; born at Whitehall, London, 1741; died at London in 1820. He made a practical study of agricultural economy, and wrote "A Course of Experimental Agriculture" (1770); accounts of tours of observation through different quarters of England, — "A Farmer's Letters to the People of England" (1768), "A Tour through the North of England" (1771), and "A Farmer's Tour through the East of England" (1770); "Travels in France" (2 vols., 1792), a celebrated book which reveals the true state of the peasant population of France on the eve of the Revolution. His life was mainly spent at Bradfield, near Bury St. Edmunds. By his writings he was one of the first to elevate agriculture to the rank of a science.

Aspects of France Before the Revolution.

(From "Travels in France.")

The environs of Clermont are picturesque. The hills about Liancourt are pretty, and spread with a sort of cultivation I had never seen before, — a mixture of vineyards (for here the vines first appeared), gardens, and corn. A piece of wheat, a scrap of lucerne, a patch of clover or vetches, a bit of vine, with cherry and other fruit trees scattered among all, and the whole cultivated with the spade: it makes a pretty appearance, but must form a poor system of trifling.

Chantilly. — Magnificence is its reigning character; it is never lost. There is not taste or beauty enough to soften it into milder features: all but the château is great, and there is something imposing in that; except the gallery of the great Condé's battles and the cabinet of natural history, which is rich in very fine specimens, most advantageously arranged, it contains nothing that demands particular notice; nor is there one room which in England would be called large. The stable is truly great, and exceeds very much indeed anything of the kind I had ever seen. It is 580 feet long and 40 feet broad,

and is sometimes filled with 240 English horses. I had been so accustomed to the imitation in water of the waving and irregular lines of nature, that I came to Chantilly prepossessed against the idea of a canal; but the view of one here is striking, and has the effect which magnificent scenes impress. It arises from extent, and from the right lines of the water uniting with the regularity of the objects in view. It is Lord Kames, I think, who says the part of the garden contiguous to the house should partake of the regularity of the building; with much magnificence about a place this is unavoidable. The effect here however is lessened by the parterre before the castle, in which the division and the diminutive jets d'eau are not of a size to correspond with the magnificence of the canal. The menagerie is very pretty, and exhibits a prodigious variety of domestic poultry from all parts of the world, — one of the best objects to which a menagerie can be applied; these and the Corsican stag had all my attention. The *hameau* contains an imitation of an English garden; the taste is but just introduced into France, so that it will not stand a critical examination. The most English idea I saw is the lawn in front of the stables; it is large, of a good verdure, and well kept, — proving clearly that they may have as fine lawns in the north of France as in England. The laybrinth is the only complete one I have seen, and I have no inclination to see another: it is in gardening what a rebus is in poetry. In the sylvæ are many very fine and scarce plants. I wish those persons who view Chantilly, and are fond of fine trees, would not forget to ask for the great beech; this is the finest I ever saw, straight as an arrow, and as I guess, not less than 80 or 90 feet high, — 40 feet to the first branch, and 12 feet diameter at five from the ground. It is in all respects one of the finest trees that can anywhere be met with. Two others are near it, but not equal to this superb one. The forest around Chantilly, belonging to the Prince of Condé, is immense, spreading far and wide; the Paris road crosses it for ten miles, which is its least extent. They say the capitainerie, or paramountship, is above 100 miles in circumference. This is to say, all the inhabitants for that extent are pestered with game, without permission to destroy it, in order to give one man diversion. Ought not these capitaineries to be extirpated? . . .

On the breaking up of the party, went with Count Alexandre de la Rochefoucauld post to Versailles, to be present at

CHÂTEAU DE CHANTILLY

(*France*)

the fête of the day following (Whitsunday); slept at the Duke de Liancourt's hôtel.

The 27th. — Breakfasted with him at his apartments in the palace, which are annexed to his office of grand master of the wardrobe, one of the principal in the court of France. Here I found the duke surrounded by a circle of noblemen, among whom was the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, well known for his attention to natural history; I was introduced to him, as he is going to Bagnères-de-Luchon in the Pyrenees, where I am to have the honor of being in his party.

The ceremony of the day was the King's investing the Duke of Berri, son of the Count d'Artois, with the cordon bleu. The Queen's band was in the chapel where the ceremony was performed, but the musical effect was thin and weak. During the service the King was seated between his two brothers, and seemed by his carriage and inattention to wish himself a-hunting. He would certainly have been as well employed as in hearing afterwards from his throne a feudal oath of chivalry, I suppose, or some such nonsense, administered to a boy of ten years old. Seeing such pompous folly I imagined it was the dauphin, and asked a lady of fashion near me; at which she laughed in my face, as if I had been guilty of the most egregious idiotism: nothing could be done in a worse manner; for the stifling of her expression only marked it the more. I applied to M. de la Rochefoucauld to learn what gross absurdity I had been guilty of so unwittingly; when, forsooth, it was because the dauphin, *as all the world knows* in France, has the cordon bleu put around him as soon as he is born. So unpardonable was it for a foreigner to be ignorant of such an important part of French history, as that of giving a babe a blue slobbering-bib instead of a white one! . . .

The 31st. — On leaving it, enter soon the miserable province of Sologne, which the French writers call the *triste* Sologne. Through all this country they have had severe spring frosts, for the leaves of the walnuts are black and cut off. I should not have expected this unequivocal mark of a bad climate after passing the Loire. To La Ferté Lowendahl, a dead flat of hungry sandy gravel, with much heath. The poor people who cultivate the soil here are *métayers*, — that is, men who hire the land without ability to stock it; the proprietor is forced to provide cattle and seed, and he and his tenant divide the produce: a miserable system, that perpetu-

ates poverty and excludes instruction. Meet a man employed on the roads who was prisoner at Falmouth four years; he does not seem to have any rancor against the English, nor yet was he very well pleased with his treatment. . . .

June 1. — The same wretched country continues to La Loge; the fields are scenes of pitiable management, as the houses are of misery. Yet all this country highly improvable, if they knew what to do with it: the property, perhaps, of some of those glittering beings who figured in the procession the other day at Versailles. Heaven grant me patience while I see a country thus neglected, and forgive me the oaths I swear at the absence and ignorance of the possessors. — Enter the generality of Bourges, and soon after, a forest of oak belonging to the Count d'Artois; the trees are dying at top before they attain any size. There the miserable Sologne ends; the first view of Verson and its vicinity is fine. A noble vale spreads at your feet, through which the river Cher leads, seen in several places to the distance of some leagues; a bright sun burnished the water, like a string of lakes amidst the shade of a vast woodland. . . .

The 31st. — Cross a mountain by a miserable road, and reach Beg de Rieux, which shares, with Carcassonne, the fabric of Londrins for the Levant trade. — Cross much waste to Béziers. — I met to-day with an instance of ignorance in a well-dressed French merchant, that surprised me. He had plagued me with abundance of tiresome foolish questions, and then asked for the third or fourth time what country I was of. I told him I was a Chinese. How far off is that country? — I replied, 200 leagues. *Deux cents lieues! Diable! c'est un grand chemin!* The other day a Frenchman asked me, after telling him I was an Englishman, if we had trees in England? I replied that we had a few. Had we any rivers? Oh, none at all. *Ah, ma foi, c'est bien triste!* This incredible ignorance, when compared with the knowledge so universally disseminated in England, is to be attributed, like everything else, to government. . . .

The 16th. — Accompanied the Count de la Rochefoucauld to Liancourt. — 38 miles.

I went thither on a visit for three or four days; but the whole family contributed so generally to render the place in every respect agreeable, that I stayed more than three weeks. At about half a mile from the château is a range of hills that

was chiefly a neglected waste: the Duke of Liancourt has lately converted this into a plantation, with winding walks, benches, and covered seats, in the English style of gardening. The situation is very fortunate. These ornamented paths follow the edge of the declivity to the extent of three or four miles. The views they command are everywhere pleasing, and in some places great. Nearer to the château the Duchess of Liancourt has built a menagerie and dairy in a pleasing taste. The cabinet and ante-room are very pretty, the saloon elegant, and the dairy entirely constructed of marble. At a village near Liancourt, the duke has established a manufacture of linen and stuffs mixed with thread and cotton, which promises to be of considerable utility; there are 25 looms employed, and preparations making for more. As the spinning for these looms is also established, it gives employment to great numbers of hands who were idle; for they have no sort of manufacture in the country, though it is populous. Such efforts merit great praise. Connected with this is the execution of an excellent plan of the duke's for establishing habits of industry in the rising generation. The daughters of the poor people are received into an institution to be educated to useful industry: they are instructed in their religion, taught to write and read, and to spin cotton; are kept till marriageable, and then a regulated proportion of their earnings given them as a marriage portion. There is another establishment of which I am not so good a judge: it is for training the orphans of soldiers to be soldiers themselves. The Duke of Liancourt has raised some considerable buildings for their accommodation, well adapted to the purpose. The whole is under the superintendence of a worthy and intelligent officer, M. le Roux, captain of dragoons and croix de St. Louis, who sees to everything himself. There are at present 120 boys, all dressed in uniform. — My ideas have all taken a turn which I am too old to change: I should have been better pleased to see 120 lads educated to the plow, in habits of culture superior to the present; but certainly the establishment is humane, and the conduct of it excellent.

The ideas I had formed before I came to France, of a country residence in that kingdom, I found at Liancourt to be far from correct. I expected to find it a mere transfer of Paris to the country, and that all the burthensome forms of a city were preserved, without its pleasures; but I was deceived, — the

mode of living, and the pursuits, approach much nearer to the habits of a great nobleman's house in England than would commonly be conceived. A breakfast of tea for those who chose to repair to it; riding, sporting, planting, gardening, till dinner, and that not till half-after two o'clock, instead of their old-fashioned hour of twelve; music, chess, and the other common amusements of a rendezvous-room, with an excellent library of seven or eight thousand volumes, were well calculated to make the time pass agreeably, and to prove that there is a great approximation in the modes of living at present in the different countries of Europe. Amusements, in truth, ought to be numerous within doors: for in such a climate none are to be depended on without; the rain that has fallen here is hardly credible. I have for five-and-twenty years past remarked in England that I never was prevented by rain from taking a walk every day without going out while it actually rains; it may fall heavily for many hours, but a person who watches an opportunity gets a walk or a ride. Since I have been at Liancourt, we have had three days in succession of such incessantly heavy rain, that I could not go a hundred yards from the house to the duke's pavilion without danger of being quite wet. For ten days, more rain fell here, I am confident, had there been a gauge to measure it, than ever fell in England in thirty. The present fashion in France, of passing some time in the country, is new: at this time of the year, and for many weeks past, Paris is, comparatively speaking, empty. Everybody that have country-seats are at them; and those who have none visit others who have. This remarkable revolution in the French manners is certainly one of the best customs they have taken from England; and its introduction was effected the easier, being assisted by the magic of Rousseau's writings. Mankind are much indebted to that splendid genius, who, when living, was hunted from country to country — to seek an asylum — with as much venom as if he had been a mad dog; thanks to the vile spirit of bigotry, which has not yet received its death's wound.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Young, Edward, an eminent English poet, courtier, and clergyman; born at Upham, near Winchester, in 1681; died at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, April 12, 1765. He was educated at Winchester School, and at All Souls' College, Oxford. In 1712 he commenced a career as poet and courtier. In 1728 Young completed his series of seven satires: "The Universal Passion — the Love of Fame." At forty-five Young took orders in the Anglican Church, and was presented to the living of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, and received the honorary dignity of one of the chaplains to his Majesty. His best-known work is "Night Thoughts," the first portion of which was published in 1742, the last in 1744. Young's poetical works include panegyrics, odes, epistles, satires; a few dramatic pieces, the best of which is the tragedy of "Revenge" (1721); and the "Night Thoughts."

Procrastination.

(From "Night Thoughts.")

By nature's law, what may be, may be now:
There 's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none: and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes, spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And big with life's futurities expire.
Not e'en Philander had bespoke his shroud,
Nor had he cause; a warning was denied:
How many fall as sudden, not as safe;
As sudden, though for years admonished home!
Of human ills the last extreme beware;
Beware, Lorenzo, a slow sudden death.

How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 't is so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm — "That all men are about to live,
Forever on the brink of being born."
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise, —
At least, their own; their future selves applaud
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead.
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodged in fate's to wisdom they consign.
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'T is not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves, — then dies the same.

The Death of Friends.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make

Welcome as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate snatched from us is a plume
Plucked from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
And, damped with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lowered,
Just skim earth's surface ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love:
For us they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent soft address,
Their posthumous advice and pious prayer?
Senseless as herds that graze their hallowed graves,
Tread underfoot their agonies and groans,
Frustrate their anguish and destroy their deaths?

Aspiration.

O thou great arbiter of life and death,
Nature's immortal, unmaterial sun,
Whose all-prolific beam late called me forth
From darkness — teeming darkness where I lay,
The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
The dust I tread on — high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could know
No motive but my bliss; and hast ordained
A rise in blessing, with the patriarch's joy, —
Thy call I follow to the land unknown.
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust:
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs;
All weight in this, — Oh, let me live to thee!

Silence and Darkness.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!

Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress! and Night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.
  Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'T is as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause —
An awful pause! — prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain, — I can lose no more.
  Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man),
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom — there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye? — Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars
Exulted, shouted o'er the rising ball,
O Thou! whose Word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, — strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Zangwill, Israel, an English novelist of Jewish extraction; born at London in 1864. He was educated at the Jewish Free School in London, and at the London University, becoming subsequently a teacher in the first-named institution. His tastes and ambitions were literary, however, and after a time he accepted a position on the staff of "Ariel," a small comic publication; and, later, on the "Jewish Standard," to which he contributed over the signature "Marshallik." He has also been connected with the "Universal" and the "Idler." His novels have made him widely popular. In the winter of 1898 and 1899 he visited the United States on a lecturing tour. His published works include "The Premier and the Painter" (1888); "The Bachelors' Club" (1891); "The Big Bow Mystery" (1891); "The Old Maids' Club" (1892); "The Children of the Ghetto" (1892); "Merely Mary Ann" (1893); "Ghetto Tragedies" (1894); "The King of Schnorrs" (1894); "The Master" (1895); "Without Prejudice," essays (1896); "A Nineteenth Century Miracle" (1897); "Dreamers of the Ghetto" (1898).

A New Matrimonial Relation.

(From "The Bachelors' Club.")

August found the premises of the Bachelors' Club entirely given over to the orgies of the dusky steward, and of Willoughby Jones and the other waiters, for London became too hot to hold us. To escape the heat, Mandeville Browne fled to the Soudan; Moses Fitz-Williams went to Switzerland; M'Gullicuddy was understood to have pitched his tent somewhere amid his native heather; while Oliver Green told us that he had to stay at Brighton with his wealthy uncle, who had returned from India only last year. Poor Oliver! It was by no means the first time that he had been forced to endure the society of his old fogy of a relative. He said his uncle required a deal of looking after. Selfish old curmudgeon! I hated Oliver's uncle, with his parchment-colored visage, and

his gouty toe, and his disordered liver. You might call me prejudiced, for I had never met the man; but who could help disliking an apoplectic old egotist, who cooped his nephew up in scorching, stony Brighton, just because he had a few miserable lacs of rupees to leave behind him? If I were Oliver, I thought at first, I would rather die a pauper than live at the beck of a whimsical, capricious autocrat.

But there is one advantage I found in having a rich old uncle; he saves you the trouble of making up your mind. For nights I lay tossing on my bed, unable to settle where I should go. Even when I determined "Heads" should be Continent, and "Tails" Great Britain, I always lost the toss, and was dissatisfied. I thought of Oliver's wealthy uncle frequently in my indecision, and at last began to wish he had been mine. Then the inspiration came! I had only to fancy he *was* mine, and my doubts were at an end, my troubles were over. I, too, would go down to Brighton. The burden was lifted from my shoulders; that night I slept like a top. Steaming down by the luxurious express, I felt happier than I had been for a long time. I should not be alone in Brighton. I should be bound to meet Oliver and his uncle, and then I could tell Oliver what I thought of his subjection to his yellow-gilded relative. Perhaps I might even induce him to enfranchise himself. I promised myself to put in a good word for him with his neglected relative after he should have shaken off the dust of Brighton in dudgeon. One owes these things to one's friends. The task of smoothing down another man's outraged uncle might not be agreeable, but I registered a mental vow to attempt it.

As soon as I had taken a hurried meal at my hotel, I sallied forth in quest of Oliver; but he was neither on the beach, nor the promenade, nor the pier. I looked into all the bath-chairs, half expecting to find him wheeling his uncle in one. After several wasted hours I returned to my hotel fatigued and dispirited. After several wasted days I returned to London unrefreshed and uneasy. Oliver was not in Brighton. An exhaustive study of all the visitors' lists for the past fortnight had made this well-nigh certain. Where could he be? Why spread this false report of his movements? Could it be that he was rusticating perforce in London, and that false shame had made him cover up his poverty? Impossible! Oliver had always given proof of ample resources — much more so than myself. It was this that made his subservience to his uncle

so annoying. No, there was some more occult reason behind. The mysteries of my brother-Bachelors had hitherto invariably ended in marriage. Is it to be wondered at that I instantly leapt at the truth in this case too? Alas, that I should have been a true prophet!

The discovery of Oliver's whereabouts came in this wise. I was cudgelling my brains to remember if he had ever given any signs of defection of the heart from us. As I pondered over the past I could not help being reminded of the young man's intense truthfulness. On such occasions as I had taken the trouble to test his autobiographical statements, I had always found fifty per cent of truth in them. The conviction grew upon me that I had wronged him, that he *was* at Brighton after all, even if with a nearer relative than his uncle, for perchance he was spending his honeymoon there. I had but skimmed the faces of the bi-sexual couples, seeking only a male pair — an old man and a young. What if I had skipped Mr. and Mrs. Green?

I resolved to return to Brighton. I consulted an A B C railway guide. As I gazed, I gave a convulsive start. A name caught my eye — New Brighton. My instinct is seldom at fault. I started for Liverpool at once. The same afternoon I saw Oliver Green lying on the beach. A little dark-featured toddler, of about five or six, emptied buckets of sand upon his gently heaving waistcoat. Recumbent in half-sitting posture by his side was a well-dressed lady, whose face I could not see, for it was shaded by a red parasol, but from the irritating way the little tyrant occasionally tugged with his tiny hands at the parasol I could see it was his mother's. It did not need a second glance to establish the child's relationship to Oliver. The likeness was unmistakable; I could see Green in his eye, and Oliver in his mouth, and father in the way he allowed the slimy-shoed bantling to dance on his breast. I kept cool with a great effort, for it was a broiling day. I was not so overwhelmed as I should have been six months before; bitter experience had schooled me. Still, this was the worst case of all. For some minutes I looked on in silence at the domestic idyll. I did not intrude upon it. I stole away, my breast in a tumult. This, then, was the meaning of Oliver's periodical visits to his uncle! He was such an inveterate evader of a lie that he might even have referred to the raising of money for surreptitious household expenses.

The next morning I met Oliver in the Atlantic. I swam up to him, and in a jocund tone gave him good-morning.

He was so startled that he imbibed a mouthful of sea-water, retired for a moment, and came up gurgling and spluttering.

In answer to his spasmodic syllables, I replied that my coming was fortuitous. I then wished him joy of his marriage, and remarked cheerfully that his name would be handed down to eternal execration.

He stared at me with a fishy eye from between the billows, then threw up his arms and sank. On his return he replied that he had been laughing like a submarine telephone. He was not married at all.

It was now my turn to feel for the bottom of the Atlantic. As I rose I felt that Oliver did not deserve to live. Oh the poor trusting woman with the red parasol! Oh the pocket-edition of Oliver with the spade and the sand-bucket!

We met outside our machines, but I turned away in disgust. Oliver was about to speak, when his little boy ran up, pursued by a fat, panting ayah. Oliver caught the little lad up in his arms and kissed him, and remarked "Oopsi-daisey," and dandled him over his head, after which he surrendered him to the lady with the red parasol, who had by this time toiled up.

"How did you like your bath, Oliver?" she asked, with a loving glance.

"Glorious!" he said; "I wish I could persuade you to try a dip."

She shook her head.

"But to-morrow the little man must — "

Again she shook her head. Her face was still half obscured by a veil, but nothing less opaque than corduroy could hide its harshness and irregularity. It was bronzed and bearded like a trooper's. Her figure was less uncomely, being plump and passable. Her age was certain; it was over half a century. I wondered at Oliver's taste. Still, she might have been beautiful in the far-off happy days.

He turned to me, as I stood glued to the spot.

"Paul," said he, "let me introduce you to Julia — I mean Miss Blossom."

I blushed for him, as he effected the introduction.

"You haven't introduced me to this little chap," I said genially, caressing the child's curls.

I was glad to see Oliver blush in his turn. His embarrassment was most painful. He hummed and hawed and stammered.

"This — this — is little Oliver."

I let a moment of severe silence pass by, then I said smiling, "And little Oliver is your — "

"Uncle!" he said desperately, — "precisely."

If I had not been resting on a stick I should have sat down on the sand. Miss Blossom did so instead, and took out some crochet, while Oliver's uncle went trapezing about the beach, pursued by the ayah.

"Your uncle from India?" I managed to ejaculate at last.

"The same! Be quiet, Oliver!" he snapped, as his uncle ran between his legs and nearly upset him. "Yes, that is he. He is an orphan, and was brought over last year by his aunt, Miss Blossom. I am his guardian and trustee under my grandfather's will, and I feel it my duty to go and see the little beggar three or four times a year. As I told you before, he requires a lot of looking after. But please don't tell anybody. It 's such an abnormal case. It makes me look so awfully ridiculous, and I try to keep the real fact dark. You know if there is one thing in the world I hate it 's being made ridiculous; especially when I 'm not a whit to blame."

"Oh, you may rely on me," I said, gripping his hand sympathetically. "But is it possible that a mite of a lad like that should be your uncle?"

"I wish it was n't," he said gloomily. "But it ciphers out very simply, extraordinary and unique as it all is. My grandfather married my grandmother out in India when she was fourteen. It 's the climate, you know. She had a daughter at fifteen, who was my mother. This daughter also married young — at fifteen, and I was born before she was sixteen. Her mother — my grandmother — had gone on bearing children, and her latest success was won at the abnormal age of forty-eight, which is almost the extreme possible limit. But she died in the attempt, leaving little Oliver motherless. That was six years ago, and his father — my grandfather — dying last year, the orphan was bequeathed to the care of Miss Blossom (his aunt) and myself."

"I understand," I said mendaciously; "but would you mind putting it down on paper?"

Between us we got down the figures. While I was study-

ing them a sudden thought flashed upon me that almost stopped my pulse.

"Why, Oliver!" I thundered, "this makes you only twenty-three!"

He turned sea-green, and his knees shook. His sin had found him out.

"O Paul!" he said, "don't betray me. I know I have made and procured false declarations of age. But what does it matter? My Indian descent ripened me early. I had a thick beard at seventeen, almost as thick as I have now. There was curry in my blood, remember that, Paul. I may be twenty-three in the letter, but in the flesh and spirit I am thirty. Ah! let me be thirty-one still to Mandeville Browne and M'Gullicuddy. Is it not a sufficient counterweight that my mature appearance makes my avuncular relation all the more ridiculous? Ah, Paul, you will keep that secret too—at least till the child grows up?"

"Till death," I replied solemnly.

Oliver thanked me with a look, then ran to disengage his uncle from the irate clutches of a little girl whom he had playfully prodded in the nose with his spade. He carried his struggling and kicking relative back to where I stood. Then he shook his uncle from India, and slapped his hands, and said, "Naughty, naughty."

His uncle from India yelled like a Cherokee on the war-path.

"And is he so rich?" I asked.

"Beastly rich," he said.

He seated his wealthy uncle from India on his shoulder, and tried to pacify him, but in vain. The avuncular yoke sat by no means lightly upon his shoulders. Aunt Julia had to get up and entreat the demon to leave off.

"Tan't leave off till you give me a penny," said the poor young uncle, sobbing hysterically.

"Where 's the penny I gave you last night?" said Oliver.

"I spent it on seed-cake," said his wealthy uncle from India.

The nephew shook his head at his reprobate, profligate, prodigal young uncle.

"Well, well," he said sternly, "here you are, but not another penny do you get from me to-day."

The uncle received his nephew's bounties without grati-

tude. He grabbed the coin and climbed down from Oliver's shoulders. The next minute he was twenty yards up the beach dissipating his nephew's hoardings in the society of an apple-woman. O woman! woman!

"It's no small responsibility to be a nephew," sighed Oliver, "when one is saddled with a scapegrace young uncle. O Paul, I cannot describe how acutely I feel the absurdity of this relationship, and I hope *you* will not either."

Again I crushed his fingers between mine.

But he might just as well not have exacted a promise from me, for the whole story was in the "Porcupine," a Liverpool satirical paper, before the week was out. The port roared; and busy Liverpudlians went down to their watering-place, just to see the uncle and the nephew. The particulars were stated in the big Liverpool dailies, and the paragraphs were copied by the general press, and even formed the staple of an article in the "Daily Wire," which considered the freak of genealogy in the light of the Bhagavad Gita, the folklore of Japan, the Œdipus of Sophocles, the careers of Charlemagne, Octavius Cæsar, Hamlet, and Heinrich Heine, the habits of the Ornithorhynchus, Mr. Gladstone, and various other associated topics. That settled poor Oliver. After he had read the jokes in the local comic paper he never smiled again. But when the "Daily Wire" leader, with its elephantine humor, came within his ken, he was a ruined man. Within a week the banns were up in New Brighton for the marriage of Oliver Green and Henrietta Blossom.

I went to Oliver to point out the error of his ways.

"Go away, sir," he shouted, "you have made me the laughing-stock of the country."

"I?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Yes, you. Who else sent the facts to the 'Porcupine'?"

"I don't know," I said hotly, for I was exceedingly annoyed at having lost the opportunity. Since some one was to reap the reward of indiscretion, why not I as well as another?

"You are too modest," he sneered.

"Wring my withers as you will," I answered, remembering my high mission, "I have come to save you."

"Pray save yourself — the trouble," he said; "I know what I am about."

"I doubt it," I retorted.

"Do you insinuate that I am mad?"

"No; only headstrong."

"A euphemism for weak-headed, I suppose. However, you shall hear. Then you will judge me more leniently. Do you know why I am marrying Miss Blossom?"

"Assuming you are sane — no."

"Miss Blossom is little Oliver's aunt."

He paused impressively, as if he had revealed the secret of the universe. My doubts of his sanity vanished. They were changed into certainties.

"You don't seem to take it in."

"No wonder," I said, "I knew the fact long ago."

"Yes, but put two and two together, man. As Oliver's nephew I am the scoff and by-word of the kingdom. By marrying his aunt I become his uncle. As his uncle I shall regain the respect which I have forfeited by your blabbing."

I allowed the libel to pass unchallenged. I could hardly utter a syllable for sheer blank astonishment. The floodgates of speech were checked by a dam.

"Swear away!" said Oliver. "Add insult to injury. Don't put yourself in my place. Don't remember how thin my skin is, and how it quivers under the lash of ridicule. Tell me that I ought to bear the flail, as if I were a rhinoceros. Oh, to drag on a wretched existence, the butt of all the witlings, pointed out by the digit of derisive Demos, — anything rather than that! anything rather than that!"

"Wretch! Coward!" I cried sternly. "And for mere petty personal considerations you would eclipse the gayety of nations!"

"I would. I never set up as an altruist. There are only two exits from this frightful situation. In only two ways can I cease to be my uncle's nephew. One is by murder. I can take him out bathing, and lose him. But in this Philistine country that is not, I fear, a practicable exit. The other is marriage. Only by becoming my ward's uncle and making him his guardian's nephew can the normal rôles be restored. Then I shall be able to hold up my head again in the world. I shall be able to present my young ward without blushing. A new matrimonial relation will spring up between me and him. He will be the nephew and I shall be the uncle."

Murder or suicide! It was indeed a horny dilemma!

"But what does Miss Blossom say?" I asked.

"She is willing to sacrifice herself on the altar of my salvation," he said, in moved tones.

A world of unspoken emotion surged in my chest as I turned away.

Next day a gleam of hope visited me. In return I visited Miss Blossom in her private room. She lived on the Parade, locally known as the Hamanegg Terrace. I went straight to the point. I said, "I have come to warn you. Mr. Green cannot marry you."

She put her hand to her bosom.

"Why not?" she breathed.

"Because there is a secret in his life — something that you do not know."

"Oh my heart," she gasped, "I feared so; he is —"

"A Bachelor," I said unrelentingly, yet a tremor of sympathy in my voice.

She briefly informed me of the position of the door. I was prepared for the discourtesy, so was not put out by it. I appealed to her to have some regard for Oliver's relatives. She curled her moustache haughtily and asked what I meant.

"See here," I said; "if Oliver is Oliver's uncle, and Oliver is Oliver's nephew, then if Oliver marries you, who are Oliver's aunt, Oliver will become Oliver's nephew, and Oliver will become Oliver's uncle, therefore Oliver becomes his own great-uncle, and Oliver —"

"Hold on," she said. "Which Oliver is Oliver's uncle, and which Oliver is Oliver's nephew?"

"Both are either, and each is the other," I said. "It's as plain as a pikestaff. If Oliver —"

"*Which* Oliver?" she said desperately.

In deference to her inferior intellect, I went out of my way to make it as childish as A, B, C.

"Well, let's call old Oliver, Oliver the First, and little Oliver, Oliver the Second."

"Yes, yes," she said eagerly.

"Well, then, if Oliver the First, who is the nephew of Oliver the Second, becomes Oliver the Second's uncle by marrying Oliver the Second's aunt, then Oliver the First becomes his own mother's uncle, as well as his own great-uncle and great-nephew to himself; and as his mother is his niece, he is his grandmother's brother, and as he is both his uncle's uncle and his nephew's uncle, his uncle is plainly his nephew's brother, and this uncle is therefore the son of his own sister

(which is rank incest), while his mother becomes his grandmother, and as — "

"For Heaven's sake, stop a moment!" Miss Blossom cried.

I did so, and she sprinkled her forehead with eau-de-Cologne.

Why she could not have waited to do so till she was in her own boudoir, I could not understand, but ladies will be ladies.

"Where was I?" I said, a little nettled, for it is so easy to lose the thread of the most babyish argument when you are dealing with the weaker-headed sex.

"Never mind, go on to Oliver the Second," Miss Blossom murmured.

I smiled in triumph. Her spirit was crushed, her conscience weakened. The enormity of what she had been about to do in pure lightheartedness was coming home to her.

"Well, it's worse with Oliver the Second," I said. "Because if Oliver the First becomes his uncle, and he is already the uncle of Oliver the First, then he becomes the son of his own great-grandfather at a bound, thus annihilating two generations — his grandfather and his father, for whose disappearance you are responsible in justice if not in law; and, further, by suppressing his father you make him illegitimate at one stroke, by which shameful act you not only make a pariah of him for life, but exclude him from the succession to the Somerville estate, which thus escheats to the Crown; furthermore, as Oliver the First — "

Miss Blossom uttered a groan and swayed helplessly forward. I caught her in my arms. Somebody knocked at the door, and came in without waiting for an answer. It was Oliver Green. We looked at each other.

"She has fainted," I said. The information gave him no concern. He made no effort to relieve me of the burden.

"How came you here?" he said. "And what have you been doing to her?"

"Through the door," I said curtly. "And telling her she must n't marry you."

"Why not?"

"Because you are a Bachelor. Also because the marriage would be so mixed. She got a little mixed herself in following my line of thought."

"What do you mean by a mixed marriage?"

He glared at me as if ready to pounce upon me. I glared

back at him across the lady from India. I held her to my breast like a shield. With her head pillowed on my shoulder I felt a sweet sense of security from all pugilistic ills.

> "O woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> When anger threats to wring the nose,
> Thou guardest us from bullies' blows."

Oliver and I had split many a soda together in effusive amity, little dreaming of the day when a woman would come between us.

"What do you mean by mixed?" Oliver repeated with stern white lips.

I was about to relate afresh the catalogue of family complications. Suddenly a new solution made my heart thump like a steam-hammer cracking a nut.

"You cannot marry your uncle's aunt," I said. "You 're collaterally consanguineous."

Oliver staggered back. His jaw fell.

"It 's a lie!" cried Miss Blossom, extricating herself from my arms.

"It 's the truth," I said, shifting my position to the other side of the table. "If you, Miss Blossom, are Oliver the Second's aunt, then you cannot avoid being related to Oliver the Second's nephew in the line of direct descent. It 's a collateral anti-connubial consanguinity of the third degree, and unless it 's of the fourth degree according to Roman law, you and Oliver the First cannot marry. By Oliver the First, I mean you," I explained to Green.

"I don't care," Oliver the First answered. "We shall see what the authorities will say."

"Archbishop Parker's 'Table of Kindred and Affinity,' according to Leviticus, and the Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical of 1603, distinctly say —"

"And I distinctly say that there 's the door."

"But will you imperil your position thus, Miss Blossom?" I pleaded. "Will you risk your marriage being null and void?"

Having said this, I picked myself up from the Hamanegg Terrace, bought some arnica, and lodged a protest with the officiating clergyman, stating that the bride was the bride-

groom's great-aunt. Yet, two days after, Oliver the First married his uncle's aunt, and his uncle was the worst boy at the wedding. Oliver the Second actually made faces at the pew-opener. I wondered his nephew — I mean his uncle — did not give him away. I was in church, for my sympathy was not entirely extinguished by the careless manner in which I had been treated. Julia Blossom did not live up to her name even on her wedding-day, despite the tulle and the jasmine. She remained a prosaic cauliflower to the last. India was chosen for the honeymoon. The wedding-party drove straight to the station. It consisted of Oliver Green, Julia Green, their little nephew, and the native nurse. I was anxious to see the last of the detestable quartette, and was on the platform. To my surprise, the ayah and Oliver the Second were transferred to the care of an unknown lady. In a flash I saw through the whole idea. Oliver the First was determined to carry the comedy through to the bitter end. From the unknown lady — after the train was gone — I learnt that Julia Blossom was one of the greatest heiresses of Bombay. It was clear that nothing less would satisfy my poor friend than to *return from India* not only an uncle, but a wealthy uncle. Thus, and only thus, would the reversal be complete, and the sting of ridicule be entirely extracted.

I went the next day to the clergyman to inquire why he had gone on with this forbidden marriage. What he told me quite compensated for the annoyance I had experienced.

"Almost on your heels," he said, "the late Miss Blossom called to see me. She said there was an idea about that she was related to her intended husband, but that this report was premature. Her husband, whom she called Oliver the First, believed that she was the aunt of his uncle, whom she called Oliver the Second. 'But this,' said she, and proved it by documents, 'is a very natural false impression. *I am not Oliver the Second's aunt at all.* I *am* related to him, but in a relationship not yet recognized in law. The fact is, Oliver the Second's father, before he became Oliver the Second's mother's husband, asked *me* to be his wife. I said I could never think of him in that way but I would be a sister to him. So it was settled; I became his sister by refusal of marriage, and thus in due course I became Oliver the Second's aunt by refusal of marriage. So you see, my relationship to Oliver the First's parental stock was a purely moral and never a legal one. I

often stayed at the house of my sister-in-law by refusal of marriage, and when she died she commended Oliver the Second to my care with her dying breath, her husband doing ditto last year with his.' The explanation was quite satisfactory, and as the poor lady seemed quite distracted by the idea of the marriage being delayed by even a day, I made no unnecessary difficulties."

Thus the clergyman to my sardonic satisfaction.

I saw it all now. The infatuated woman had traded upon her supposed relationship to Oliver the Second to bring Oliver the First to her feet. It was she who had put the matrimonial idea into his head, and goaded him on by sending that paragraph to the "Porcupine." My collateral consanguineous discovery had threatened to upset her amorous structure, and the woman who had become morally related to Oliver the Second by refusal of marriage, bade fair to be debarred from legal relationship by the same cause. But she had out-manœuvred me.

I hugged the revenge which had fallen into my hands to my bosom, and kept it warm.

. . . . . .

When Oliver Green, turned yellow, came back from India, I was on the landing-stage to meet him, and I had the satisfaction of informing him that he had wasted a liver complaint, and that the little seven-year-old fellow who climbed up his white flannel trousers to kiss him was his uncle still.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

Zola, Émile, a famous French novelist and dramatist; born at Paris, April 2, 1840. Zola studied at the Lycée St. Louis, and afterwards obtained employment in the publishing house of Hachette & Co., with which he remained connected until 1865. His first book, "Contes à Ninon," appeared in 1864. He then put forth in rapid succession "La Confession de Claude" (1865); "Vœu d'une Morte" (1866); "Mes Haines" (1866); "Les Mystères de Marseille," "Manet," and "Thérèse Raquin" (1867), and "Madeleine Férat" (1868). His series of romances, "Les Rougon Macquart, Histoire Naturelle et Sociale d'une Famille sous le Second Empire," comprises "La Fortune des Rougon" (1871); "La Curée" (1874); "La Conquête de Plassans" (1874); "L'Assommoir" (1874–77); "Le Ventre de Paris" (1875); "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" (1875); "Son Excellence Eugène Rougon" (1876); "Une Page d'Amour" (1878); "Nana" (1880); "Pot-Bouille" (1882); "Au Bonheur des Dames" (1883); "La Joie de Vivre" (1884); "Germinal," "L'Œuvre," "La Terre" (1887); and "Le Rêve" (1888). Zola has dramatized "Thérèse Raquin," and has published two other dramas, "Les Héritiers Rabourdin" and "Le Bouton de Rose." His critical works, "Le Roman Expérimental" and "Le Naturalisme au Théâtre," give his theory of the sphere of romance and the drama. His later works include "La Bête Humaine" (1890); "L'Argent" (1891); "La de Bâele" (1892); "Le Docteur Pascal" (1893); "Lourdes" (1894); "Rome" (1895); "Paris" (1898).

The Attack on the Mill.[1]

I.

Old Merlier's mill was in high feather that fine summer evening. In the court-yard they had set out three tables, end to end, ready for the guests. All the country knew that on that day Merlier's daughter Françoise was to be betrothed to Dominique, — a fellow who had the name of being an idle loafer, but whom the women for eight miles round looked at with glistening eyes, so well-favored was he.

[1] By permission of Copeland & Day.

ÉMILE ZOLA

When the court-yard was full, and every one had his glass in his hand, old Merlier raised his very high, saying: —

"This is for the pleasure of announcing to you that Françoise will marry that fellow there in a month, on St. Louis's day."

Then they clinked glasses noisily. Everybody laughed. But old Merlier, raising his voice, went on: —

"Dominique, kiss your intended. That must be done."

And they kissed each other, very red, while the crowd laughed still louder. It was a real jollification. A small cask was emptied. Then when only the intimate friends were left, they chatted quietly. Night had come, — a starlit and very clear night. Dominique and Françoise, sitting side by side on a bench, said nothing. An old peasant spoke of the war the Emperor had declared with Prussia. All the boys in the village were already gone. The day before, troops had passed through. There would be hard knocks going.

"Bah!" said old Merlier, with a happy man's egoism. "Dominique is a foreigner, — he won't go. And if the Prussians come, he will be here to defend his wife."

This notion that the Prussians might come seemed a good joke. They were to be given an A 1 thrashing, and it would be soon over.

"I 've seen 'em, I 've seen 'em," the old peasant said over and over again.

There was a silence. Then they clinked glasses once more. Françoise and Dominique had heard nothing; they had taken each other softly by the hand, behind the bench, so that no one could see them; and it seemed so good that they stayed there, their eyes lost in the depths of the darkness.

How warm and splendid a night! The village was falling asleep on both sides of the road, tranquil as a child. You only heard from time to time the crowing of some cock, waked too soon. From the great woods hard by came long breaths that passed like caresses over the roofs. The meadows with their black shadows put on a mysterious and secluded majesty, while all the running waters that gushed forth into the darkness seemed to be the cool and rhythmic breathing of the sleeping country. At moments the mill-wheel, fast asleep, seemed to be dreaming, like those old watch-dogs that bark while snoring. It creaked, it talked all by itself, lulled by the falls of the Morelle, whose sheet of water gave forth the

sustained and musical note of an organ-pipe. Never had more wide-spread peace fallen over a happier corner of the earth.

Just a month later, day for day, on St. Louis's eve, Rocreuse was in dismay. The Prussians had beaten the Emperor, and were advancing toward the village by forced marches. For a week past, people passing along the road had announced the Prussians, — "They are at Lormière; they are at Novelles:" and hearing that they were approaching so fast, Rocreuse thought every morning to see them come down by the Gagny woods. Still they did not come: this frightened the inhabitants still more. They would surely fall upon the village at night, and cut everybody's throat.

The night before, a little before daybreak, there had been an alarm. The inhabitants had waked up, hearing a great noise of men on the road. The women were just falling on their knees and crossing themselves, when red trousers were recognized through cracks of windows prudently opened. It was a detachment of French. The captain immediately asked for the mayor of the place, and stayed at the mill, after talking with old Merlier.

The sun rose gayly that day. It would be hot at noon. Over the woods floated a yellow light; while in the distance above the meadows rose white vapors. The clean, pretty village awoke in the cool air; and the country, with its river and springs, had the dew-sprinkled loveliness of a nosegay. But this fine weather made no one laugh. They had just seen the captain walk round about the mill, examine the neighboring houses, cross to the other side of the Morelle, and from there study the country through a spyglass; old Merlier, who was with him, seemed to be explaining the country to him. Then the captain stationed soldiers behind walls, behind trees, in holes in the ground. The bulk of the detachment was stationed in the court-yard of the mill. So there was to be a fight? And when old Merlier came back, he was plied with questions. He gave a long nod with his head without speaking. Yes, there was to be a fight.

Françoise and Dominique were in the court-yard looking at him. At last he took his pipe out of his mouth and said simply: —

"Ah! my poor children, there will be no wedding for you to-morrow!"

Dominique, his lips set, a line of anger across his forehead,

raised himself up on tiptoe from time to time, with his eyes fixed on the Gagny woods, as if he longed to see the Prussians come. Françoise, very pale, serious, came and went, supplying the soldiers with what they needed. They were making their soup in a corner of the court-yard, and joking while waiting for their meal.

Meanwhile the captain seemed delighted. He had examined the rooms and the great hall of the mill looking out upon the river. Now, sitting by the well, he was talking with old Merlier.

"You have a real fortress here," said he. "We ought to hold out till evening. The beggars are late. They should be here by this time."

The miller looked serious. He saw his mill flaming like a torch; but he did not complain, thinking it useless. He only opened his mouth to say: —

"You ought to have some one hide the boat behind the wheel. There is a hole there that will hold her. Perhaps she may be of use."

The captain gave an order. This captain was a handsome man of about forty, tall and with a kindly face. The sight of Françoise and Dominique seemed to please him. He was interested in them, as if he had forgotten the coming struggle. He followed Françoise about with his eyes, and his look told plainly that he found her charming. Then turning to Dominique: —

"So you 're not in the army, my boy?" he asked abruptly.

"I 'm a foreigner," the young man answered.

The captain seemed only half pleased with this reason. He winked and smiled. Françoise was pleasanter company than cannon. Then, seeing him smile, Dominique added: —

"I 'm a foreigner, but I can put a bullet into an apple at five hundred metres. — See, my gun 's there, behind you."

"It may be of use to you," the captain replied simply.

Françoise had come up, trembling a little. And without minding the people there, Dominique took both the hands she held out to him, and pressed them in his, as if to take her under his protection. The captain smiled again, but added not a word. He remained sitting, his sword between his legs, his eyes looking at vacancy, as if in a dream.

It was already two o'clock. It was growing very hot. There was a dead silence. In the court-yard, under the sheds, the soldiers had fallen to eating their soup. Not a sound

came from the village, in which the people had barricaded their houses, doors, and windows. A dog left alone in the road was howling. From the neighboring woods and meadows, motionless in the heat, came a far-off voice, long sustained, made up of every separate breath of air. A cuckoo was singing. Then the silence spread itself over the country also.

And in this slumbering air a shot suddenly burst forth. The captain sprang up quickly; the soldiers dropped their plates of soup, still half full. In a few seconds every man was at his post for the fight; the mill was occupied from top to bottom. Yet the captain, who had gone out upon the road, could make out nothing: to the right and left the road stretched out, empty and all white. A second shot was heard, and still nothing, not a shadow; but on turning round, he espied, over towards Gagny, between two trees, a light cloudlet of smoke wafted away like gossamer. The wood was still profoundly quiet.

"The rascals have taken to the forest," he muttered. "They know we are here."

Then the firing kept up, harder and harder, between the French soldiers stationed round the mill and the Prussians hidden behind the trees. The bullets whistled across the Morelle, without occasioning any loss on one side or the other. The shots were irregular, coming from every bush; and all you saw was still the little clouds of smoke gently wafted away by the wind. This lasted for nearly two hours. The officer hummed a tune, as if indifferent. Françoise and Dominique, who had stayed in the court-yard, raised themselves up on tiptoe and looked over the wall. They were particularly interested in watching a little soldier, stationed on the brink of the Morelle, behind the hulk of an old boat; he was flat on his belly, watched his chance, fired his shot, then let himself slide down into a ditch a little behind him, to reload his rifle; and his movements were so droll, so cunning, so supple, that it made one smile to see him. He must have espied the head of some Prussian, for he got up quickly and brought his piece to his shoulder; but before he fired, he gave a cry, turned over upon himself, and rolled into the ditch, where his legs stiffened out with the momentary convulsive jerk of those of a chicken with its neck wrung. The little soldier had received a bullet full in the breast. He was the first man killed. Instinctively Françoise seized hold of Dominique's hand and squeezed it with a nervous grip.

"Don't stay there," said the captain. "The bullets reach here."

As he spoke, a little sharp stroke was heard in the old elm, and a branch fell in zigzags through the air; but the young people did not stir, riveted there by anxiety at the sight. On the outskirts of the wood, a Prussian came out suddenly from behind a tree, as from a side scene, beating the air with his arms, and tumbling over backwards. And then nothing stirred: the two dead men seemed to sleep in the dazzling sunshine; you saw no one in the torpid landscape. Even the crack of the shots stopped. Only the Morelle kept up its silver-toned whispering.

Old Merlier looked at the captain in surprise, as if to ask if it were over.

"Here it comes," the latter muttered. "Look out! Don't stay there."

He had not finished speaking when there came a terrific volley. It was as if the great elm were mowed down; a cloud of leaves whirled about them. Luckily the Prussians had fired too high. Domininque dragged, almost carried Françoise away; while old Merlier followed them, crying out:—

"Go down to the little cellar: the walls are solid."

But they did not mind him; they went into the great hall where ten soldiers or so were waiting in silence, with shutters closed, peeping through the cracks. The captain had stayed alone in the court-yard, crouched down behind the little wall, while the furious volleys continued. The soldiers he had stationed outside yielded ground only foot by foot. Yet they came in, one by one, crawling on their faces, when the enemy had dislodged them from their hiding-places. Their orders were to gain time, not to show themselves; so that the Prussians might not know what numbers they had before them. Another hour went by; and as a sergeant came up, saying that there were only two or three men left outside, the officer looked at his watch, muttering:—

"Half after two. Come, we must hold out four hours."

He had the gate of the court-yard shut, and all preparations were made for an energetic resistance. As the Prussians were on the other side of the Morelle, an immediate assault was not to be feared. To be sure, there was a bridge, a little over a mile off, but they doubtless did not know of its existence; and it was hardly probable that they would try to ford

the river. So the officer merely had the road watched. The whole effort was to be made on the side toward the fields.

The firing had once more ceased. The mill seemed dead beneath the hot sun. Not a shutter was opened, not a sound came from the inside. Little by little, meanwhile, the Prussians showed themselves at the outskirts of the Gagny wood. They stretched forth their heads, grew more daring. In the mill, several soldiers had already levelled their rifles, but the captain cried out: —

"No, no, wait. Let them come up."

They were very cautious about it, looking at the mill with evident distrust. This old dwelling, silent and dismal, with its curtains of ivy, made them uneasy. Still they kept advancing. When there were about fifty of them in the meadow opposite, the officer said a single word: —

"Fire!"

A tearing sound was heard, followed by single shots. Françoise, shaken with a fit of trembling, put her hands up to her ears, in spite of herself. Dominique, behind the soldiers, looked on; and when the smoke had blown away a little, he saw three Prussians stretched on their backs in the middle of the field. The rest had thrown themselves down behind the willows and poplars; and the siege began.

For over an hour the mill was riddled with bullets. They whipped its old walls like hail. When they struck stone, you heard them flatten out and fall back into the water. Into wood they penetrated with a hollow sound. Now and then a cracking told that the wheel had been hit. The soldiers inside husbanded their shots, — fired only when they could take aim. From time to time the captain would look at his watch; and as a ball split a shutter and then lodged in the ceiling: —

"Four o'clock," he muttered. "We shall never hold out."

It was true: this terrible firing of musketry was shivering the old mill. A shutter fell into the water, riddled like a piece of lace, and had to be replaced by a mattress. Old Merlier exposed himself every moment, to make sure of the injury done to his poor wheel, whose cracking went to his heart. It was all over with it this time: never would he be able to repair it. Dominique had implored Françoise to go, but she would stay with him; she had sat down behind a great oak clothes-press, the sides of which gave out a deep sound. Then Dominique placed himself in front of Françoise. He

had not fired yet; he held his gun in his hands, not being able to get up to the windows, whose entire width was taken up by the soldiers. At every discharge the floor shook.

"Look out! look out!" the captain cried of a sudden.

He had just seen a whole black mass come out from the wood. Immediately a formidable platoon fire was opened. It was as if a waterspout had passed over the mill. Another shutter gave way; and by the gaping opening of the window the bullets came in. Two soldiers rolled upon the floor. One did not move; they pushed him up against the wall, because he was in the way. The other squirmed on the ground, begging them to make an end of him; but no one minded him: the balls kept coming in; every one shielded himself, and tried to find a loop-hole to fire back through. A third soldier was wounded; he said not a word, he let himself slide down by the edge of a table, with fixed and haggard eyes. Opposite the dead men, Françoise, seized with horror, had pushed her chair aside mechanically, to sit down on the ground next the wall; she felt smaller there, and in less danger. Meanwhile they had gone after all the mattresses in the house, and had half stopped up the window. The hall was getting filled with rubbish, with broken weapons, with gutted furniture.

"Five o'clock," said the captain. "Keep it up. They are going to try to cross the water."

At this instant Françoise gave a shriek. A rebounding ball had just grazed her forehead. A few drops of blood appeared. Dominique looked at her; then stepping up to the window, he fired his first shot, and kept on firing. He loaded, fired, without paying any attention to what was going on near him; only from time to time he would give Françoise a look. For the rest, he did not hurry himself, — took careful aim. The Prussians, creeping along by the poplars, were attempting the passage of the Morelle, as the captain had foreseen; but as soon as one of them risked showing himself, he would fall, hit in the head by a ball from Dominique. The captain who followed this game was astonished. He complimented the young man, saying that he would be glad to have a lot of marksmen like him. Dominique did not hear him. A ball cut his shoulder, another bruised his arm; and he kept on firing.

There were two more men killed. The mattresses, all slashed to bits, no longer stopped up the windows. A last

volley seemed as if it would carry away the mill. The position was no longer tenable. Still the officer repeated: —

"Stick to it. Half an hour more."

Now he counted the minutes. He had promised his superior officers to hold the enemy there until evening, and would not draw back a sole's breadth before the time he had set for the retreat. He still had his gracious manner; smiling at Françoise, to reassure her. He himself had just picked up a dead soldier's rifle, and was firing.

There were only four soldiers left in the hall. The Prussians showed themselves in a body on the other bank of the Morelle, and it was evident that they might cross the river at any time. A few minutes more elapsed. The captain stuck to it obstinately, and would not give the order to retreat; when a sergeant came running up saying: —

"They are on the road: they are going to take us in the rear."

The Prussians must have found the bridge. The captain pulled out his watch.

"Five minutes more," said he. "They won't be here for five minutes."

Then at the stroke of six, he at last consented to order his men out by a little door opening upon an alley-way. From there they threw themselves into a ditch; they reached the Sauval forest. Before going, the captain saluted old Merlier very politely, excusing himself; and he even added: —

"Make them lose time. We shall be back again."

Meanwhile Dominique stayed on in the hall. He still kept firing, hearing nothing, understanding nothing. He only felt that he must defend Françoise. The soldiers were gone, without his suspecting it the least in the world. He took aim and killed his man at every shot. Suddenly there was a loud noise. The Prussians, from the rear, had just overrun the court-yard. He fired his last shot, and they fell upon him as his piece was still smoking.

Four men held him. Others shouted round him in a frightful language. They all but cut his throat off-hand. Françoise threw herself before him in supplication; but an officer came in and took charge of the prisoner. After a few sentences exchanged in German with the soldiers, he turned to Dominique and said roughly, and in very good French: —

"You will be shot in two hours."

II.

It was a rule made by the German staff: every Frenchman not belonging to the regular army, and taken with arms in his hands, should be shot. Even the guerrilla companies were not recognized as belligerents. By thus making terrible examples of the peasants who defended their own firesides, the Germans wished to prevent the uprising of the whole country *en masse*, which they dreaded.

The officer, a tall lean man of about fifty, put Dominique through a brief examination. Although he spoke very pure French, he had quite the Prussian stiffness.

"You belong in these parts?"

"No, I am a Belgian."

"Why have you taken up arms? All this can't be any of your business."

Dominique did not answer. At this moment the officer caught sight of Françoise, standing upright and very pale, listening; her slight wound put a red bar across her white forehead. He looked at the young people, one after the other, seemed to understand, and contented himself with adding: —

"You don't deny that you were firing?"

"I fired as long as I was able," Dominique answered quietly.

This confession was needless; for he was black with powder, covered with sweat, spotted with some drops of blood that had run down from the scratch on his shoulder.

"Very well," the officer repeated. "You will be shot in two hours."

Françoise did not cry out. She clasped her hands together, and raised them in a gesture of mute despair. The officer noticed this gesture. Two soldiers had led Dominique away into the next room, where they were to keep him in sight. The young girl had dropped down upon a chair, her legs giving way under her; she could not cry, she was choking. Meanwhile the officer kept looking at her closely. At last he spoke to her.

"That young man is your brother?" he asked.

She shook her head. He stood there stiff, without a smile. Then after a silence: —

"He has lived a long while in these parts?"

She nodded yes, still dumb.

"Then he must know the woods round here very well?"

This time she spoke.

"Yes, sir," she said, looking at him in some surprise.

He said no more, and turned on his heel, asking to have the mayor of the village brought to him. But Françoise had risen, a faint flush on her face, thinking to have caught the drift of his questions, and seeing fresh hope in them. It was she who ran to find her father.

Old Merlier, as soon as the shots had ceased, had run quickly down the wooden steps to look at his wheel. He adored his daughter, he had a stout friendship for Dominique, his intended son-in-law; but his wheel also held a large place in his heart. As the two young ones, as he called them, had come safe and sound out of the scrimmage, he thought of his other love, and this one had suffered grievously. And bending over the huge wooden carcass, he investigated its wounds, the picture of distress. Five paddles were in splinters, the central framework was riddled. He stuck his fingers into the bullet-holes to measure their depth; he thought over how he could repair all this damage. Françoise found him already stopping up cracks with broken bits of wood and moss.

"Father," she said, "you are wanted."

And at last she wept, telling him what she had just heard. Old Merlier shook his head. You did n't shoot people that way. He must see. And he went back into the mill with his silent, pacific air. When the officer asked him for victuals for his men, he answered that the people in Rocreuse were not accustomed to being bullied, and that nothing would be got from them by violence. He took everything upon himself, but on the condition of being allowed to act alone. The officer showed signs, at first, of getting angry at this cool manner; then he gave in to the old man's curt and business-like way of talking. He even called him back to ask him: —

"What do you call those woods there, opposite?"

"The Sauval woods."

"And what is their extent?"

The miller looked at him fixedly.

"I don't know," he answered.

And he walked away. An hour later, the contribution of victuals and money required by the officer were in the court-yard of the mill. Night was approaching; Françoise followed the soldiers' movements anxiously. She did not go far from the room in which Dominique was shut up. At about seven

she had a poignant emotion: she saw the officer go into the prisoner's room, and for a quarter of an hour she heard their voices raised. One instant the officer reappeared on the threshold, to give an order in German, which she did not understand: but when twelve men came and fell into line in the court-yard with their muskets, she fell a-trembling; she felt ready to die. So it was all over: the execution was to take place. The twelve men waited there ten minutes. Dominique's voice was still raised in a violent refusal. At last the officer came out, slamming the door and saying:—

"Very well; think it over. I give you till to-morrow morning."

And with a motion of his arm, he ordered the twelve men to break ranks. Françoise stayed on in a sort of stupor. Old Merlier, who had not stopped smoking his pipe, while looking at the squad with an air of simple curiosity, came up and took her by the arm with fatherly gentleness. He led her to her room.

"Keep quiet," he said; "try to sleep. To-morrow it will be daylight, and we will see."

When he withdrew he locked her in, for prudence's sake. It was a principle of his that women were no good, and that they made a mess of it whenever they undertook anything serious. But Françoise did not go to bed: she stayed a long time sitting on her bed, listening to the noises in the house. The German soldiers, encamped in the court-yard, were singing and laughing: they must have been eating and drinking up to eleven, for the noise did not stop for an instant. In the mill itself, heavy steps sounded every now and then: no doubt they were relieving sentries. But what interested her above all were noises that she could not make out, in the room under hers. Several times she lay down on the ground; she put her ear to the floor. This room happened to be the one in which Dominique was locked up. He must have been walking from the wall to the window, for she long heard the cadence of his steps: then there was a dead silence; he had doubtless sat down. Besides, the noises stopped; everything was hushed in sleep. When the house seemed to her to slumber, she opened the window as softly as possible, and rested her elbows on the sill.

Outside the night was calm and warm. The slender crescent moon, setting behind the Sauval woods, lighted up the

country with the glimmer of a night-taper. The elongated shadows of the great trees barred the meadows with black; while the grass, in the unshaded spots, put on the softness of greenish velvet. But Françoise did not stop to note the mysterious charm of the night. She examined the country, looking for the sentinels that the Germans must have stationed on one side. She plainly saw their shadows, ranged like rungs of a ladder along the Morelle. Only a single one stood opposite the mill, on the other side of the river, near a willow whose branches dipped into the water. Françoise saw him distinctly: he was a big fellow, standing motionless, his face turned toward the sky with the dreamy look of a shepherd.

Then when she had carefully inspected the ground, she went back and sat down upon her bed. She stayed there an hour, deeply absorbed. Then she listened again: in the house not a breath stirred. She went back to the window, and looked out; but no doubt she saw danger in one of the horns of the moon, which still appeared behind the trees, for she went back again to wait. At last the time seemed to have come. The night was quite dark; she no longer saw the sentinel opposite; the country lay spread out like a pool of ink. She listened intently for a moment, and made up her mind. An iron ladder ran near the window, — some bars let into the wall, leading from the wheel up to the loft, down which the millers used to climb to get at certain cog-wheels; then when the machinery had been altered, the ladder had long since disappeared beneath the rank growth of ivy that covered that side of the mill.

Françoise bravely climbed over the balustrade of her window, grasped one of the iron bars, and found herself in empty space. She began to climb down. Her skirts were much in her way. Suddenly a stone broke lose from the masonry, and fell into the Morelle with a resounding splash. She stopped, chilled with a shudder. But she saw that the waterfall, with its continuous roar, drowned out from afar any noise she might make; and she climbed down more boldly, feeling for the ivy with her foot, making sure of the rungs of the ladder. When she had got on a level with the room that was used as Dominique's prison, she stopped. An unforeseen difficulty nearly made her lose all her courage: the window of the room below was not cut regularly, under the window of her chamber; it was some way from the ladder, and when she

stretched out her hand she felt only the wall. Would she have to climb up again, without carrying her plan through to the end? Her arms were getting tired; the murmur of the Morelle beneath her began to make her dizzy. Then she tore off little bits of mortar from the wall, barking her fingers. And her strength was giving out: she felt herself falling backwards, when Dominique, at last, softly opened his window.

"It 's I," she whispered. "Take me quick, — I 'm falling."

It was the first time she had *tutoyéed* him. He caught her, leaning out, and lifted her into the room. There she had a fit of tears, stifling her sobs so as not to be heard. Then by a supreme effort she calmed herself.

"You are guarded?" she asked in a low voice.

Dominique, still dumbfounded at seeing her thus, made a simple sign, pointing to his door. They heard a snoring on the other side: the sentinel must have given way to drowsiness, and laid him down on the ground across the doorway, thinking that in this way the prisoner could not get out.

"You must run away," she went on rapidly. "I have come to implore you to run away, and to say good-by."

But he did not seem to hear her. He kept repeating: —

"How — it 's you, it 's you! — how you frightened me! You might have killed yourself."

He took her hands — he kissed them.

"How I love you, Françoise! You are as brave as you are good. I only had one fear, — that of dying without seeing you once more. But you are here, and now they can shoot me. When I have had a quarter of an hour with you, I shall be ready."

Little by little he had drawn her closer to him, and she rested her head upon his shoulder. The danger drew them nearer together. They forgot all in this embrace.

"Ah, Françoise," Dominique went on in a caressing voice, "to-day is St. Louis's day; our wedding day that we have waited for so long. Nothing has been able to separate us, since we are here, all alone, faithful to our tryst. It 's our wedding morn now, is n't it?"

"Yes, yes," she repeated, "our wedding morning."

They exchanged a kiss trembling. But of a sudden she broke loose: the terrible reality rose up before her.

"You must run away, — you must run away," she stammered out. "Let us not lose a minute."

And as he stretched out his arms once more to take her in the darkness, she again *tutoyéed* him: —

"Oh! I beg of you, listen to me. If you die, I shall die. In an hour it will be daylight. I wish you to go at once."

Then rapidly she explained her plan. The iron ladder ran down to the wheel; there he could take the paddles and get into the boat, which was in the recess. After that it would be easy for him to reach the other bank of the river and escape.

"But there must be sentinels there?" he said.

"Only one, opposite, at the foot of the first willow."

"And if he sees me, if he tries calling out?"

Françoise shuddered. She put a knife she had brought with her into his hand. There was a silence.

"And your father, and you?" Dominique continued. "But no, I can't run away. When I am gone, maybe these soldiers will slaughter you. You don't know them. They proposed to show me mercy if I would be their guide through the Sauval forest. When they find me gone, they will stick at nothing."

The young girl did not stop to discuss. She simply answered all the reasons he gave with —

"For the love of me, fly. If you love me, Dominique, don't stay here a minute longer."

Then she promised to climb back to her room. They would not know that she had helped him. She at last took him in her arms, kissed him to convince him, in an extraordinary outburst of passion. He was beaten. He asked not a question further.

"Swear to me that your father knows of what you are doing, and that he advises me to run away."

"It was my father sent me," Françoise answered boldly.

She lied. At this moment she felt nothing but a boundless need of knowing him in safety, of escaping from this abominable thought that the sun would give the signal for his death. When he was gone, all mishaps might rush down upon her; it would seem sweet to her as long as he was alive. The selfishness of her love wished him alive before all else.

"Very well," said Dominique: "I will do as you prefer."

Then they said nothing more. Dominique went to open the window again; but suddenly a noise chilled their blood. The door was shaken, and they thought it was being opened. Evidently a patrol had heard their voices; and both of them, standing pressed against each other, waited in an unspeakable

anguish. Each gave a stifled sigh; they saw how it was, — it must have been the soldier lying across the threshold turning over. And really, silence was restored; the snoring began again.

Dominique would have it that Françoise must first climb back to her room. He took her in his arms; he bade her a mute farewell. Then he helped her to seize the ladder, and grappled hold of it in his turn. But he refused to go down a single rung before he knew she was in her room. When Françoise had climbed in, she whispered, in a voice as light as breath: —

"Au revoir; I love you!"

She stopped with her elbows resting on the window-sill, and tried to follow Dominique with her eyes. The night was still very dark. She looked for the sentinel, and did not see him; only the willow made a pale spot in the midst of the darkness. For an instant she heard the rustling of Dominique's body along the ivy. Then the wheel creaked, and there was a gentle plashing that told that the young man had found the boat. A minute later, in fact, she made out the dark outline of a boat on the gray sheet of the Morelle. Then anguish stopped her breath. At every moment she thought to hear the sentinel's cry of alarm. The faintest sounds, scattered through the darkness, seemed to be the hurried tread of soldiers, the clatter of arms, the click of the hammers of their rifles. Yet seconds elapsed; the country slept in a sovereign peace. Dominique must have been landing on the other bank. Françoise saw nothing more. The stillness was majestic. And she heard a noise of scuffling feet, a hoarse cry, the dull thud of a falling body. Then the silence grew deeper; and as if she had felt death passing by, she waited on, all cold, face to face with the pitch-dark night.

III.

At daybreak, shouting voices shook the mill. Old Merlier had come down to open Françoise's door. She came down into the court-yard, pale and very calm. But there she gave a shudder before the dead body of a Prussian soldier, which was stretched out near the well, on a cloak spread on the ground.

Around the body, soldiers were gesticulating, crying aloud in fury. Many of them shook their fists at the village. Mean-

while the officer had had old Merlier called, as mayor of the township.

"See here," said he, in a voice choking with rage, "here 's one of our men who has been murdered by the river-side. We must make a tremendous example, and I trust you will help us to find out the murderer."

"Anything you please," answered the miller in his phlegmatic way. "Only it will not be easy."

The officer had stooped down to throw aside a flap of the cloak that hid the dead man's face. Then a horrible wound appeared. The sentinel had been struck in the throat, and the weapon was left in the wound. It was a kitchen knife with a black handle.

"Look at this knife," said the officer to old Merlier: "perhaps it may help us in our search."

The old man gave a start. But he recovered himself immediately, and answered, without moving a muscle of his face: —

"Everybody in these parts has knives like that. Maybe your man was tired of fighting, and did the job himself. Such things have been known to happen."

"Shut up!" the officer cried furiously. "I don't know what keeps me from setting fire to the four corners of the village."

His anger luckily prevented his noticing the profound change that had come over Françoise's face. She had to sit down on the stone bench near the wall. In spite of herself her eyes never left that dead body, stretched on the ground almost at her feet. He was a big, handsome fellow, who looked like Dominique, with light hair and blue eyes. This resemblance made her heart-sick. She thought of how the dead man had perhaps left some sweetheart behind, who would weep for him over there in Germany. And she recognized her knife in the dead man's throat. She had killed him.

Meanwhile the officer talked of taking terrible measures against Rocreuse, when some soldiers came up running. They had only just noticed Dominique's escape. It occasioned an extreme agitation. The officer visited the premises, looked out of the window, which had been left open, understood it all, and came back exasperated.

Old Merlier seemed very much put out at Dominique's flight.

"The idiot!" he muttered: "he spoils it all."

Françoise, who heard him, was seized with anguish. For the rest her father did not suspect her complicity. He shook his head, saying to her in an undertone: —

"Now we are in a fine scrape!"

"It 's that rascal! it 's that rascal!" cried the officer. "He must have reached the woods. But he must be found for us, or the village shall pay for it."

And addressing the miller: —

"Come, you must know where he is hiding?"

Old Merlier gave a noiseless chuckle, pointing to the wide extent of wooded hillside. "How do you expect to find a man in there?" said he.

"Oh, there must be holes in there that you know of. I will give you ten men. You shall be their guide."

"All right. Only it will take us a week to beat all the woods in the neighborhood."

The old man's coolness infuriated the officer. In fact, he saw the ridiculousness of this battue. It was then that he caught sight of Françoise, pale and trembling on the bench. The young girl's anxious attitude struck him. He said nothing for an instant, looking hard at the miller and Françoise by turns.

"Is n't this young man," he at last brutally asked the old man, "your daughter's lover?"

Old Merlier turned livid; one would have thought him on the point of throwing himself upon the officer and strangling him. He drew himself up stiffly; he did not answer. Françoise put her face between her hands.

"Yes, that 's it," the Prussian went on: "you or your daughter have helped him to run away. You are his accomplice. For the last time, will you give him up to us?"

The miller did not answer. He had turned away, looking off into the distance, as if the officer had not been speaking to him.

This put the last touch to the latter's anger.

"Very well," he said: "you shall be shot instead."

And he once more ordered out the firing party. Old Merlier still kept cool. He hardly gave a slight shrug of his shoulders: this whole drama seemed to him in rather bad taste. No doubt he did not believe that a man was to be shot with so little ado. Then when the squad had come, he said gravely: —

"You 're in earnest, then? — All right. If you absolutely must have some one, I shall do as well as another."

But Françoise sprang up, half crazed, stammering out: —

"Mercy, monsieur! don't do any harm to my father. Kill me instead. It 's I who helped Dominique to escape. I am the only culprit."

"Be quiet, little girl," cried old Merlier. "What are you lying for? She spent the night locked up in her room, monsieur. She lies, I assure you."

"No, I am not lying," the young girl replied ardently. "I climbed down out of the window; I urged Dominique to fly. It 's the truth, the only truth."

The old man turned very pale. He saw clearly in her eyes that she was not lying; and the story appalled him. Ah! these children with their hearts, how they spoiled everything! Then he grew angry.

"She 's crazy; don't believe her. She is telling you stupid stories. Come, let 's have done with it."

She tried to protest again. She knelt down, she clasped her hands. The officer looked quietly on this heart-rending struggle.

"Good God!" he said at last, "I take your father because I have n't got the other one. Try and find the other one, and your father shall go free."

For a moment she looked at him, her eyes staring wide at the atrocity of this proposal.

"It 's horrible," she murmured. "Where do you expect me to find Dominique at this time? He 's gone; I don't know where he is."

"Well, choose. Him or your father."

"O my God! how can I choose? But even if I knew where Dominique was, I could not choose! It is my heart you are breaking. I had rather die at once. Yes, it would be soonest over so. Kill me, I beg of you, kill me!"

The officer at last grew impatient at this scene of despair and tears. He cried out: —

"I 've had enough of this! I 'm willing to be good-natured, — I consent to give you two hours. If your sweetheart is n't here in two hours, your father shall pay for him."

And he had old Merlier taken to the room which had been used for Dominique's prison. The old man asked for some tobacco, and fell to smoking. No emotion was detected in his

impassive face. Only, when he was alone, two big tears ran slowly down his cheeks. His poor, dear child, how she suffered!

Françoise had stayed in the middle of the court-yard. Some Prussian soldiers passed by, laughing. Some of them called out to her jokes which she did not understand. She stared at the door through which her father had just disappeared. And with a slow movement she raised her hand to her forehead, as if to keep it from bursting. The officer turned on his heel repeating:

"You have two hours. Try to make good use of them."

She had two hours. This sentence kept buzzing in her head. Then, mechanically, she went out of the court-yard, she walked straight before her. Whither should she go? What should she do? She did not even try to decide, because she felt convinced of the uselessness of her efforts. Yet she would have liked to find Dominique. They would have come to an understanding together; they might perhaps have hit upon an expedient. And amid the confusion of her thoughts, she went down to the bank of the Morelle, which she crossed below the dam, at a place where there were some large stones. Her feet led her under the first willow, at the corner of the field. As she bent down she saw a pool of blood that made her turn pale. That was clearly the place. And she followed Dominique's tracks in the trodden grass: he must have run; a long line of strides was to be seen cutting through the field cornerwise. Then, farther on, she lost the tracks; but in a neighboring field she thought she found them again. This brought her to the outskirts of the forest, where all traces were wiped out.

Françoise plunged in under the trees, notwithstanding. It was a relief to be alone. She sat down for a moment; then, remembering her time was running out, she got up again. How long was it since she had left the mill? Five minutes? half an hour? She lost all consciousness of time. Perhaps Dominique had gone and hidden in a copse she knew of, where one afternoon they had eaten filberts together. She went to the copse and searched it. Only a blackbird flew out, whistling its soft, melancholy tune. Then she thought he had taken refuge in a hollow in the rocks, where he sometimes used to lie in ambush for game; but the hollow in the rocks was empty. What was the use of looking for him? she would not find him: and little by little her desire to find him grew

furious; she walked on faster. The notion that he might have climbed up a tree suddenly struck her. From that moment she pushed on with up-turned eyes; and that he might know she was near, she called out to him every fifteen or twenty steps. The cuckoos answered her; a breath of air passing through the branches made her think he was there, and was coming down. Once she even thought she saw him; she stopped, choking, having a good mind to run away. What would she say to him? Had she come, then, to lead him away and have him shot? Oh no, she would not mention these things. She would cry out to him to escape, not to stay in the neighborhood. Then the thought of her father waiting for her gave her a sharp pang. She fell upon the turf, weeping, repeating aloud: —

"My God, my God! why am I here!"

She must have been crazy to come. And as if seized with fright, she ran, she tried to find a way out of the forest. Three times she took the wrong path; and she thought she could not find the mill again, when she came out into a field just opposite Rocreuse. As soon as she caught sight of the village, she stopped. Was she going to return alone?

As she stood there, a voice called to her softly: —

"Françoise! Françoise!"

And she saw Dominique raising his head above the edge of a ditch. Just God, she had found him! So Heaven wished his death? She held back a cry, she let herself slide down into the ditch.

"You were looking for me?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, her head buzzing, not knowing what she said.

"Ah! what 's going on?"

She looked down; she stammered out: —

"Why, nothing; I was anxious — I wanted to see you."

Then, reassured, he told her that he had not wished to go far. He feared for them. Those rascals of Prussians were just the sort to wreak vengeance upon women and old men. Then all was going well; and he added, laughing: —

"Our wedding will be for this day week, that 's all."

Then, as she was still overcome, he grew serious again.

"But what 's the matter with you? You are keeping something from me."

"No, I swear to you. I ran to come — "

He kissed her, saying that it was imprudent for either of them to talk any longer; and he wished to get back to the forest. She held him back. She was trembling.

"Listen: perhaps it would be as well for you to stay here, all the same. Nobody is looking for you; you 're not afraid of anything."

"Françoise, you are keeping something from me," he repeated.

Again she swore she was keeping nothing from him. Only she had rather know he was near; and she stammered out other reasons besides. She struck him as acting so queerly, that now he himself would not have been willing to leave her. Besides, he believed the French would return. Troops had been sent over Sauval way.

"Ah! let them be in a hurry; let them be here as soon as possible!" he muttered fervently.

At this moment the Rocreuse church clock struck eleven. The strokes came clear and distinct. She sprang up in fright: it was two hours since she had left the mill.

"Listen," she said rapidly: "if we should need you, I will go up to my room and wave my handkerchief."

And she left him, running; while Dominique, very anxious, stretched himself out on the edge of the ditch, to keep his eye on the mill. As she was just running into Rocreuse, Françoise met an old beggar, old Bontemps, who knew the whole country. He bowed to her: he had just seen the miller in the midst of the Prussians; then crossing himself and mumbling some disconnected words, he went his way.

"The two hours are over," said the officer, when Françoise appeared.

Old Merlier was there, sitting on the bench by the well. He was still smoking. The young girl once more implored, wept, fell upon her knees. She wished to gain time. The hope of seeing the French return had grown in her; and while bewailing her fate, she thought she heard the measured tread of an army. Oh! if they had come, if they had delivered them all!

"Listen, monsieur, one hour, one hour more! You can surely grant me one hour!"

But the officer was still inflexible. He even ordered two men to take her in charge and lead her away, that they might proceed quietly with the old man's execution. Then a fright-

ful conflict went on in Françoise's heart. She could not let her father be thus murdered. No, no, she would die with Dominique first; and she was bounding toward her room, when Dominique himself walked into the court-yard.

The officer and soldiers gave a shout of triumph. But he, as if no one but Françoise had been there, stepped up to her quietly, a little sternly.

"That was wrong," said he. "Why did n't you bring me back with you? Old Bontemps had to tell me everything. After all, here I am."

IV.

It was three o'clock. Great black clouds had slowly filled the sky, the tail of some not distant thunder-storm. This yellow sky, these copper-colored rags, changed the valley of Rocreuse, so cheerful in the sunshine, to a cut-throat den, full of suspicious shadows. The Prussian officer had been content to have Dominique locked up, without saying anything about what fate he had in store for him. Ever since noon, Françoise had been a prey to infernal anguish. She would not leave the court-yard, in spite of her father's urging. She was waiting for the French. But the hours passed by, night was at hand, and she suffered the more keenly that all this time gained did not seem likely to change the frightful catastrophe.

Nevertheless at about three, the Prussians made preparations to go. A minute before, the officer had closeted himself with Dominique, as on the preceding day. Françoise saw that the young man's life was being decided on. Then she clasped her hands and prayed. Old Merlier, beside her, maintained his mute and rigid attitude of an old peasant who does not struggle with the fatality of facts.

"O my God! O my God!" said Françoise brokenly, "they are going to kill him!"

The miller drew her close to him and took her upon his knee, like a child.

Just then the officer came out; while behind him, two men led Dominique.

"Never, never!" cried the latter. "I am ready to die."

"Think of it well," replied the officer. "This service that you refuse us will be done for us by another. I offer you your life; I am generous. It is only to be our guide to Montredom, through the woods. There must be paths."

Dominique made no answer.

"Then you are still obstinate ? "

"Kill me, and let us have done with it," he answered.

Françoise, with hands clasped, implored him from across the yard. She had forgotten all; she would have urged him to some piece of cowardice. But old Merlier grasped her hands, that the Prussians might not see her delirious gesture.

"He is right," he murmured: "it 's better to die."

The firing party was there. The officer was waiting for a moment of weakness on Dominique's part. He still counted on winning him over. There was a dead silence. From the distance were heard violent claps of thunder. A sultry heat weighed upon the country; and in the midst of this silence a shriek burst forth: —

"The French! the French!"

It was really they. On the Sauval road, on the outskirts of the wood, you could make out the line of red trousers. Inside the mill there was an extraordinary hubbub. The Prussian soldiers ran about with guttural exclamations. For the rest, not a shot had been fired yet.

"The French! the French!" screamed Françoise, clapping her hands.

She was like mad. She had broken loose from her father's embrace, and she laughed, her arms waving in the air. At last they were coming, and they had come in time, since Dominique was still there, erect!

A terrible firing that burst upon her ears like a thunderstroke made her turn round. The officer had just muttered: —

"First of all, let us finish this job."

And pushing Dominique up against the wall of a shed with his own hands, he had ordered, "Fire!" When Françoise turned round, Dominique was lying on the ground, his breast pierced with twelve bullets.

She did not weep; she stood there in a stupor. Her eyes were fixed, and she went and sat down under the shed, a few steps from the body. She looked at it; at moments she made a vague and childlike movement with her hand. The Prussians had laid hold of old Merlier as a hostage.

It was a fine fight. Rapidly the officer stationed his men, recognizing that he could not beat a retreat without being overpowered. It was as well to sell his life dearly. Now it was the Prussians who defended the mill, and the French that

made the attack. The firing began with unheard-of violence. For half an hour it did not stop. Then a dull explosion was heard, and a shot broke off one of the main branches of the hundred-year-old elm. The French had cannon. A battery drawn up just above the ditch in which Dominique had hidden, swept the main street of Rocreuse. From this moment the struggle could not last long.

Ah! the poor mill! Shot pierced it through and through. Half the roofing was carried away. Two walls crumbled. But it was, above all, on the side toward the Morelle that the ruin done was piteous. The ivy, torn from the shattered walls, hung in rags; the river swept away débris of every sort; and through a breach you could see Françoise's room, with her bed, the white curtains of which were carefully drawn. Shot upon shot, the old wheel received two cannon-balls, and gave one last groan: the paddles were washed away by the current, the carcass collapsed. The mill had breathed out its soul.

Then the French stormed the place. There was a furious fight with side-arms. Beneath the rust-colored sky, the cut-throat hollow of the valley was filled with slain. The broad meadows looked grim, their rows of poplars streaking them with shadows. To the right and left, the forests were like the walls of a circus, shutting in the combatants; while the springs, the fountains, the running waters, gave forth sounds of sobbing, amid the panic of the country-side.

Under the shed, Françoise had not stirred, crouched down opposite Dominique's body. Old Merlier was killed outright by a spent bullet. Then when the Prussians had been annihilated, and the mill was burning, the French captain was the first man to enter the court-yard. From the beginning of the campaign it was the only success he had won. And all aglow, drawing up his tall figure to its full height, he laughed with his gracious air of a fine cavalier. And seeing Françoise, imbecile, between the dead bodies of her husband and father, amidst the smoking ruins of the mill, he gallantly saluted her with his sword, crying out: —

"Victory! Victory!"

THE OLDEST STORY IN THE WORLD.

The Shipwrecked Sailor.

[One of the most complete documents existing on papyrus is the "Story of the Shipwrecked Sailor." The tale itself seems to date from a very early period, when imagination could still have full play in Upper Nubia. In it a sailor is apparently presenting a petition to some great man, in hopes of royal favor as the hero of the marvels which he proceeds to recount.

The Papyrus, which apparently is of the age of the XIth Dynasty, is preserved at St. Petersburg, but is still unpublished. It has been translated by Professors Golenisheff and Maspero. The present version is taken from "Egyptian Tales," by W. M. Flinders Petrie.]

The wise servant said, "Let thy heart be satisfied, O my lord, for that we have come back to the country; after we have long been on board, and rowed much, the prow has at last touched land. All the people rejoice and embrace us one after another. Moreover, we have come back in good health, and not a man is lacking; although we have been to the ends of Wawat and gone through the land of Senmut, we have returned in peace, and our land — behold, we have come back to it. Hear me, my lord; I have no other refuge. Wash thee and turn the water over thy fingers, then go and tell the tale to the Majesty."

His lord replied, "Thy heart continues still its wandering words! But although the mouth of a man may save him, his words may also cover his face with confusion. Wilt thou do, then, as thy heart moves thee. This that thou wilt say, tell quietly."

The sailor then answered: —

"Now I shall tell that which has happened to me, to my very self. I was going to the mines of Pharaoh, and I went down on the Sea on a ship of 150 cubits long and 40 cubits wide, with 150 sailors of the best of Egypt, who had seen heaven and earth, and whose hearts were stronger than lions. They had said that the wind would not be contrary, or that

there would be none. But as we approached the land the wind arose, and threw up waves eight cubits high. As for me, I seized a piece of wood; but those who were in the vessel perished, without one remaining. A wave threw me on an island, after that I had been three days alone, without a companion beside my own heart. I laid me in a thicket and the shadow covered me. Then stretched I my limbs to try to find something for my mouth. I found there figs and grapes, all manner of good herbs, berries and grain, melons of all kinds, fishes and birds. Nothing was lacking. And I satisfied myself, and left on the ground that which was over, of what my arms had been filled withal. I dug a pit, I lighted a fire, and I made a burnt-offering unto the gods.

"Suddenly I heard a noise as of thunder, which I thought to be that of a wave of the sea. The trees shook and the earth was moved. I uncovered my face, and I saw that a serpent drew near. He was thirty cubits long, and his beard greater than two cubits; his body was overlaid with gold, and his color as that of true lazuli. He coiled himself before me.

"Then he opened his mouth, while that I lay on my face before him, and he said to me, 'What has brought thee, what has brought thee, little one, what has brought thee? If thou sayest not speedily what has brought thee to this isle, I will make thee know thyself; as a flame thou shalt vanish, if thou tellest me not something I have not heard, or which I knew not before thee.'

"Then he took me in his mouth and carried me to his resting-place, and laid me down without any hurt. I was whole and sound, and nothing was gone from me. Then he opened his mouth against me, while that I lay on my face before him, and he said, 'What has brought thee, what has brought thee, little one, what has brought thee to this isle which is in the sea, and of which the shores are in the midst of the waves?'

"Then I replied to him, and holding my arms low before him, I said to him: — 'I was embarked for the mines by the order of the Majesty, in a ship; 150 cubits was its length, and the width of it 40 cubits. It had 150 sailors of the best of Egypt, who had seen heaven and earth, and the hearts of whom were stronger than lions. They said that the wind would not be contrary, or that there would be none. Each of them exceeded his companion in the prudence of his heart and the strength of his arm, and I was not beneath any of them. A

storm came upon us while we were on the sea. Hardly could we reach to the shore when the wind waxed yet greater, and the waves rose even eight cubits. As for me, I seized a piece of wood, while those who were in the boat perished without one being left with me for three days. Behold me now before thee, for I was brought to this isle by a wave of the sea!'

"Then said he to me, 'Fear not, fear not, little one, and make not thy face sad. If thou hast come to me, it is God who has let thee live. For it is he who has brought thee to this isle of the blest, where nothing is lacking, and which is filled with all good things. See now thou shalt pass one month after another, until thou shalt be four months in this isle. Then a ship shall come from thy land with sailors, and thou shalt leave with them and go to thy country, and thou shalt die in thy town. Converse is pleasing, and he who tastes of it passes over his misery. I will therefore tell thee of that which is in this isle. I am here with my brethren and my children around me; we are seventy-five serpents, children, and kindred; without naming a young girl who was brought unto me by chance, and on whom the fire of heaven fell and burnt her to ashes. As for thee, if thou art strong, and if thy heart waits patiently, thou shalt press thy infants to thy bosom and embrace thy wife. Thou shalt return to thy house which is full of all good things, thou shalt see thy land, where thou shalt dwell in the midst of thy kindred!'

"Then I bowed in my obeisance, and I touched the ground before him. 'Behold now that which I have told thee before. I shall tell of thy presence unto Pharaoh, I shall make him to know of thy greatness, and I will bring to thee of the sacred oils and perfumes, and of incense of the temples with which all gods are honored. I shall tell moreover of that which I do now see (thanks to him), and there shall be rendered to thee praises before the fulness of all the land. I shall slay asses for thee in sacrifice, I shall pluck for thee the birds, and I shall bring for thee ships full of all kinds of the treasures of Egypt, as is comely to do unto a god, a friend of men in a far country, of which men know not.'

"Then he smiled at my speech, because of that which was in his heart, for he said to me, 'Thou art not rich in perfumes, for all that thou hast is but common incense. As for me, I am prince of the land of Punt, and I have perfumes. Only the oil which thou saidst thou wouldst bring is not common in this

isle. But when thou shalt depart from this place, thou shalt never more see this isle; it shall be changed into waves.'

"And behold, when the ship drew near, attending to all that he had told me before, I got me up into an high tree, to strive to see those who were within it. Then I came and told to him this matter; but it was already known unto him before. Then he said to me, 'Farewell, farewell; go to thy house, little one, see again thy children, and let thy name be good in thy town; these are my wishes for thee!'

"Then I bowed myself before him, and held my arms low before him, and he, he gave me gifts of precious perfumes, of cassia, of sweet woods, of kohl, of cypress, an abundane of incense, of ivory tusks, of baboons, of apes, and all kinds of precious things. I embarked all in the ship which was come, and bowing myself, I prayed God for him.

"Then he said to me, 'Behold, thou shalt come to thy country in two months, thou shalt press to thy bosom thy children, and thou shalt rest in thy tomb!' After this I went down to the shore unto the ship, and I called to the sailors who were there. Then on the shore I rendered adoration to the master of this isle and to those who dwelt therein.

"When we shall come, in our return, to the house of Pharaoh, in the second month, according to all that the serpent has said, we shall approach unto the palace. And I shall go in before Pharaoh, I shall bring the gifts which I have brought from this isle into the country. Then he shall thank me before the fulness of all the land. Grant then unto me a follower, and lead me to the courtiers of the king. Cast thine eye upon me after that I am come to land again, after that I have both seen and proved this. Hear my prayer, for it is good to listen to people. It was said unto me, 'Become a wise man, and thou shalt come to honor,' and behold I have become such."

This is finished from its beginning unto its end, even as it was found in a writing. It is written by the scribe of cunning fingers, Ameniamenaa; may he live in life, wealth, and health.

THE TWO BROTHERS.[1]

["The Story of the Two Brothers" is in places incoherent, but charms throughout by beautiful and natural touches. The copy in which it has been preserved to us is practically complete, but is full of errors of writing and of composition, whole sentences having crept in that are useless, or contradictory to the context. The style is however absolutely simple and narrative, and the language entirely free from archaisms.

The papyrus, which bears the name of Seti II. as crown prince, dates from the XIXth Dynasty. The beginnings of many of the sentences and paragraphs are written in red: this is specially the case when a sentence commences with an indication of time, usually expressed in a fixed formula. In such cases the translation of the passage written in red is here printed in italics.]

ONCE there were two brothers, of one mother and one father; Anpu was the name of the elder, and Bata was the name of the younger. Now, as for Anpu, he had a house and he had a wife. His younger brother was to him as it were a son; he it was who made for him his clothes, while he walked behind his oxen to the fields; he it was who did the plowing; he it was who harvested the corn; he it was who did for him all the work of the fields. Behold, his younger brother grew to be an excellent worker; there was not his equal in the whole land; behold, the strain of a god was in him.

Now when the days multiplied after these things, his younger brother followed his oxen as his manner was, daily; every evening he turned again to the house, laden with all the herbs of the field, with milk and with wood, and with all things of the field. He put them down before his elder brother, who was sitting with his wife; he drank and ate; he lay down in his stable with the cattle.

Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, he took bread which he had baked, and laid it before his elder brother; and he took with him his bread to the field, and he drave his cattle to pasture them in the fields. And he used to walk behind his cattle, they saying to him, "Good is the herbage which is in such a place;" and he hearkened to all that they

[1] This has been called "The Oldest Story in the World," but the previous selection probably antedates it by more than a thousand years.

said, and he took them to the good pasture which they desired. And the cattle which were before him became exceeding excellent, and they became prolific greatly.

Now at the time of plowing, his elder brother said unto him, "Let us make ready for ourselves a yoke of oxen for plowing; for the land hath come out from the water; it is good for plowing in this state; and do thou come to the field with corn, for we will begin the plowing in the morrow morning." Thus said he to him; *and his* younger brother did everything that his elder brother had bidden him, to the end.

Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, they went to the fields with their yoke of oxen; and their hearts were pleased exceedingly with that which they accomplished in the beginning of their work.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, they were in the field; they stopped for seed corn, and he sent his younger brother, saying, "Haste thou, bring to us corn from the farm." And the younger brother found the wife of his elder brother; [some] one was sitting arranging her hair. He said to her [the wife], "Get up, and give to me seed corn, that I may run to the field, for my elder brother hastened me; be not slow." She said to him, "Go, open the store, and thou shalt take for thyself what is in thy heart; do not interrupt the course of my hair-dressing."

The youth went into his stable; he took a large measure, for he desired to take much corn; he loaded it with barley and spelt; and he went out carrying them. She said to him, "How much of the corn that is wanted, is that which is on thy shoulder?" He said to her, "Three bushels of spelt, and two of barley, in all five; these are what are upon my shoulder;" thus said he to her. And she spake with him, saying, "There is great strength in thee, for I see thy might every day." And her desire was to know him with the knowledge of youth. She arose and took hold of him, and said to him, "Come, lie with me; behold, this shall be to thine advantage, for I will make for thee beautiful garments." Then the youth became like a leopard of the south in fury at the evil speech which she had made to him; and she feared greatly. He spake with her, saying, "Behold, thou art to me as a mother; thy husband is to me as a father; for he who is elder than I hath brought me up. What is this great wickedness that thou hast said? Say it not to me again. For I will not tell it to any man, that it should

go forth by the mouth of all men." He lifted up his burden, and he went to the field and came to his elder brother; and they took up their work, to labor at their task.

Now afterwards, at the time of evening, his elder brother was returning to his house; the younger brother was following after his oxen; he loaded himself with all the things of the field; he brought his oxen before him, to make them lie down in their stable which was in the farm. Behold, the wife of the elder brother was afraid for the words which she had said. She took a pot of fat; she made herself as one who had been beaten by miscreants, in order that she might say to her husband, "It is thy younger brother who hath done this wrong." Her husband returned in the even, as his manner was every day; he came unto his house; he found his wife lying down, ill of violence; she did not put water upon his hands as his manner was; she did not make a light before him; his house was in darkness, and she was lying vomiting. Her husband said to her, "Who hath spoken with thee?" Behold, she said, "No one hath spoken with me except thy younger brother. When he came to take for thee seed corn he found me sitting alone; he said to me, 'Come, let us lie together; put on thy wig;'[1] thus spake he to me. I would not hearken to him: 'Behold, am I not thy mother, is not thy elder brother to thee as a father?' Thus spake I to him, and he feared, and he beat me to stop me from making report to thee, and if thou lettest him live I shall kill myself. Now behold, when he cometh tomorrow, seize upon him; I will accuse him of this wicked thing which he would have done the day before."

The elder brother became as a leopard of the south; he sharpened his knife; he took it in his hand; he stood behind the door of his stable to slay his younger brother as he came in the evening to let his cattle into the stable.

Now the sun went down, and he loaded himself with all the herbs of the field in his manner of every day. He came; his leading cow entered the stable; she said to her keeper, "Behold, thy elder brother is standing before thee with his knife to slay thee; flee from before him." He heard what his leading cow had said; the next entered and said likewise. He looked beneath the door of the stable; he saw the feet of his elder brother standing behind the door with his knife in his

[1] The Egyptians shaved their heads and wore wigs as a matter of cleanliness in a hot climate.

hand. He put down his load on the ground, he set out to flee swiftly; his elder brother pursued after him with his knife. Then the younger brother cried out unto Ra Harakhti, saying, "My good Lord! Thou art he who distinguishest wrong from right." Ra hearkened to all his complaint; Ra caused to be made a great water between him and his elder brother, full of crocodiles; the one brother was on one bank, the other on the other bank; and the elder brother smote twice on his hands at not slaying him. Thus did he. The younger brother called to the elder on the bank, saying, "Stand still until the dawn of day; when Ra ariseth I shall argue with thee before him, and he giveth the wrong to the right. For I shall not be with thee unto eternity. I shall not be in the place in which thou art; I shall go to the Valley of the Acacia."

Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, Ra Harakhti[1] shone out, and each of them saw the other. The youth spake with his elder brother, saying: — "Wherefore camest thou after me to slay me wrongfully, when thou hadst not heard my mouth speak? For I am thy younger brother in truth; thou art to me as a father; thy wife is to me even as a mother: is it not so? Verily, when I was sent to bring for us seed corn, thy wife said to me, 'Come lie with me.' Behold, this has been turned over to thee upside down." He caused him to understand all that happened with him and with his wife. He swore an oath by Ra Harakhti, saying, "Thy coming to slay me wrongfully, having thy spear, was the instigation of a wicked and filthy one." He took a reed knife and mutilated himself; he cast the flesh into the water, and the silurus swallowed it. He sank; he became faint; his elder brother chided his heart greatly; he stood weeping for him loudly, that he could not cross to where his younger brother was, because of the crocodiles. The younger brother called unto him, saying, "Whereas thou hast devised an evil thing, wilt thou not also devise a good thing, or such a thing as I would do unto thee? When thou goest to thy house thou must look to thy cattle; for I stay not in the place where thou art, I am going to the Valley of the Acacia. Now as to what thou shalt do for me: verily, understand this, that things shall happen unto me; namely, that I shall draw out my soul, that I shall put it upon the top of the flowers of the acacia; the acacia-tree will be cut down, it shall fall to the ground, and

[1] The sun.

thou shalt come to seek for it, and if thou passest seven years searching for it, let not thy heart sicken. Thou shalt find it; thou must put it in a cup of cold water that I may live again, that I may make answer to what hath been done wrong. Thou shalt understand this; namely, that things are happening to me, when one shall give to thee a pot of beer in thy hand and it shall foam up: stay not then, for verily it shall come to pass with thee."

He went to the Valley of the Acacia; his elder brother went to his house; his hand was laid on his head; he cast dust on his head; he came to his house, he slew his wife, he cast her to the dogs, and he sat in mourning for his younger brother.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, his younger brother was in the Valley of the Acacia; there was none with him; he spent the day hunting the game of the desert, he came back in the even to lie down under the acacia, the topmost flower of which was his soul.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, he built himself a tower with his hand, in the Valley of the Acacia; it was full of all good things, that he might provide for himself a home.

He went out from his tower, he met the Ennead of the gods,[1] who were going forth to arrange the affairs of their whole land. The Nine Gods talked one with another, they said unto him: "Ho! Bata, Bull of the Ennead of the gods, art thou remaining alone, having fled thy village from before the wife of Anpu thy elder brother? Behold, his wife is slain. Thou hast given him an answer to all that was transgressed against thee." Their hearts were sad for him exceedingly. Ra Harakhti said to Khnumu,[1] "Behold, frame thou a wife for Bata, that he may not sit alone." Khnumu made for him a mate to dwell with him. She was more beautiful in her limbs than any woman who is in the whole land. Every god was in her. The seven Hathors came to see her: they said with one mouth, "She will die a sharp death."

He loved her very exceedingly, and she dwelt in his house; he passed his time in hunting the game of the desert, and brought what he took before her. He said, "Go not outside, lest the sea seize thee; for I cannot rescue thee from it, for I

[1] Ra Harakhti was the chief of this Ennead. Khnumu, one of his companion gods, was the craftsman, sometimes represented as fashioning mankind upon the potters' wheel.

am a woman like thee: my soul is placed on the top of the flower of the acacia; and if another find it, I shall be vanquished by him." He explained to her all about his soul.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, Bata went to hunt as his daily manner was. The girl went to walk under the acacia which was by the side of her house; the sea saw her, and cast its waves up after her. She set out to run away from it; she entered her house. The sea called unto the acacia, saying, "Oh, catch hold of her for me!" The acacia brought a lock from her hair, the sea carried it to Egypt, and dropped it in the place of the washers of Pharaoh's linen. The smell of the lock of hair entered into the clothes of Pharaoh. They were wroth with Pharaoh's washers, saying, "The smell of ointment is in the clothes of Pharaoh." The men were rebuked every day; they knew not what they should do. The chief of the washers of Pharaoh went down to the seaside; his soul was black within him because of the chiding with him daily. He stopped and stood upon the sandy shore opposite to the lock of hair, which was in the water; he made one go in, and it was brought to him; there was found in it a smell, exceeding sweet. He took it to Pharaoh; the scribes and the wise men were brought to Pharaoh; they said unto Pharaoh: —"This lock of hair belongs to a daughter of Ra Harakhti; the strain of every god is in her; it is a tribute to thee from a strange land. Let messengers go to every foreign land to seek her: as for the messenger who shall go to the Valley of the Acacia, let many men go with him to bring her." Then said his Majesty, "Excellent exceedingly is what we have said;" and the men were sent.

When the days were multiplied after these things, the people who went abroad came to give report unto the king: but there came not those who went to the Valley of the Acacia, for Bata had slain them; he spared one of them to give a report to the king. His Majesty sent many men and soldiers as well as horsemen, to bring her back. There was a woman among them, into whose hand was put every kind of beautiful ornaments for a woman. The girl came back with her; there were rejoicings for her in the whole land.

His Majesty loved her exceedingly, and raised her to be a princess of high rank; he spake with her that she should tell concerning her husband. She said to his Majesty, "Let the acacia be cut down, and let one chop it up." They sent men

and soldiers with their weapons to cut down the acacia; they came to the acacia, they cut the flower upon which was the soul of Bata, and he fell dead upon the instant.

Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, the acacia was cut down. And Anpu, the elder brother of Bata, entered his house; he sat down and washed his hands: one gave him a pot of beer, it foamed up; another was given him of wine, it became foul. He took his staff, his sandals, likewise his clothes, with his weapons of war; he set out to walk to the Valley of the Acacia. He entered the tower of his younger brother; he found his younger brother lying on his bed; he was dead. He wept when he saw his younger brother verily lying dead. He went out to seek the soul of his younger brother under the acacia tree, under which his younger brother used to lie in the evening. He spent three years in seeking for it, but found it not. When he began the fourth year, he desired in his heart to return into Egypt; he said, "I will go to-morrow;" thus spake he in his heart.

When the earth lighted and the second day came, he went out under the acacia, and set to work to seek it again. He found a seed-pod. He returned with it. Behold, this was the soul of his younger brother. He brought a cup of cold water, he dropped it into it: he sat down, as his manner of every day was. Now when the night came his [Bata's] soul absorbed the water; Bata shuddered in all his limbs, he looked on his elder brother; his soul was in the cup. Then Anpu took the cup of cold water in which the soul of his younger brother was; he [Bata] drank it, his soul stood again in its place, he became as he had been. They embraced each other, and they spake with one another.

Bata said to his elder brother, "Behold, I am to become as a great bull, with all the right markings; no one knoweth its history, and thou must sit upon his back. When the sun arises we will go to that place where my wife is, that I may return answer to her; and thou must take me to the place where the king is. For all good things shall be done for thee, and one shall lade thee with silver and gold, because thou bringest me to Pharaoh; for I become a great marvel, they shall rejoice for me in all the land. And thou shalt go to thy village."

When the earth lighted and the second day came, Bata became in the form which he had told to his elder brother. And Anpu

his elder brother sat upon his back until the dawn. He came to the place where the king was; they made his Majesty to know of him; he saw him, and he rejoiced exceedingly. He made for him great offerings, saying, "This is a great wonder which has come to pass." There were rejoicings over him in the whole land. They loaded him with silver and gold for his elder brother, who went and settled in his village. They gave to the bull many men and many things, and Pharaoh loved him exceedingly above all men that are in this land.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, the bull entered the place of purifying; he stood in the place where the princess was; he began to speak with her, saying, "Behold, I am alive indeed." She said to him, "Who then art thou?" He said to her: "I am Bata. Thou knewest well when thou causedst that they should cut down the acacia for Pharaoh, that it was to my hurt, that I might not be suffered to live. Behold, I am alive indeed, being as an ox." Then the princess feared exceedingly for the words that her husband had spoken to her. And he went out from the place of purifying.

His Majesty was sitting, making a good day with her: she was at the table of his Majesty, and the king was exceeding pleased with her. She said to his Majesty, "Swear to me by God, saying, 'What thou shalt say, I will obey it for thy sake.'" He hearkened unto all that she said. And she said, "Let me eat of the liver of this bull, because he will do nothing;" thus spake she to him. He was exceedingly vexed at that which she said, the heart of Pharaoh was grieved exceedingly.

Now when the earth lighted and the second day came, there was proclaimed a great feast with offerings to the ox. The king sent one of the chief butchers of his Majesty, to have the ox sacrificed. Afterwards it was caused to be sacrificed, and when it was in the hands of the men, it shook its neck, and threw two drops of blood over against the double door of his Majesty. One fell upon the one side of the great door of Pharaoh, and the other upon the other side. They grew as two great Persea trees; each of them was excellent.

One went to tell unto his Majesty, "Two great Persea trees have grown, as a great marvel for his Majesty, in the night, by the side of the great gate of his Majesty." There was rejoicing for them in all the land, and there were offerings made to them.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, his

Majesty was adorned with a blue crown, with garlands of flowers on his neck; he was upon the chariot of electrum; he went out from the palace to behold the Persea trees: the princess also went out with horses behind Pharaoh. His Majesty sat beneath one of the Persea trees, and it spake thus with his wife: — "Oh thou deceitful one, I am Bata; I am alive, though I have suffered violence. Thou knewest well that the causing of the acacia to be cut down for Pharaoh was to my hurt. I then became an ox, and thou hadst me slain."

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, the princess stood at the table of Pharaoh, and the king was pleased with her. She said to his Majesty, "Swear to me by God, saying, 'That which the princess shall say to me I will obey it for her.' Thus do thou." And he hearkened unto all that she said. She said, "Let these two Persea trees be cut down, and let them be made into goodly timber." He hearkened unto all that she said.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, his Majesty sent skilful craftsmen, and they cut down the Persea trees of Pharaoh, while the princess, the royal wife, stood by and saw it. A chip flew up and entered into the mouth of the princess; and she perceived that she had conceived, and while her days were being fulfilled Pharaoh did all that was in her heart therein.[1]

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, she bore a male child. One went to tell his Majesty, "There is born to thee a son." They brought him [*i.e.*, the child, to the king], and gave to him a nurse and servants; there were rejoicings in the whole land. The king sat making a good day; they performed the naming of him, his Majesty loved him exceedingly on the instant, the king raised him to be the royal son of Kush.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, his Majesty made him heir of all the land.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, when he had fulfilled many years as heir of the whole land, his Majesty flew up to heaven. There was command given, "Let my great nobles of his Majesty be brought before me, that I may make them to know all that has happened to me." And they brought to him his wife, and he argued with her before them, and their case was decided. They brought to him his

[1] *I. e.*, in the matter of the trees.

elder brother; he made him hereditary prince in all his land. He was thirty years King of Egypt, and he died, and his elder brother stood in his place on the day of burial.

Excellently finished in peace, for the Ka *of the scribe of the treasury, Kagabu, of the treasury of Pharaoh, and for the scribe Hora, and the scribe Meremapt. Written by the scribe Anena, the owner of this roll. He who speaks against this roll, may Tahuti be his opponent.*

Ancient Egyptian Love-Songs.

LOVE'S DOUBTS.

[My brother] hath come forth [from mine house];
[He careth not for] my love;
My heart standeth still within me.

Behold, honeyed cakes in my mouth.
They are turned into salt;
Even must, that sweet thing,
In my mouth is as the gall of a bird!

The breath of thy nostrils alone
Is that which maketh my heart live.
I found thee! Amen grant thee unto me,
Eternally and for ever!

THE UNSUCCESSFUL BIRD-CATCHER.

The voice of the wild goose crieth,
For she hath taken her bait;
[But] thy love restraineth me,
I cannot loose it.

So I must gather my net together.
What then shall I say to my mother,
To whom I come daily
Laden with wild-fowl?

I have not laid my net to-day,
For thy love hath seized me.

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MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION.

VOWELS.

a . . . . as in fat, man, pang.
ā . . . . as fate, mane, dale.
ä . . . . as in far, father, guard.
â . . . . as in fall, talk, paltry.
ȧ . . . . as in ask, fast, ant.
ã . . . . as in fare.
e . . . . as in met, pen, bless.
ē . . . . as in mete, meet.
ė . . . . as in her, fern.
i . . . . as in pin, it.
ī . . . . as in pine, fight, file.
o . . . . as in not, on, frog.
ō . . . . as in note, poke, floor.
ŏ . . . . as in move, spoon.
ô . . . . as in nor, song, off.
ụ . . . . as in tub.
ū . . . . as in mute, acute.
u . . . . as in full.
ü . . . . German ü, French u.
oi . . . as in oil, joint, boy.
ou . . . as in pound, proud.

CONSONANTS.

ċ . . . . as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ç . . . . as s — façade, français, etc.
g . . . . as in German Abensberg, Hamburg — nearly as k.
h . . . . Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j, etc. (a guttural h).
ṅ . . . . French nasal n, as in toṅ, eṅ.
ñ . . . . ny', as in lanyard, poniard, onion.
th . . . as in thin.
th . . . as in this.
y' . . . as in halyard.

Abélard, ä-bā-lär'.
About [Edmond], ä-bō'.
Æschylus, es'ki-lus.
Æsop, ē'sop.
Agassiz [Jean Louis Rodolphe], ä-gä-sē'.
Aguilar [Grace], ä-gē-lär'.
Alarcón [Pedro Antonio de], ä-lär-kōn'.
Alciphron, al'si-fron.
Alcott [Amos Bronson], âl'kọt.
Aleardi [Count Aleardo], ä-lā-är'dē.
Alfieri [Count Vittorio], äl-fē-ā'rē.
Ambrosius [Johanna], äm-brō'zi-ŏs.
Amicis [Edmondo de], ä-mē'chēs.
Amiel [Henri Frédéric], ä-mē-el'.
Anacreon, a-nak'rē-on.
Angelo [Michel], än'je-lō, mē-kel.
Annunzio [Gabriele D'], än-nön'tsē-ō.
Antar, än'tär.
Apollinaris [Caius Sallius Sidonius], a-pol'li-na'ris, sē-dō'nē-us.
Apuleius [Lucius], ap-ū-lē'us.
Aquinas [Thomas], a-kwī'nas.
Argensola [Bartolomeo Leonardo de], är-hen-sō'lä.
Ariosto [Ludovico], ä-rē-ŏs'tō.
Aristophanes, ar-is-tof'a-nēz.
Aristotle, ar'is-totl.
Arnason [Jón], är'nä-son.
Arndt [Ernst Moritz], ärnt.
Arrebo [Anders Christensen], är-e-bō'.
Asbjörnsen [Peter Christen], äs-byėrn'sen.
Athenaeus, a-the-nē'us.
Atterbom [Per Daniel Amadeus], ät'tėr-bom.
Auerbach [Berthold], ou'er-bäċh.
Augier [Émile], ō-zhē-ā'.
Aurelius [Marcus], ä-rē'li-us.
Aytoun [William Edmonstoune], ā'tŏn.
Azeglio [Massimo Taparelli], äd-zāl'yō.

Bagehot [Walter], baj'ot.
Balzac [Honoré de], bäl-zäk'.

Bandello [Matteo], bän-del'lō.
Banville [Theodore de], boṅ-vēl'.
Baudelaire [Charles Pierre], bōd-lār'.
Béranger [Pierre Jean de], bā-roṅ-zhā'.
Bernard [Saint], ber-närd'.
Besant [Walter], bes'ant.
Beyle [Marie Henri], bāl.
Bion, bī'on.
Bismarck [Prince], biz'märk.
Björnson [Björnstjerne], byœrn'son.
Blouet [Paul], blö-a'.
Boccaccio [Giovanni], bok-kä'chō.
Bodenstedt [Friedrich Martin], bō'den-stet.
Boethius, bō-ē'thi-us.
Boileau-Despréaux [Nicholas], bwä-lō' dā-prā-ō'.
Bonaventura [Saint], bō'nä-ven-tö'rä.
Boscan Almogaver [Juan], bos-kän' äl-mō-gä-vār'.
Bossuet [Jacques Benigne], bo-sü-ā'.
Bourget [Paul], bör-zhā'.
Boyesen [Hjalmar Hjorth], boi'e-sen.
Brandes [Georg], brän'des.
Brantome [Pierre de Bourdeille, Signeur de], broṅ-tōm'.
Bremer [Fredrika], brām'er.
Brentano [Clemens], bren-tä'nō.
Brillat-Savarin [Anthelme], bre-yä' sä-vä-ran'.
Bruno [Giordano], brö'nō.
Bruyère [Jean de la], brü-yār'.
Buffon [Comte de], bü-fōn'.
Bürger [Gottfried August], bürg'er.

Caesar [Caius Julius], sē'zär.
Calderon de la Barca [Pedro], käl-dā-rōn' dā lä bär'kä.
Callimachus, kal-im'ä-kus.
Camoens [Luiz de], kam'ō-ens.
Catullus [Caius Valerius], kạ-tul'us.
Cellini [Benvenuto], chel-lē'nē.
Cervantes-Saavedra [Miguel de], sèr-van'tēz, *or* ther-vän'tes, sä-ä-vā'drä.
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Comines [Philippe de], kō-mēn'.
Confucius, kon-fu'shē-us.
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Crébillon [Prosper Jolyot de], krā-bē-yôn'.
Curtius [Ernst], kör'tsē-ŏs.
Cyrano de Bergerac [Savinien], sēr-ä-nō dẹ berzh-räk.

Dante Alighieri, dän'te äl-ē-gyā'rē.
Daudet [Alphonse], dō-dā'.
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Delavigne [Jean François Casimir], de-lä-vēn'.
Demosthenes, dē-mos'thē-nēz.
Derzhávin [Gabriel], der-shä'vin.
Descartes [René], dā-kärt'.
Diderot [Denis], dē-drō'.
Diogenes Laertius, dī-oj'e-nēz lā-er'shus.
Dostoyevsky [Feodor Mikhailovitch], dŏs-tō-yev'skē.
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Du Maurier [George] dü mō-ryā'.

Ebers [Georg], ā'bers.
Eichendorff [Joseph von], ī'chen-dôrf.
Eötvös [Baron Josef], ét'vèsh.
Epictetus, ep-ik-tē'tus.
Epicurus, ep-i-kū'rus.
Erasmus [Desiderius], er-az'mus.
Ercilla Y Zuniga [Alonzo], ār-thēl'yä ē THön-yē'gä.
Erckmann-Chatrian, erk'män-shä-trē-oṅ'.
Espronceda [José de] es-prōn-thā'dä.
Euripides, ū-rip'i-dēz.
Exiles [Antoine François Prévost d'], eg-zēl'.

Fénelon, fān-lôṅ'.
Feuillet [Octave], fé-yā'.
Firdausi, fēr-dou'sē.
Flaubert [Gustave], flō-bār'.
Fouqué [Friedrich Heinrich Karl], fö-kā'.
France [Jacques Anatole Thibault], fräns.
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Froissart [Jean], froi'särt *or* frwä-sär'.
Froude [James Anthony], frŏd.
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Haeckel [Ernst Heinrich], hek'el.
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Heine [Heinrich], hī'nė.
Heraclitus, her-ä-klī'tus.
Herder [Johann Gottfried von], her'der.
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Holberg [Ludwig], hol'berg.
Homer, hō'mer.
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Ibsen [Henrik], ib'sẹn.

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Petrarch, pē'trärk.
Plautus, plâ'tus *or* plou'tus.
Pliny, plin'ē.
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Tasso [Torquato], täs'sō
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